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Vol. VIII No. 1

OCTOBER, 1896

WOFFORD College Journal

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Established 1888 | October, 1896 | Vol. VIII No. 1

LITERARY

J. P. INABNIT, - EDITOR.

Latter Day Literature Not Degenerating.

MEDAL ESSAY FOR CALHOUN SOCIETY—J. A. SULLIVAN.

Periods of marked intellectual stir always give birth to creatures about two centuries behind the times. Every advance made by civilization, every step that an enlightened people attempt is met by the dismal murmers and gloomy prognostications of the hollow eyed pessimist.

It would, of course, be unfair to stigmatize all the critics of latter-day literature as pessimist and monuments of the dead past. Some of them are, however, and, no doubt, they are aware of the fact themselves; at least they know they are regarded in that light by their fellow men, and the knowledge does not tend to sweeten the sourness of their dispositions. Naturally, the criticisms they hurl at the head of the inoffensive author are full of the accrimonious utterances and biting acidity of a mind blinded by prejudice and impotent splean.

But there are others who have sternly arrayed themselves in the habiliments of war with the evident purpose of demolishing latter-day literature, and all there is in it.. They claim to fight with facts and logic alone, and propose to emphasize all they do, and say with those weapons. Nothing fairer than that could be desired and they may rest assured that their opinions will always be listened to with respect, if not with credence.

It may have been observed that the critics who never lose an opportunity to moralize about the extreme naugtiness of modern literature are divided into several distinct classes ; each class having its own peculiar argument.

Time and space would forbid us dealing with all these interesting groups, and only a few of the most important will be noticed.

The first representative that stalks into the arena, with a "Gait that is Greek," and crowned with a withered wreath of olive leaves, is the intensely classical man. He, who likes to wander down the dim corridors of time and play with the skeletons of centuries that are dead. He feasts on curios, revels in myths and traces ap legends for pastime. Plato is his guiding star, and Homer is the mysterious power that makes the earth revolve. Such a man is past all human influence. He has become sapless and dry, and like that sightless little animal, the mole, he loves not the light of God's free sunshine, but burying himself in the gloom of the past, cuts the roots of many things that blossom for the good of humanity.

He argues not infrequently by comparison. Thoroughly saturated with the classics and all that pertains thereto, he cries with all the triumph of an erudite: "Show me such genius in latter-day literature, and I will step down and bow myself out." Or he may be of a more modern cast of mind, and with confident air and convincing gesture will propound this question: "Do you think we have any George Elliots, Charles Dickens and William Makepeace Thackerys in modern literature?" And presupposing a negative reply, for, of course, no one holds that we have, he goes on and deduces conclusions altogether erroneous.

If the literature of to-day is degenerating because the great lights of other days are not helping to illuminate it, then for the sake of consistency and common justice, the critics should place the brand of disapproval on ever-

thing that has been written since the death of Shakespeare, for no writer, before or since, has left behind him such priceless legacies as did the immortal Bard of Avon.

It is simply unreasonable, even unfair, to argne along those lines. The seventeenth century had its Milton and its Dryden, but it had no Goldsmith, no Burns, no Johnson. The eighteenth century is marked by a brilliant coterie of names, some of which I have just enumerated, but the genius of Carlyle, Browning and Thackery is no where apparent. This emphasizes the point we wish to make clear ; that every era has its own peculiar type of literature ; that the literature of the past is simply a series of stereoptican views of the periods in which it was created ; and that a literature and its age are welded together indissolubly. Brand one, and you brand both.

There is a general tendency among many to sneer at latter-day literature ; to point the finger of ridicule at the very mediocre verse that is appearing so frequently in our periodicals, and then to ask in tones of triumph if we can imagine Milton or any of the old masters writing poems from four to eight lines in length This is one of the stock arguments of these denunciators of modern literature, and they rarely fail to advance it. It is not wise to call a plea flimsy until you have proved it so, but it does seem to me that when such a pitifully weak argument as the above is brought forward in support of a cause, it must be obvious to all how weak, how terribly frail and fragile is the logic they are trying to make effective. It is true that much of the verse now being written will hardly live beyond the span of the author's years ; but it does not follow in the least that the literature of to-day is deteriorating. Every period of time has its own type of literature. "Poetry accords with some ages, narrative history with others, and philosophy with others. In ours has come the day of the novel." Thus speaks a critic of repute.

In this age of keen, analytical observation, with its

marvelous success in dealing with the most intricate and seemingly impenetrable mysteries of science, it would be entirely inconsistent with the nature and fitness of things if the poetry of the day should be marked by the lofty sublimity and soulful influence of perfect art and noble sentiment. The spirit of the age has gotton into us. We have grown cold and practical, and our natures do not respond to the chimerical illusions of poetic fancy. We have become too logical, too analytical and prefer to dissect the whole into its component parts rather than enjoy it in entirety. Such a state of affairs means neglect and starvation for the impractical versifier, and he withers before the intellectual stars of cold logic, and realizes sadly that he is but a pitiful anarchronism on the page of a glorious era.

I do not say we are utterly unable to appreciate good poetry, as some would have us believe ; the point I wish to emphasize is we will not tolerate any other kind. But the versifier note, the distinction, he who is still serving his apprenticeship and has not thoroughly mastered his art, "and the woods are full of them ;" soon becomes aware that the public is not in sympathy with him, nor disposed to regard him as the coming literary "lion." Why ? Because we, as stirring people of a great age, are not, and will not be satisfied with anything that bears the least taint of mediocrity. We have come to regard poetry as the soup of literature. When it is seasoned correctly and the ingredients mixed by a master hand, there is nothing more delightful and refreshing, nor more appreciated. But when it is of an inferior quality and served up in a slovenly manner it takes but one sip to satisfy.

Merit will always command attention, and though the closing years of the nineteenth century will go down in history as the non-poetic era, the fact will also be chronicled that the Muses were not entirely ignored. We have our Edmund Clarence Stedman, R. W. Gilder, William Watson, William Morris, T. B. Aldrich, Whitcomb Riley, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Swinburne, Will Carleton,

Austin Dobson, Rudyard Kipling and a score of others who have but to speak, and silence reigns supreme.

Time was when the enthusiastic versifiers could take a few stars, a ray of moonshine and a flowing brook, and evolve therefrom a so-called masterpeice of art and beauty that would bring at his heels great flocks of hero worshippers full of unreasoning admiration. It is different now. Whether our standard of criticism is higher, I know not ; but the fact remains the same : poetry having nothing to recommend it save the meaningless meanderings of a sentual sentimentalist is speedily consigned to the dark and fathomless vault of eternal oblivion.

We come now to the typical feature of latter-day literature--the novel. It has not been so very long since the novel was indeed a very novel thing. One hundred and fifty-six years ago, Samuel Richardson wrote "Pamela," the first pros fiction ever conceived by man. Of course, there had been premonitions of it in "Robinson Crusoe," and other narratives by Daniel Defoe, but the novel as we know it, was born in 1740, when Richardson wrote his imaginary letters from a "beautiful young damsel to her parents."

Critics saw immediately that the new field which had been opened up so successfully was neither barren nor sterile, but with proper cultivation, would yield a fruitful harvest. And for once the crictics were right. Fielding and Smollett soon entered the arena, and the novel began to take a prominent place in the world of letters.

Its brief, but interesting history is easily traced, and if one is not blinded by the bitter denunciation of the haters of latter-day literature, certain facts must, and will be recognized. First, and most important, it can be seen readily that the novel instead of degenerating, is really just now attaining its highest state of development; just entering into the ripeness of a glorious maturity. One hundred years ago fiction was written solely for the purpose of entertaining, and the author was not over-scrupulous in choosing the means by which

to attain this end. Hence, we find many of the brilliant pages of our greatest masterpeices stained with the most indecent suggestiveness, the grossest immorality.

The novel of to-day serves the double purpose of instructing and entertaining. Scientific problems, logical disquisitions, socialistic theories and reforms of all kinds are ridiculed and exalted through the medium of the modern novel. Even the enterprising advertiser has recognized the immense influence of fiction, and we frequently begin a most fascinating story, only to find the characters afflicted with some mysterious debility, which is cured in the last paragragh by just two bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

If Mr. Edward Bellamy had sought to expound his peculiar theory of government control through the medium of the public platform, he would have been looked upon as a harmless crank, and treated accordingly. He wisely realized this, and instead wrote "Looking Backward." Its success was marvelous, and Mr. Edward Bellamy found himself famous.

The advance that has been made by the modern novel, the influence it wields is nothing short of wonderful. "It has come to be the favorite text book upon almost every subject, as well as an entertainment." We go to it for history, and unconsciously imbibe much that would be forgotten speedily if read in dry detail. And if, perchance, the brain should grow weary of the serious side of life, we have only to turn to Mark Twain, Frank Stockton, or John Kendrick Bangs for the diversion we crave, and in very short order the clouds of dull depression will be dissipated by wholesome humor and sparkling wit. You may rhapsodize over the "haunting music" of Virgil's Aeneid, and the melody of the Greek cadences, but Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad," and "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," are worth all the glittering treasures of classical lore. If that be treason, make the most of it!

It is all well and good to remember the great names of

the past; to revere and honor them; but is it wise to have our hearts peopled entirely with dead idols? Is it possible in this age of rapid advancement and high civilization that an author has to die before justice is done him, and tardy honors conferred? Literary history gives us many examples where this has been the case. "The most significant feature in the history of an epoch is the manner it has of welcoming a Great Man."

It is really amusing to hear some of the critics of latter-day literature declaring ruefully that the mantle of Dickens and Thackery rests very ungracefully on the shoulders of Modern Genius. When that sort of metaphorical statement is sighed out for such utterances are generally accompanied by a sigh, and a melancholy groan—it is best to answer it in the same figurative manner. Of course it rests ungracefully; it is perfectly natural that it should; for it was not made for Modern Genius, it is distinctly the garment of Dickens and Thackery, and Modern Genius has too much self-respect to go mincing and bowing before the public in somebody else's old clothes.

But to speak seriously, if it were possible to so control the erratic movements of genius that immediately on the death of one author, his pen could be seized by a contemporary hand and his work carried on in the same groove, we would have a literature of such long drawn out dullness as to destroy entirely all originality and life. Genius is a gift divine, and though we may not understand its beautiful mysteriousness, still we know that it is guided by a Supreme Power and subservient to no other will. Recognizing this fact, it is in extremely bad taste to be prating continually about the mantle of greatness left behind by the illustrious dead. The man of fame can leave nothing behind him, save the influence he wielded during his life. When death clasps him to her frozen breast she half sorrowfully wraps about him the mantle which made him great, and though human-

ity heaves a sorrowful sigh, the world moves on just the same.

We come now to the last phase of this question. It is necessary that we discuss briefly the different types of novels that are being written. Latter-day literature may be divided into two distinct schools—Realism and Romanticism. The one claiming to portray life as it is; the other depicting it as it should be.

The question of romanticism need not occupy our attention, because it is one type of fiction that cannot be injured or affected by the darts of the modern John Dennis. Critics may call Thomas Hardy coarse, and Howells tedious and dull, but when they fall under the spell of all such fascinating little romances as "Lorna Doone," they can but;

> "Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find
> Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind."

But the realistic novel is comparatively a new type of art and needs to be discussed: First, because it is exercising a powerful influence in the world of letters and second, because it has been furiously attacked from all sides by the critics of latter-day literature. Its position in modern letters is indeed a commanding one, that cannot be denied; and since the leading novelists of the cultured countries of the globe have recognized its worth and adopted its theories, it is foolish to brand it a "craze" or "freak" of restless genius.

We are living in an age of reforms, both spiritual and otherwise. Mankind seems to have at last grasped the fact that there is vast room for improvement. The great floods that so frequently convert our sluggish rivers into sweeping torrents always bear upon their surging bosoms the worthless trash and driftwood that have vainly sought to encumber and block the rushing waters. In like manner these tremendous human upheavals will surely bring to the surface the rottenness and filth that have sought to corrupt and despoil. To bring about a

genuine reform the people must first be made to realize the need of one. Is not the realistic novel a valuable instrument in such a cause? Its theory is to depict life as it is; and because it has portrayed certain imperfections, if I should use so mild a term with rather more vividness than we have been used to heretofore, it has been subjected to a constant fire of acrimonious criticism.

The sooner we overcome this effeminate sensitiveness the better it will be for all humanity. Some people shudder at the name of the "Devil," but smile peacefully when "Satan" is mentioned. Our disease is easily diagnosed. So long (have we) been smoothing over certain evils with pretty names, and regarding them in the light of graceful toleration that we have really forgotten that "Satan" and the "Prince of Darkness" are nothing more nor less than the old, original devil. Let us at least not become too dainty to hear plain English until we get to that state of moral development where there will be no need of it.

As I have already stated, some of the leading novelists of the world are realists. Such masters, for example, as W. D. Howells and Henry James, America; Thomas Hardy and Mrs. Humphrey Ward, England; Gustave Flaubert and Emile Zola, France; Lyof Tolstol and Ivan Turgenief, Russia; and Henrik Ibsen, Norway. The fact is a significant one; the critics recognize it as such, and how they rave. They shiver, they shudder, and end the ludicrous pantomine by rolling up their eyes and wondering what will be the end of it all. They say it is disgustingly immoral, and revile it as if it were some huge crawling thing with long, slimy tentacles, dragging itself here and there, darting its hard scaly neck from side to side, and poisoning society with the venomous sputa that drips in black, vicious drops from its crooked fangs. We fall back from the repulsive picture and cry: "Wherein is it immoral?" And they throw

out their hands and with bristling hair and angry emphasis, shout: "Trilby."

It is not necessary to attempt a defense of "Trilby"; because it does not come under the type of literature we are discussing; besides it is a novel for individual comment rather than general disquisition. It is a book upon which it would be impossible to pass a satisfactory verdict; for individual opinions are too numerous and too much at variance. Eminent moralists have endorsed it as a harmless peice of fiction; others have taken a different position. But this point should be remembered; no age has ever produced a literature free from suggestive allusions and the taint of immorality. And we hold that it is unfair to brand latter-day literature immoral in its general tone because a few rotten specks may be observed here and there.

> "Whoever thinks a faultless peice to see,
> Thinks what ne'er was, nor e'er shall be."

But some critics have gone so far as to declare that the taste of the people has become fearfully vitiated and depraved, and cite, as proof, the voracious avidity with which the public seized upon "Trilby." We are glad that point has presented itself, and we are sorry that it becomes necessary for us to make a statement which is so palpably true as to leave no room for doubt or denial. There is no class of critics on earth which has done more to increase the demand for immoral literature than ministers of the Gospel, and those who have the moral status of the public at heart. Not consciously, of course, but in their efforts to stamp out the noxious weed they have scattered the seed for a more luxurient growth. The marvelous popularity of "Trilby" was not due to the great merit of the story, but simply because the inordinate curiosity which lies concealed in every human breast was set on fire.

Immediately on its publication the newspapers were filled with cards and denunciatory criticisms signed by

ministers and men of moral stamp. A furious war was waged against it, and it was characterized as vile and unfit te be read by decent people. Naturally, there were those who held dissenting opinions and in some quarters "Trilby" was defended as vigorously as it was assailed. Finally the curiosity of the people became aroused and they began to wonder why it was unfit for them to read. They wished to see and judge for themselves, and the investigation began. It speedily developed into a fad and what followed was inevitable. There is too much of this sort of thing going on. Every book of immoral proclivities that drops from the press is assailed in the public prints by moralists. They do not seem to realize that they are giving the author and the book a big, free advertisement and increasing the demand for such stuff.

In 1894, Hall Caine presented "The Manxman" to the reading public, and it was reeeived kindly, speedily becoming the novel of the day,—Trilby always excepted. Naturally critics of modern literature turned their weapons point blank upon it, and the same old "immoral" crp was raised. A lawyer never finds himself in great straits about how to defend a murderer, for when nothing better presents itself, he can enter the plea of "self defense." And in like manner the critics can raise the wild, ferocious cry of "immorality" when they have nothing else at hand. And so "The Manxman" has been characterized by not a few as "very wicked and naughty."

I have selected this book because it has been very generally read all over the English speaking world, and has been the object of much unjust criticism. That it is a masterpeice of art, and a very powerful story withal, no one has seen fit to deny. But it has been called immoral. There seems to be a very wide spread difference of opinion concerning this question of morality. A distinguished moralist has said: "The book which conveys the most dangerous lessons to the mind is the book which suggests immorality rather than portrays it. That

is the immoral book, truly worthy of its adjective." And therein lies the essential difference between the novel of the eighteenth century, and the novel of to-day. The novelists of the eighteenth century were guilty of suggesting vice, and the mind of the reader caught at the hint giv n and became fascinated by it. But the novelist of to-day portrays immorality in all its hideous nakedness and does not seek to throw around it the bridal veil of purity.

Mr. Edward W. Bok, the brilliant young editor of the "Ladies Home Journal," states the case well and wisely as follows: "There are certain problems in life which it is not only permissable, but wise to present in literature, and when these problems are introduced or portrayed from an honorable motive to enlighten, the accusation of an attempt to be immoral is the very last that we must lay at the door of the author." And not long since Mr. Caine delivered a lecture in Edinburgh on "The Moral Responsibility of Fiction," in which he gives this advice: "To the reader who comes upon what are called daring scenes in fiction, I would say look to the aim. Is it good or bad? Are these scenes merely finger posts on the Journey? Then they serve a good purpose, and if they are not too glaring or too coarse, you should not resent them?" Is not that common sense? Is not the excellence of that advice evident to all? Who is so narrow-minded, so hedged in by prejudice and spleen as not to appreciate its worth? There are none save a few old pharsaical poodles who delight in donning their robes of heavy sanctity and going about the streets crying: "I thank God I am not so vicious as those who read "The Manxman."

"Look to the aim," oh, ye critics, that is your duty and stern justice demands that you do it well. A simple story of sin, sorrow and repentence, how can you call it immoral? One feels intensely while reading it the pulsation of latent power and strong purpose that throb in every line. There is brought before our eyes with almost

painful vividness the picture of the serpent of sin fighting viciously for supremacy. We see it conquer and the victims scouraged almost unto death by the pitiless lash of conscience. Then comes the last act of the drama; the curtain goes up and we witness one of the grandest scenes ever portrayed in prose fiction; the spectacles of a man acknowledging to the world his guilt, and making an atonement as complete as it was sublime. If that is immorality and the precepts inculcated unwholesome, then I have interpreted wrongly the true meaning of the term, and Thomas Carlyle falsified when he said repentence is divine.

The sooner we peel from our eyes the scales of prejudice and unreasonable dogmatism, the getter it will be for all concerned. We have a literature eminently worthy of the great age in which it is being produced. Pulsing with the red blood of wholesome life, it breathes the exhilerating atmosphere of an era which will be catalogued in history among the wonders that will startle future ages.

And yet, it has been called immoral, degenerate. Give justice where justice is due. Latter-day literature with a frankness that has always characterized honesty of purpose, has placed certain questions before the world clearly and without the mincing air that always marks hypocrisy. We look back through the pages of literary history, and see that the novelists of other days approached these questions with timid tread and halting tongue; and after indulging in a few uncertain remarks, which were harmful in the highest degree because they misled, they glided away from the problem that cried aloud for solution.

But during all the argumentation, pro and con, on this much mooted question, the thought will often steal through the mind that perhaps after all the root of the whole matter may be found in Pope's simple couplet:

> "Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old;
> It is the rust we value, not the gold."

The Relation of Poetry to History.

MEDAL ESSAY FOR PRESTON SOCIETY—R. A. LAW.

As we look over the work of the nineteenth century, with its marvelous progress, we are surprised to see the little attention that has been given to that greatest branch of literature—poetry. Practical progress being the watchword of the present generation, all work that is not essentially practical has been passed over. This taste has greatly affected literature. Our business men will read only those periodicals which condense all the news into a few lines; the novel has been cut down to the short story; the long poem has given way to the sonnet. That we may be incited by the glorious deeds of the past to better work in the future is the one argument made to-day for the study of literature. "What possible good," ask the utilitarians, "can come of reading poetry?"

Literary men, in reply, argue that the eras of greatest activity in the world's history were also the times when the best poetry was written. The greatest poets were contemporaries of the most famous statesmen. The poet recorded the famous deeds of his time, and his works became history.

This result, then, would seem to have been brought about by the influence of history on poetry. We can easily imagine that at a certain stage of a poet's life, his emotions are deeply stirred by some occurrence in which he and the world about him are deeply concerned. Almost involuntarily he would burst forth into a poem expressing joy and rapture or fiery indignation. Thus Miriam exulted after the passage of the Red Sea. In our own time Lord Tennyson, grieved at the death of Arthur Hallam, has written "In Memoriam," ever to be classed among his greatest works.

Men write their best poetry when their passion is aroused. It has always been so. Poetry was thus used

a thousand years before Homer, as the Bible clearly shows. No wonder, then, that great exploits should have furnished themes for many of our classic poems.

On the other hand, may not poetry have greatly affected our history? It would seem that the poet, being much excited, had fired a still greater emotion in the hearts of those who heard or read his verse. They tell us that the South suffered twenty-five years ago mainly because she had no great advocate to present her side of the case. If a great verse-maker had arisen within her borders, she would have received much more sympathy from the world at large. As it was, our ancestors had always looked on poetry as a mere amusement to fill up time. When the day came that we needed a poet, no poet was to be found. Sidney Lanier's proposed epitaph for the poet Timrod was, "He asked for bread, and ye gave him a stone."

According to Aristotle, "Poetry is the province either of a man that is clever or of one who is in an enthusiasm akin to madness." In either case its effect would be to excite intense interest in his readers. The poet would in this way be the investigator of many famous deeds.

Poetry is stronger than prose. Dancing, music, and "riming" were kindred arts in the minds of the ancients. For some reason men's impulses are more easily moved by speech that flows in rhythm than by simple, direct prose.

Could Job's curse of the day on which he was born have been written in prose? Can we imagine the soliloquy of Hamlet expressed in any other language than the soul-stirring verse he uses?" "The Star-Spangled Banner" has probably caused more genuine patriotism than Daniel Webster's orations; "Ye Mariners of England," more than all the eloquence of Chatham, Burke, and Pitt. In all ages poetry has accomplished its end where prose would utterly fail.

Soon after the execution of Charles I, the Duke of Savoy (a small province between France and Switzer-

land) attempted to make the Vandor's Protestant consform to the Romish Church. They refused. In consequence many of them had their names added to the list of martyrs for Christ. John Milton, the blind poet, was at that time Latin Secretary under Cromwell and had charge of such affairs. It was his official duty to write a letter of expostulation to the Duke, but in this some self-restraint was necessary. To express the full power of his indignation he composed a sonnet beginning,

> "Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
> Lie scattered on the Alpine Mountains cold."

A critic points out that the diction of this poem is simple there is no special beauty in the imagery, and the thought is by no means new; but yet, he says, the soul of Milton and his deep-rooted passion make it eloquent poetry. So eloquent that no one can read it understandingly now, two hundred and fifty years after it was written, without feeling strongly moved and catching the spirit of the author. The effect of this one stanza of fourteen lines was to stir up Europe to a sense of the injustice committed and, perhaps, years later to enable England to hold to the faith of the poet.

After more than a century another bard rose above all others in Britain. This poet had a very different disposition from the stern, self-sacrificing, patriotic Puritan. But, like Milton, he battled with heart, his sword and his pen for what he deemed right. Lord Byron came from a quarrelsome family, and he, himself, was turbulent. We are told that he had the face of an Adonis, and a club-foot. He grew up, began to write poetry, married, was very popular, separated from his wife, and became very unpopular.

The taunts, sneers, and abuse which he received, and which his sensitive nature could not pass over meekly, drove him away from his native land. He went to sunny Italy, but his life there was was not that of a true hero. His last days, however, were most glorious.

Greece, the land where history and poetry attained such excellence, was, like Armenia to-day, under the cruel heel of the Turk. The Greeks were fighting for liberty, and Lord Byron lent his aid.

There he was, exiled from his native land, unpopular, proclaimed throughout the world as a criminal, a libertine, and an unjust, tyranical husband. Some men never reach their greatest height until they meet with adversity. So with Milton, so with Byron. At the time of his death he seems to have been just emerging from that selfish, ugly shell which had encased him so long. To the cause of Greece he gave his money, his intellect, and his life.

His money was worth much to that country. He dispensed it freely, buying arms and fitting out ships and troops. At the age of thirty-five he laid down his life for freedom. Life, we may believe, was sweet to him, and could he do more for that land than to die for her? He did more, he devoted his pen to her cause. His beautiful poems, simple, vigorous, pathetic, accomplished their end after his death.

He reminded the world of Marathon and Thermopylae, of Pericles and Cimon, of Anacreon and Sappho. Lord Byron died, but within ten years all Greece and Europe had been stirred to action by the power of his verse. Turkish Dominion was at an end. John Milton's poetry probably influenced English politics more than did his prose political treatises themselves. Byron's poems roused men to action where logic and reason had no effect.

About fifty years later a third, liberty-loving poet was born in Germany, which was also fighting for freedom. Ernest Moritz Arndt was a professor in one of the large universities of his country. At the time of Napoleon's invasion and victories, he had already become celebrated for his prose works. He had urged the necessity of union between the petty states and complete independence of the general government.

Herr Arndt was much too brave to cower before the great emperor. He had to flee from Germany on account of his writings, but came back under an assumed name. Then he began to write poetry and among these works is the old familiar song,

"Was ist d s Deutsc'en Vater'and?"

This poem contains only eight stanzas, but its effect upon history was immeasurable. Germans everywhere took it up eagerly, and to-day in every land it is loved by them all. Years passed after the death of Professor Arndt before the results of the poem appeared, but to-day there is one emperor, one capital, and one German fatherland. Thousands who have never heard of Herr Arndt's great historical and political works will honor him on account of this poem. The history of Germany was probably influenced more by those few verses than by many famous victories on land and sea.

So we could multiply examples of the power of poetry. The exquisite verses of the Scotch ploughboy, who, by means of them, struck the keynote of the French Revolution, and fills our hearts with pity as we read—the poems of that gloomy, classical student, whose greatest work is known to few, but whose elegy is memorized by everyone and has been a solace to all the disappointed in life—those well known lines of the "inspired idiot" where he warns nations against ill treatment of their poor—these are only a few instances where many could be enumerated.

Yet in this age of utilitarianism they tell us that verse is fit only for love—sick swains and sentimental school-girls; or, at best, it is "a luxury which the practical man cannot enjoy." The poets who have made English literature what it is, are ranked with the makers of rhymed epitaph and soap advertisements. Two kinds of "poetry" are popular now. Mother Hubbard's jingles are the favorites of infants, and comical parodies, with some who are older.

Real poetry has been, and will ever be, the most powerful weapon a true genius can wield. But, like Ulysses' bow, in the hands of most men its only use is to show up their weakness. This generation, rich in so many other ways, will suffer in the future because it is now without a great poet.

But while the study of poetry continues to be neglected, we cannot look for a great poet.

A true poet "gives to the world a genuine history of his time," and he also has a large share in the making of that history. Does not then our future history largely depend upon the manner in which we regard "the rhythmical expression of beauty?"

The Family Element in Natural Life.

Of the many various and intricate problems which have arisen out of the complexity of the nineteenth century to confront the onward march of civilization, none are so momentous and perplexing as those questions pertaining to and having their solution in social conditions. The structure of society though most complex has for its foundation certain fundamental principles and single ideas which are but the embodiment of simplicity, and which, easily comprehensible, admit of tangible and concise treatment.

If we look beneath the surface and endeavor to ascertain those influences which, entering largely into every radical change involving man's welfare, have governed society throughout the ages, we shall find the influence of the home the most potent of all other factors. The home is the source from which national life has ever drawn its vitality. When we attribute the decay of the great civilization of antiquity to different causes, we commit the unmistakable error of considering effects in the light of causes, of misinterpreting results as inevitable as they are self-explainable.

True it is that political rottenness may have brought about decay, or defeat in battle, annihilation, but these different evidences of national destruction are only surface indications, for nation after nation perished from causes identical.

Let us consider for one moment that great Eastern empire, the mighty rival of early Greece. The pride of Oriental civilization, the Persians, were sprung from a race of valiant mountaineers, simple and upright in habits, and as long as they clung to ancestral virtues they were invincible. Gallantly winning their way into prominence they soon spread their gorgeous civilization over all the Orient. But with Eastern supremacy came their culmination, for like the many great peoples that had preceded them they became intoxicated by success, ceased from strenuous exertion in behalf of country, rushed headlong into licentiousness, and while revelling in their magnificence national splendor vanished, national prestige was swept away. Darius, with his kingdom in a state of moral decrepitude, attempted an expedition against Greece, vainly thinking that he could bring the West under his despotic rule. But Marathon, Salamir, Plataea and Mycale, all brilliant victories for the West, tell the tale of his inglorious defeat and of how the craven Persians were stricken helpless at the feet of the courageous and stout-hearted Greeks. Freedom had at last been secured. Amid the culmination of all its pomp and splendor the Orient seemingly was in its zenith. Yet the elements of social decay which had begun to show themselves were combining to destroy national pride and dignity, to check intellectual advancement, to foster indolence and immorality. In point of time and natural sequence Greece must next be included in our hurried review. Having crushed the power of her rival for nearly three centuries she ruled over the civilized world. But the West was doomed by the very same causes to the fate that had befallen the East.

Virtue and patriotism were fast ebbing before the flood-tide of vice and corruption which, with irresistible force, was destined to sweep over all Greece. This flood of evil did descend upon the lovely land, and Greece was submerged. The nation degenerated into a race of cowards with not a redeeming trait to avert their destruction.

Greece even welcomed the Roman conquest, hoping that under the protection of so powerful a conqueror she would be no longer exposed to jeopardy. As a nation she sold her birthright to further an infamous end. Her people sacrificed sacred inheritances and wore the yoke of slavery in order to secure a tranquillity in which they could satisfy base appetites and indulge depraved passions. The serpent, vice, born of the filth and squalor of Eastern civilization, had crawled stealthily into this God-favoured land, and hissing defiance to the God of the Silver Bow had folded his slimy coils about the form of lovely Greece and infused his deadly poison into her very heart.

Rome also adds another to the list of the earth's great nations that have perished with a civilization undermined by dissolution and depravity. This proud city which had stood for centuries firm upon her seven hills was at last shaken by a social earthquake which laid her in ruins. True it is that the Goths sacked her, but she was dead a century before when the virtue of woman was lost, when heroes extolled and poets sung the praises of the courtezan, and when man and woman, instead of becoming husband and wife, matched merely as beast and mate. Rome fell when she parted with virtue and purity. She was a dead thing awaiting burial and the Goths interred her.

History, then, seems to be a record of those nations that have come into power by virtue of a strong, healthy ctvilization, and have perished through decrepitude and disease. Now, I maintain that in every case the family element regulated the condition of society, and that the

true cause of the rise and fall is to be found in the home. We cannot expect the whole to be perfect if its constituent parts are corrupt. So, when a nation is moral and when national life is without blemish, then must the individual be living a life of uprightness calculated to stimulate energy and exertion.

Wherever on the face of the earth this principle has most operated there we find supremacy as a result. At the present day the Anglo-Saxon, by his manner of living, gives fullest recognition to this influence; hence his domination. It is this pillar of the home upon which England has rested for centuries, and upon which she has stood immovable against the combined power of all the nations of Europe. Amid the anarchy and communism which now threatens to uproot the foundation of many monarchies of the Old World, England stands out in beautiful contrast as a glorious example of the stability which the family element in society can give to government.

Our present civilization in America is but the outgrowth of principles inherent in the heart of every Anglo-Saxon and he who loves liberty. Our progress thus far has been unparallelled, and I attribute this to the fact that the home in America has ever been a political as well as social institution, fostered by the democratic principles of our government and sanctioned by the free will of a free and united people.

Family life in America has always existed in an almost ideal state. The spirit of individual liberty, of independence of thought and action stimulates its every fiber to mental and moral endeavor. Certain inalienable rights are recognized and granted even from childhood. This phase of family life seems however to surprise and to displease foreigners, ignorant of our social laws and unaccustomed to our methods They object to American family life "where the individuality of each member asserts itself from the cradle and where each one is astonishingly eager to follow an independent

career and to assume the responsibility of his own destiny." I answer, that it is this spirit of individual liberty and self-confidence exercising itself within propper bounds which has inspired noble enterprise and given moral stimulus to national life. Furthermore it is because of the absence of all arbitrary and formal restraint in the family that the American entertains throughout life such endearing recollections of home after he has forever crossed its threshold. Hallowed associations are clustered about it, for strained relations between its members never existed and tyranny was unknown. The beautiful sentiment expressed in the little song, "Home, Sweet Home," touches a sympathetic chord in the heart of every American, and kindles into brilliant flame the little spark of kindly feeling lodging in his breast. An American's home is his dearest possession. It is the first thing he strives to own, the last that he is willing to surrender. Philadelphia is now projecting a plan by which the most poverty-stricken of her citizens shall become owners of homes. This philanthropic undertaking evinces clearly one of the most praise-worthy traits of the American people.

An eminent foreign critic, reviewing family life in our country from a disinterested standpoint thinks "the type of the American family is very likely the one which will at last prevail."

Now in conclusion, let me observe that if we wish this type to be prevalent; if we wish to perpetuate our splendid civilization by advancing the standards of morality and national probity ever nearer perfection, then we must keep before us the simple and eternal truth—a truth which is but the epitome of the one fundamental idea of this treatise—expressed by the old Greek Hard Alceus, in his masterful utterance: "Lofty towers, framing battlements, spacious temples make not the real riches of a nation. The true wealth of a country is in the elevation the, dignity of its manhood, in the virtue of it's women."

W. M. CONNOR, JR.

Wofford College Journal

A Literary Magazine, published Monthly by the Calhoun and Preston Literary Societies of Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C.

Contributions are solicited from the Alumni and students of the institution

THE JOURNAL goes into every county in South Carolina and many beyond the State, and is manifestly an excellent advertising medium. Our rates are, one page one year, $20; one-half page one year $10.00

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Editor-in Chief.

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CALHOUN SOCIETY
G. T. Pugh, Exchange
T. O. Epps, Local

EDITORIAL

R. S. TRUESDALE, - - Editor

Our Advertisers.

If we expect to get out a good "Journal," we must work for it. Advertisements, from the point of finance, play a large part in the getting up of the Journal. Money is not so plentiful as to make the college magazine independent of all outside help. The subscription from the student body will not pay expenses, even if supplimented by the subscriptions of alumni. So a very great deal depends on advertisements; but there must be some inducements to get the business men of the City of Spartanburg to advertise in our Journal. If we, as students never pay any attention to the name signed to an advertisement, and do our trading at some place that has no interest in Wofford College, how can we expect to be patronized? Who blames the man who will not give a dollars' worth of advertisement to the Journal, if he can get the students trade without it? He saves a dollar, and that is what men are in business for.

Let us do for those who do for us, and no man will have any room for complaint.

I began right, is the testimony of all the strongest and best characters the world has produced. No man can stand up in the face of the world around him, and say that he spent half of his life going the wrong way, then turned in the right direction, and did what he might have done. Every man at himself resolves to do his best, but many spend half their lives in getting at themselves. They have to come face to face with the direct experiences of life, reflect, come to their senses, turn about, and with an awful struggle own their mistake. It takes manhood to own what one has done, or has not done, when it comes to the question of right and wrong, and the exercise of manhood in this respect is praise-worthy. The student who stands before the professor, finds it a hard thing to own his neglect of his lesson when he cannot plead sick, for a mother and indulgent father may hear of the waste of time and money. There is a way to escape any embarrassment of this kind. As a famous North Carolina teacher says: "Get ready before you start." Regret is the only fault of many a life spent in college, while for others it is a green pasture. College experience is highly colored with success in some in some departments, miserable failures in others. Suffice it to say that no man whoever did a kind deed to a fellow student, refused to be helped on examination when an opportunity presented itself, or repelled a wrong thing, though it were urged by a bosom friend, was ever sorry for it.

Southern Students' Conference, Held at Knoxville, Tenn.

June 19–28, 1896.

At the University of Tennessee, situated at Knoxville, the most deeply spiritual and heart-searching meeting

in the history of Young Men's Christian Associations of Southern Colleges, was held during the last vacation. Young men from all over the South, representing fifty colleges and universities assembled there to discuss plans of work in the College Young Men's Christian Association. Great stress was laid on Bible study, and the methods of reaching the unsaved.

Special attention was also given to the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, there being about twelve who volunteered during the conference. From early morning, till noon was given to Bible study under competent instructors, and discussion of difficulties that generally confront the work in college. The entire afternoon was given to recreation, such as baseball, hand ball, basket ball, boating, swimming, lawn tennis, and bicycle riding. A fine gymnasium was also open to those who did not care for the open air sports of the field. At twilight, there was held on the western part of the campus a "Lifework Meeting," where was discussed the different professions, and the claims of each on the young college men of to-day. These meetings were conducted by such men as Dr. Sampey of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Robert E. Speer of New York, and Charles Studd, graduate of Cambridge University, England, and Missionary to China. After this was held a platform meeting in the University Chapel. Lights out at 10 o'clock.

Beside the Knoxville Conference, there were three others held in the United States at the same time, at Northfield, Mass., Lake Geneva, Wis., and Cazadero, Cal. These gatherings mean much as to the spiritual life of this generation of students. During the last year, there were sweeping revivals in almost all the American Colleges. Beside this, there comes the news of great upheavals among the students of India, Australia, China, and Japan. Wofford had two representatives at Knoxville, and it is hoped that the Bible classes may

soon be organized, and the work carried on with vigor and a strong faith.

Queen Victoria.

In the *Outlook*, is a short, but interesting article about this famous Queen. Her reign has been longer than that of any other British sovereign, and if she lives until the 20th of next June, she can look back over sixty years that she has occupied the English throne. In England's history, only three rules have reigned half a century, viz: Henry III, fifty-six years; Edward III, fifty years; and George III, fifty-nine years, two months and twenty days. No public celebration in honor of Queen Victoria will take place until her sixtieth year is finished in the government of the English. This is at her own request.

From the standpoint of development of the most important parts of the world, her reign is noted. It is significant that since she took the sceptre, many ideas of government have changed, and she has never taken more liberty with Parliament than what was her right as Queen. Conservative in spirit, she has done much that is ascribed to others while she kept carefully in the background. Again, the spirit of missions in the church at home and abroad has attained its present magnitude; the ports of Japan have been opened, the walls of prejudice in China have crumbled sufficiently to let the gospel messenger have a field, railroads have been built in India, and the caste system broken down. Africa is rifted "as with a wedge of light, and the islands of the sea have had the gospel preached to them. It is not meant to convey the impression that the beginning of this work is within the last sixty years, but it has grown from its infancy in that time to its present strength. Telling changes have taken place in commerce, manufacturing, machinery, science, and a great part of the

world has awakened to the ideas that fairly threaten the peace of kingdoms and republics.

This view is general. Take England herself. She has spread her dominions to Africa, India, and Australia, established her forms of government, and propagated her civilization with all the forms of vice that accompany it.

It is said that Victoria used her influence vigorously against England's recognizing the Southern Confedracy in the late war, and that she is today endeavoring to turn the Czarina to action against the Turk in his depredations on humanity. So it is evident that her influence has been in a very quiet way, but very effective.

What will the next sixty years unfold?

EXCHANGE

G. T. PUGH, - - Editor.

Laying aside the usual expressions of diffidence on assuming the duties of Exchange Editor, I shall say, at once, that I shall keep a vigilant outlook among the exchanges that come my way during the coming year, and shall, so far as I am able, give my unbiased opinion concerning the merit of the same.

"In criticism, as in biography, the optimist does best. For true optimism implies not indiscriminate complacency, but belief in growth towards higher things." This sentiment, we believe, is especially applicable to college journalism, where we have much reason to hope for *higher things*, as we gain the added experience that comes with years, and in our criticisms, one of another, it is always best to notice and commend the best features, passing over the others lightly, unless we see in them danger of lowering the standard of our journals. But, wherever we see such danger, it is our duty to give the note of warning, boldly, manfully, and in unmistakable terms; however this can be done kindly, charitably, and in such a manner as to give offense to no reasonable person.

Having drawn up this platform, to speak in the political language of the day, I intend to stand upon it until pushed off, and I beg our exchanges, if they see us going wrong in any, to have no hesitancy in giving us warning; for we can assure them that we carefully consider all suggestions for advance in college journalism.

Very few publications of a recent date have, as yet come into my hands, but among those that came first was *The Southern Christian Advocate*, that welcome visitor to the Methodist homes throughout this state. The *Advocate* is generally full of good intellectual and

spiritual food, and is a power for good in our land. Long may it continue its good work!

Our young friends of the Thornwell Orphanage at Clinton, have sent in their September number of *Our Monthly*. This publication certainly gives all the information that one could desire concerning their institution, and gives it in an attractive manner too. "To Jerusalem and "The Regions Beyond," gives us a good many valuable facts concerning the climate of Southern Europe but, it seems to me, facts too dryly stated to hold the attentive interest of the average reader.

The Wake Forest Student of June contains two finely written articles upon the popular subjects: "Science and Material Development" and "Development of the English Drama." The best feature of the October number of this publication is the "short story." This kind of literature should receive more attention from us all.

The Southern Collegian is probably the best of the exchanges that have fallen into my hands. Besides the excellent prose matter, there is some very creditable poetry scattered throughout the June issue. I would especially commend the "Class Poem." It is composed of eighteen stanzas, and to give a general idea of its merit, I clip two stanzas:

All is beyond us: the future so bright,
  Like a star, shines full in the west;
Guiding us on with an unwavering light
  To the prize that is our life quest.
Life's ocean perchance, is strewn with the wrecks
  Of failures, with sorrows and tears;
But restless and eager, our destiny becks
  To the unceasing efforts of years.

Pause not, ah pause not, for that is to fail,
  The heart must be brave in the race,
We must not falter when dangers assail,
  Life's woes must be met face to face,
To sit and weep o'er what is gone by
  Is throwing moments away,
But steadily on, go with unflinching eye,
  For unceasing work wins the day.

We are glad to notice that the University of Georgia is going to publish a monthly literary magazine, *The Georgian*. We wish *The Georgian* much success, and gladly welcome it amongst our exchanges.

CLIPPINGS.

SONNET TO MILTON.

Great Milton! How majestical and strong,
The bursting volume of thy mighty lay,
As thou attun'st thy harp to higher key,
Than ever yet on mortal ear hath rung,
Thy lyre, when sweeps thy lightest hand a'ong,
Its scale wi h skillful touch, replies to thee,
And peals a myriad chord of harmony,
Which quicks the soul into responsive song,
But where the mighty tread thy hand takes hold,
The thunders bound along the pleth'ric wire,
And as thy great poetic will is roll'd,
Resistlessly, the lightnings leap their fire
Athwart the burning strings, and with their sheen,
Reveal the awful vision by thee seen.

—*The Trinity Archive.*

The man who itches for fame is usually kept scratching.

Many a candidate thinks himself a Clay, only to discover after the election that his name is mud.

Children and fools always tell the truth, and they generally have an undisputed monopoly of it.

ALUMNI

N. M. SALLY, - Editor

Wofford Men from Orangeburg County.

Orangeburg has perhaps, as many graduates from Wofford, as any other county in the State, and to these college-bred men is due to a great extent the prosperity of the county; for they all are men who have weight in their several communities.

The bar of Orangeburg city is strong and almost entirely composed of men who came to Wofford. The firm of Glaze & Herbert does a very extensive business, and both members of his firm are useful citizens in church and State affairs. Mr. Glaze is chairman of the board of trustees of the graded school, and this institution is flourishing under his careful supervision.

The firm of Raysor & Summers has a suite of rooms in the prettiest building on Law Range. The rooms are very attractively fitted up, and each member of the firm has a splendid library. This firm does a very large business indeed. Both gentlemen take a very active part in settling civil cases, and Mr. Raysor is known all over the State a very successful criminal lawyer,—perhaps Orangeburg's leading lawyer in this particular line. Both members of this firm are very popular. Mr. Raysor having been chairman of the board of trustees of the city graded school for several years, and Mr. Summers being now president of the Epworth League of Orangeburg city. Mr Summers did not graduate here, but went through our junior class, then went to the South Carolina College, and graduated. Nevertheless, we feel and know that he is in sympathy with every interest of Wofford.

Wofford is represented in the firm of Dibble & Danztler by Mr. C. G. Dantzler, the *Chesterfield* of Orangeburg's bar. This firm is influential and does a good business. Mr. Danizler is a very prominent and useful member of St. Paul's Church.

Mr. B. Hart Moss, who went through the Sophomore class, is one of Orangeburg's most successful civil lawyers, and being attorney for a railroad, president of the Orangeburg Fire and Life Insurance Agency, and a member of the board of trustees of the city graded school. This gentlemen is a most most successful business man in every respect.

Mr. I. W. Bowman has represented Orangeburg in the legislature for several years; and besides doing a good business, he is a useful member of St. Paul's.

Mr. A. H. Moss is a rising young lawyer, and we hope to see see him some day on the bench a long-headed and wise old judge.

Mr. Robert Copes, who went through the Sophomore class has lately been admitted to the bar, and we know he will use his pleasing manner of speaking in becoming one of the foremost lawyers of the State.

Dr. Samuel Dibble, Wofford's first graduate, has been in time past Orangeburg's most prominent lawyer, but has now retired from the active work of his profession He was for eight years M. C. from the first district. He is now president of new cotton mill which is going up in Orangeburg city.

So much for Orangeburg's bar. Let us see what the others are doing whom Orangeburg has sent to Wofford.

Among the leading farmers of Orangeburg county are Messrs. T. F. Barton, J. E. Wanamaker, and W. W. Wanamaker, and Rev. R. E. Tarrant. Mr. J. E. and W. W. Wanamaker have the reputation of being among the most successful farmers around St. Matthews. These citizens are all prominent and influential men in the church; are useful to the country at large.

Dr. W. H. Lawton has for the past several years been

practicing at Advance, and he has a considerable practice. He is a young man who is destined to rise in his profession.

Mr. H. W. Fair, for several years principal of the Spartanburg Graded School, is now working for one of the largest book concerns in the United States, and and drawing a handsome salary.

Mr. F. Eldon Dibble. who will undoubtedly be E. Eldon Dibble, Ph. D. is now principle of the Gray Court High School, and is a man of strong influence in his community.

Mr. H. J. Shoemaker, who took his M. A. at Vanderbilt last year, is now a professor in the Carlisle Fitting School at Bamburg. Mr. Shoemaker is a young man of promise, and push, and will be heard from in the near future.

Mr. W. H. Wanamaker, the genial and affable principal of the Spartanburg Graded School, is boarding right on the campus with us this year, and of course we are delighted to have him; for wherever he is, he makes himself pleasant to everybody. Mr. Wanamaker has promised to write several articles for the Alumni Department this year, which will be read with interest by all.

It will be of interest to our Alumni in Orangeburg to know that we have seventeen at Wofford this year, from Orangeburg county. In the Senior Class, we have four men, while the other counties represented in this class have only one man a piece. Orangeburg is the banner county this year. Of course Spartanburg is not counted in the contest, but excepting Spartanburg, we have a representation from Orangeburg, larger than that from any other county.

Our Alumni will see that there is a strong sentiment for Wofford in Orangeburg county, and we hope and trust they will continue to do all in their power to increase this fine sentiment. Orangeburg stands third in property taxation in this State, and why not make her stand third at least, in the line of education. We want thirty boys from Orangeburg next year. Send them up.

Wofford Directory

CALHOUN LITERARY SOCIETY

Edgar L. Culler, Pres't; R. Cosby Newton, V. P.; Nathaniel M. Salley, 1st Critic:
James C. Moore, Rec. Sec'y; Marion V. Bennett, Treasurer.

PRESTON LITERARY SOCIETY

Robt. S. Truesdale, Pres't.; T. Olin Epps, V. P.; Griffith P. Pugh, 1st Corrector; J. K. Owens, Rec. Sec.; John Walker, Treasurer.

Young Men's Christian Association

Robt. S. Truesdale, Pres't.; Griffith P. Pugh, V. P.; John Walker, Sec'y.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Prof. H. N. Snyder, Pres't.; G. C. Sullivan, Manager; Edgar L. Culler, Assistant Manager.

SOCIETY OF ALUMNI

FRATERNITIES

Chi Psi.; Kappa Alpha; Kappa Sigma
Pi Kappa Alpha; Sigma Alpha Epsilon, [illegible] Chi Phi.

Robert S. Truesdale, Caterer of Wightman Hall.

LOCAL

T. O. EPPS, - Editor

After spending a very pleasant vacation, we find ourselves again at college prepared for another year's work. We have good reasons for thinking that much will be accomplished this year. Everything moves off smoothly.

On the evening of the 5th inst., the faculty and students of both the College and Fitting School assembled in the chapel to have an old time Methodist hand shaking, and to welcome the new men among us. Messrs. E. L. Culler, and R. S. Truesdale, presidents of their respective societies, with short appropriate speeches bade the new men welcome to their halls. Mr. Jno. R. Walker, representing the Young Men's Christian Association, made an earnest plea to the new boys not to neglect the spiritual side of their education.

Mr. G. C. Sullivan availed himself of the opportunity to give vent to his suppressed emotions on foot-ball. Mr. J. P. Inabnit, represented the Journal staff. After a few short speeches the representatives from each county of the State were exhibited. Orangeburg furnished the largest exhibition.

ATHLETICS.

Athletics at Wofford is still in its infancy. But is now making rapid strides. The College Trustees have made a large appropriation to a gymnasium, which is now almost complete. It is a large, beautifully situated building, and will be furnished with up-to-date equipments. Every student, unless physically disabled, will be required to take a course in this department. It is under the control of Mr. William Wurtenbaker, of the University of Virginia. He has shown himself to be

eminently qualified for the position. We are glad we have been able to secure his service. Mr. Wurtenbaker is not a stranger among us. He served the college last year as a coacher of the foot-ball team. To his skill in that line the South Carolina College, Furman University, and Bingham High School can testify. To our delight, and to the sorrow of our neighboring colleges, he is again engaged in that same business. We will have an excellent team. It is already well organized, and is practicing every afternoon.

Mr. G. C. Sullivan, manager of the team, is scattering energy and enthusiasm throughout the whole college community. The local congratulates him on the effort he is making to promote the success of the team, and entreats every man to give him his utmost support. Our local writer two years ago wrote: "The time has come when it is the duty of us all to put our shoulders to the wheel, and shove athletics and foot ball on to the goal of complete success." The wheel is now turning. Our record last year was the best we ever made. In ten inter-collegiate contests we were defeated in only three. With the material now in college we can achieve even greater success, if the men will but come out on the grounds, and exert themselves. Our friends in town are anxiously watching us. The trustees have shown that they are interested in our Athletic Association. Let us make every possible effort to show our appreciation for what they have done, to make a record that will do credit to ourselves and the institution we represent.

We will play Athens on their grounds on the 24th inst. We have an old account to settle with them, so, "gird up your loins," boys for you will have to literally play ball to defeat those "Georgia Crackers." They are older at the cause, and have the advantage of several years training.

On the 30th, Furman will invade our territory. Boys, be satisfied with half as many scores as you made before

22 to 0 with us of course, in the big end of the horn, will be a tolerably creditable result. Deal gently with them. Remember they are our nearest neighbors, and they always treat us nicely when we go over there.

Mr. J. Ed. Edwards, of the Calhoun Society, and Mr. George Harmon, of the Preston, were elected orators for the month of November.

At the election of Marshals last Friday evening, Mr. Jno. C. Allen was chosen chief for the coming year. Messrs. Goodwin, Degafferelly and Pitts were elected from the Preston Society. The Calhouns elected Messrs. Keller, Jennings and Latimer. They will make a "right noble," looking staff.

We are glad to have Mr. W. H. Wanamaker, of the class of '95 back with us. He is principal of the Spartanburg Graded School, but spends a large part of his leisure hours on the campus, and is an active member in our Y. M. C. A.

We gladly welcome back Messrs. W. B. Evans and P. H. Stott. The former dropped out of the class of '96, at the end of junior year. The latter was unable on account of sickness, to complete his course last year. He will take both A. B. and A. M. degrees next June. With this addition, the Senior Class numbers eighteen.

At a recent meeting of the Senior Class, the following officers were elected. R. S. Truesdale, president; E. L. Culler, vice-president; G. T. Pugh, secretary and treasurer. W. M. Connor, and H. A. C. Walker, were elected Historian and Class Prophet respectively. A black, "square top" silk beaver was adopted for the hat of the class of '97. It was suggested that the class, as a whole go to Washington, the 4th of next March to the inauguration of William Jennings Bryan. The proposal was highly approved of by all.

The system of conducting the college library is better

now than ever before. It is kept open six hours every day, Mr. J. E. Walker, is librarian. A large collection of intering periodicals visit us, and we anticipate many pleasant and profitable hours with them.

It is a pleasure to see so many of our former students again on the campus. Among our recent visitors were Messrs. A. E. Holler, Paul Hardin, and L. P. McGee, Mr. F. H. Shuler also paid us a short visit.

We are indebted to Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Gray, and Dr. R. H. Peters, all of Converse College, for a musical recital given in our college chapel on the evening of Oct. 15th The selections were beautiful and were highly appropriate.

PRESTON SOCIETY HALL,
WOFFORD COLLEGE, Oct. 9, 1896.

WHEREAS, Almighty God in His infinite wisdom hath seen fit to take from our midst, Mr. Geo. S. Fort, and whereas, in the death of this young man the Preston Literary Society, feels the loss of one who faithfully performed every duty required, therefore, be it

Resolved 1st, That we, the members of said society, while sincerely mourning this untimely death, do realize that it was ordered by Him who alone knows what is best.

2nd. That we appreciate what this bereavement means to his relations and friends, and deeply sympathize with them in this sore trial.

3rd. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and be published in the Wofford College Journal, and the *Sonthern Christian Advocate*, and that a page in our minute book be devoted to his memory.

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Vol. VIII No. 2

NOVEMBER, 1896

WOFFORD College Journal

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Wofford College Journal

Established 1888 | November, 1896 | Vol. VIII No. 2

LITERARY

J. PERCY INABNIT, - EDITOR.

Chaucer and His Mission.

In the course of events, when society and religion and government, and all that concerns the welfare of mankind, moving unimpeded by purifying influences, have reached a point where reformation is necessary, there is always on such occasions some individual on whom the world can lay its hands and impose the task which the times and conditions demand.

When God saw fit to liberate the Israelites from Egyptian bondage, he called Moses to the work because Moses was especially qualified to do it. Far back in the dim ages of history, when the aristocratic rule of the tyrant Hippias had grown so insolent that the people could no longer endure it, Cleisthenes was called to the front; and under his guidance was founded the "Athenian Democracy"—a form of government that, for twenty-three centuries, has been a pattern wherever a free government has been founded. In the middle of the seventeenth century, when the English people, prompted by that spirit which has always characterized the Anglo-Saxons, resolved to throw off the oppression of Charles I, Cromwell was ready for the work, and it was he who led them to that victory which resulted in the establishment of the Commonwealth. Hence, I say—whenever there is great work to be performed there is always a great man ready to undertake it.

But it is not the warrior alone who is a product of necessity. If that were true—then the great poems which have moved nations and prompted them to deeds of chivalry, have no more important place in history than that of an empty record. Such was once a prevalent opinion; but the time has come when the poet must be accorded his proper place in history.

It is my purpose to point out some of the characteristics of our first poet which qualified him especially for the work he undertook.

It is a remarkable fact that the literature of a nation can be read in the manners and customs of its people. Then, by briefly reviewing the conditions of English life as we find it in the middle of the Fourteenth Century, we can thereby enable ourselves better to understand the general nature of Chaucer's work.

It was an age of confusion. The great movements, which were begun during the previous centuries, were crystalizing into a strong public sentiment. The wars with France, which gave advantages to England, were practically ended. The wide breach between king and subject was closing, and all classes of society were bound together by a spirit of national pride. The Roman church was growing weak, and it was evident that the powers of the Pope would soon come to an end. In short, all England was taking on new life.

But the same spirit that demanded emancipation from State and church tyranny also demanded a complete revolution in literature. As England was freeing herself from alien customs, and was commencing new life: just so she must rid herself of the influences of foreign literature, and establish a literature of her own.

The Italian and French influences had been so forcibly impressed that it seemed almost impossible to eradicate them. But with a new life *strictly English*, a new literature *strictly English* must come, and Chaucer was the man to effect it.

But what must be the characteristics of this new literature? Surely it must be *fresh* and *real*.

Around the writings of Boccaccio and Dante, and all the best literature of the age, there was a kind of mysticism which kept it remote from the people. Chaucer did not go to Roman and Grecian Mythology for his themes, but he treated those subjects which were near to the hearts of the people. Hence, the writings of Chaucer were read with far more interest than those of the authors of whom I have spoken.

In Chaucer we find many qualities that distinguish him from most previous writers.

I wish to call special attention to him as a *poet of nature* and as a *descriptive writer*, for I think his success is due more to these characteristics than to any thing else.

In the Canterbury Tales we have a good illustration of what I mean. Chaucer had experienced every form of life, from page in the King's palace to member of Parliament; hence, he wrote of almost every imaginable class of mankind, thus giving to each of his readers something of personal interest.

As a descriptive poet Chaucer has very few equals. In his opening lines of the Prologue, where he so beautifully describes the advent of springtime, we have a most beautiful illustration of his descriptive powers.

It is naturalism and description that makes Chaucer's writings so fresh to us. Truly, we find in his poetry fresh springs of pure thought which give life and energy to our tired minds.

Geoffrey Chaucer is the father of English poetry, and the English people will ever look back with pride to him as the source of those principles which make their literature so dear to them. PERCY INABNIT, '97.

Henry Timrod.

Panl Hamilton Hayne, in the opening sentence of his excellent sketch on Timrod makes this strong statement, "The name and writings of Henry Timrod have been long known and appreciated at the South." Perhaps this once had a great deal of truth in it, but can it be said of our loved Southern poet today? Are the young students of literature growing up in our land in these later years of the Nineteenth Century familiar with the history and poetry of their native singer? Certainly in a very limited degree. It almost seems that the name of Henry Timrod is being forgotten. For some time his poems have been out of print—no demand for them—little knowledge of them. Surely there are enough men of literary culture in the South to keep alive an appreciation of his work, and we are indeed glad to see that, after so long a time, there is to be a new edition of the poems edited by one of our most learned critics, Dr. Charles Hunter Ross.

Many of the instructors in literature of the present time raise a great cry against literary sectionalism, which, to a certain extent, is perfectly right and just, but let us, in the name of all that is true, still have some pride in the productions of our own native land, especially when a thorough knowledge of them will lead us to admire and enjoy them, not because they are kin to us, but as lofty expressions of the purest and noblest types of English literature.

Timrod's life was a struggle for existence in the turmoil and strife of internal war, when every resource of the people was devoted to the protection of government, home, and loved ones. In these conditions we are made to wonder that there was time for a poet to sing or for a people to hear—and indeed, much of the poetic fire of genius was kept back and smothered, while the people forgot the gifted writer in their midst, as they left all

to defend what they considered to be their rights; yet in the midst of all we see the true poet bursting forth in some sweet phrase or noble sentiment which enriches literature for all time. Although there was no one into whose ear he could pour his heart full of song, still he, like Sidney Lanier, had his mind, and heart, and soul "stuffed with poems like a schoolboy's pocket," for he says—

> "So my butterfly dreams their golden wings
> But seldom unfurl from their chrysalis;
> And thus I retain my loveliest things,
> While the world, in its worldliness, does not miss
> What a poet sings."

But, at any rate, he has done enough to occupy a high place in our hearts and in all literature, and we may only conjecture what he might have been in other circumstances.

Timrod's poetry is especially notable for the charming simplicity displayed in selection of subjects and in the manner of treatment. He sings of the spring-tide with its beauty and freshness, the summer shower with its musical patterings, the loud shouting wind in the forest, the blushing maiden and the manly lover—all the common events of everyday life—yes life itself, the most wonderful, yet the simplest of all subjects. He, like many another great poet, thought the same thoughts that daily recur to our own minds, but his genius and the poetic fire of his own soul, breathing upon the common clay of human thought and experience, have wrought out the rarest jewels.

The words used, largely pure Anglo-Saxon, are simple and graceful, yet managed with such skill that they convey the deepest meaning—there is no straining after effect—all is done in the same careless, plain, yet lofty style. In the last few lines of Ethnogenesis we see this element finely illustrated.

> "The hour perchance is not yet wholly ripe
> When all shall own it, but the type
> Whereby we shall be known in every land
> Is that vast gulf which lips our Southern strand,

And through the cold, untempered ocean pours
Its genial streams that far off Artic shores
May sometimes catch upon the softened breeze
Strange tropic warmth and hints of summer seas."

The great majority of the words are monosyllables. He followed Wordsworth's rule, the simplest words in most rhythmic order. The skill in mechanical structure of verses and sentences may best be shown by citing a few examples. What a chain of musical vowel sounds we have in these lines from "The Summer Bower:"

"Sound is here
A transient and unfrequent visitor;
Yet if the day be calm, not often then,
Whilst the high pines in one another's arms
Sleep, you may sometimes with unstartled ear
Catch the far fall of voices, how remote
You know not, and you do not care to know."

What melody there is in the mingling of mutes and liquids in this verse from "1886, addressed to the Old Year—

"No tear shall weep thy fall,
When, as the midnight bell doth toll thy fate,
Another lifts the sceptre of thy state,
And sits a monarch in thine ancient hall."

* * * *

"I hear a murmur vs of waves
That grope their way through sunless caves,
List bodies struggling in their graves.
Carolina."

It would be hard to find a better illustration of onomotopolia than in the above. In the roiling sounds of the words we hear the swishing of the waves in Charleston harbor, the poet's retreat, as he heard them. This is as real to the English mind as the *poluphloisboio thalasses* to the Greeks.

Timrod's force of imagination is remarkable for its purity, clearness and grace. Every production is a nervous, living creature—born, not manufactured to order. He, like all true poets, sang because he had to sing—the poetry was within—it had to flow out to enrich the world. His power of description is scarcely any where excelled; it is the skillful artist first seeing, then portraying to his admirers some glorious landscape or sit-

uation. Who is there that after reading "Katie" cannot see before him the brown-eyed, golden-haired English lass, joyful in the mirth and sunshine around her? Katie in the poem is as real a being as our Katies of later days. How real is his description, in "A Southern Winter's Night," of the little maiden who asked for a flower growing near the poet's seat—

> "The voice was veey sweet,
> Yet a faint languor kept me in my seat.
> I saw a pouted lip, a toss, and heard
> Some low expostulating tones, but stirred
> Not even a leaf's length, till the pretty fay
> Wondering, and half abashed at the wild feat,
> Climbed the low pales, and laughed my gloom away."

Again, what a picture is set before our eyes when the poet tells of the gitted Southland:

> "Through lands which look one sea of billowy gold,
> Broad rivers wind their devious ways;
> A hundred isles in their embraces fold
> A hundred luminous lays;
> And through yon purple haze
> Vast mountains lift their plumed peaks cloud crowned;
> And, save where up their sides the plowman creeps,
> An unhewn forest girds them grandly round,
> In whose dark shades a future navy sleeps'"

Look at this Christmas scene!

> "How grace this hallowed day?
> Shall happy bells, from yonder ancient spire,
> Send their glad greetings to each Christmas fire
> Round which the children play?"

These and many other bright visions from nature and life make him a true poet, not a rhymster.

But not only has his poetry the qualities of simplicity and sensuousness, but the third great element, passion, fills the whole of his writings, and makes them a part of the poet himself. There's not a line but the very soul of the poet breathes through it, filling it with poetic fire throbbing with life. His battle songs are best illustrations of this. We can conjecture the poet with his sword in hand when he gave out the spirited challenge in his "Charlestou," or the exhortation of "A Cry to Arms,'" or the patriotic war sons, "Carolina." Doubtless a foe would then have been in no small danger.

Are not the following lines feeling experiences of the poet's own life?

"Here from the very turf beneath me I
Catch, but just catch, I know not what faint sound,
And darkly guess that from yon silent sky
Float starry emanations to the ground;
These ears are deaf, these human eyes are blind,
I want a purer heart, a subtler mind."

. . . . . .

"Sometimes—could it be fancy?—I have felt
The presence of a spirit which might speak,
As down in lowly reverence I knelt
Its very breath hath kissed my burning cheek;
But in vain have hushed my own to hear
A wing or whisper stir the silent air."

There is also in his writings a few quaint touches of airy humor, as in "Baby's Age," and "Praeceptor Amat."

In the beginning we referred to the life of care and trouble that our poet lived, but there is not a trace of suffering in his poems—no bemoanings of fate, no sighs of regret; in short he is entirely free from all Byronism of sentiment. He prayed and strove for peace,

"Peace in the whirring marts,
Peace where the scholar thinks, the hunter roams,
Peace, God of peace! peace, peace in all our homes,
And peace in all our hearts."

His motto is found in his own lines—

"And therefore, though thy name shall pass away,
Even as a cloud that hath wept all its showers,
Yet as that cloud shall live again one day
In the glad grass, and in the happy flowers,
So in thy thoughts, though clothed in sweeter rhymes,
Thy life shall bear its flowers in future times."

He believed with Tennoson that the "final outcome of all evil will be good."

Surely there is merit in Henry Timrod. Let us study him more and thus love him better, while we hold him up for the world to look at. Then not only shall we be proud of our Palmetto songster, but the world shall praise him and "claim him as her citizen."

H. A. C. WALKER, '97.

Old and New Japan.

The purpose in view in treating this paper is to deal especially with modern Japan; so with this point in view, shall only touch briefly upon her past history, inasmuch as it reflects upon the present. In order to approach our subject with any degree of accuracy, we must needs know something of the past history of this comparatively small country in point of area, before we can fully appreciate the New Japan. Her history may be arbitrarily divided into two periods; Japan past and present. The mythological legends have been so interwoven and interspersed throughout the greater part of the early history that, no one can testify as to the truth of the statements contained therein; but the real history, so to speak, begins at the tenth century, and from this date her annals are more authentic.

Picture to yourself a well-meaning empire arousing herself from the deep sleep of ages past; having been moved by the impress of the Western world; only awakening to find herself almost hopelessly behind the civilized nations from every point of view; but, however, inspired by a bright hope for the future and prospect of better times, a new determination seemed to energize the whole people.

To the outward eye of the Western nations, Japan appeared unchangeable, and seemed in a dormant state; but within, a few learned scholars were teasing their minds over the wonderful discoveries made in science by the European countries, and considering in a general way their progress, and so, after due deliberation came to the veritable conclusion that, the empire would be prosperous, if the former policy of excluding intercourse with foreign nations would discontinue. What do we infer as to the significance of all this? No more than that the fulness of time had come for Japan to put aside her ancient customs and begin a new page in her

history, and how admirably she did this will be briefly told in the following pages.

In the year 1854, Commodore Perry broke through the hitherto impenetrable gates, which had so long debarred the Western world from ingress with their manners and customs, and so with this veritable obstacle out of the way a new era in Japanese life and thought begins. As in all notable periods, so in this, pre-existing causes within and without had been paving the way for a revolution, and now the time had come for the adoption of new conditions.

Dutch civilization entered Japan through a trading-post, and this by degrees prepared the way for an acceptance of deeper and broader principles. Gradually new methods of procedure and ideas of commerce from the foreign nations dawned dimly among the educated classes; but not without the desired effect as was evidenced later. In this way a new interest in her past history was awakened, which led to a thorough investigation of the existing code of laws, and later in their complete revision.

While these constructive forces were at work within, external forces were perhaps exercising a more powerful influence. Commodore Perry, who was authorized by the United States to effect a treaty with this empire for the express purpose of opening up her ports to free trade with the Western world, failed in his first attempt to ratify the proposed compact, but by persistent efforts upon his part the treaty was formally recognized in the year 1854. A date which will ever be cherished by the Japanese as a step towards higher civilization. For the first time, her ports were opened to free intercourse with all the world.

The advisability of this step was the topic of lively discussion throughout the entire kingdom, and many had fears as to the possible danger arising therefrom, but as we see, it only proved the best thing possible that

could have happened, as it partially prepared the way for the already accumulating forces of the revolution.

The fore-going incidents, as we have seen, have been the initiatory steps towards bringing about the timely revolution, which was realized in the year 1867-68. With due brevity, let us note the influences the new conditions had upon this country. Three marked improvements may be seen, first, the deposition of the present ruler and the re-instating of the heir-apparent to the throne; secondly, the complete over-throw of feudalism and the liberating of the common people from slavery; and now for the last but by no means least in importance; approval of treaty to open her ports to the world.

In view of these changes, a new epoch in the history and life of this people begins· The empire gradually emerged from the hermit-like isolation, which it had hitherto been enjoying, and manifested greater progress and change than ever before, so effective were the results accruing from the recent restoration, both in church and state. Striking progress has been made along almost every line, and all industries, commercial and otherwise have taken on new vigor. One great and difficult problem confronts them and that is, the disturbed state in which their religion is. What the possible out-come will be remains to be seen.

Since the revolution, no telling how wide and far-reaching will be the influences of this nation upon her sister countries as her civilization had already attained a higher standard of excellence than her neighbors. The Japanese race may be accorded the honor of first having created a literature among the Eastern nations. Whatever dangers from without and dissensions from within, so gifted a people as the Japanese will ever move upward and onward on the path of progress, after having once commenced.

Let us next study religion as a determining force in the marked advancement of the modern Japan. The

Christian religion, as it seemed, had not gained a firm foot-hold before the year 1872. At this time, the edicts that had been decreed by the Emperor against the new religion were recalled and Christianity was left free from all restrictions. Now she has turned her back upon the religion of China and her face towards the Christian nations seeking to adopt our tenets of faith. The rapid adoption of the customs of the Christian faith by the Japanese race, as a whole, is truly a wonder of the time. Must not the methods of Christianizing any nation be solved from its own point of view? If so, why not leave the evangelization of Japan in the hands of her native Christians.

The cordial reception that the ministers of Christ received at the hands of the Japanese, is indeed a token of respect worthy of mention. Up to this time, one would imperil his life by taking a tour through the interior teaching the doctrines of the new faith, but at present, one can travel to any and all parts of the empire with the assurance of perfect safety to his person. What a wonderful transformation has taken place! Christianity has made timely growth, since its first recognition in 1871. Considering the vast number of the Japanese population, one-fourth of one per cent of the whole does not seem to be such a small proportion of the Christians after all, but rather an evident sign of healthy growth. The high esteem in which Christianity is held by the people is evidenced by the fact that they elect native Christians to positions of honor and trust. No one is restricted from holding a public office n account of their religious views.

From the present outlook, the religious problem seems to grow more complex, while in reality the solution of it becomes simpler. With various ideas and numerous problems showered upon them so rapidly and of so varied a nature, time alone is not given for the proper solution of them, and as a consequence confusion results.

The religious question is a vital as well as serious one and invites much diseussion.

The patriotism of the Japanese may be seen in their willingness to make voluntary contributions in order to defray the expenses of the recent war. Such true loyalty as this, is not to be seen in many nations.

In a word, the industries of Japan in proportion to other interests have developed equally rapid, and will no doubt, in time, become a manufacturing centre, able in every respect to compete with foreign markets.

Marked and rapid improvements have been made along all lines, and much emphasis is placed on education. Indeed, the educational system of Japan is equal to most of the civilized nations, and touches all classes as well as portions of the empire.

The system is under the direct control of the State, therefore an education is within the easy reach of all who may so desire one. Even in the most rural districts we find that the school house is the most imposing building in the community. In this respect, the humblest along-side the rich enjoy the same privileges. All speaking one language a strong national spirit permeates the entire population. The advantages offered for higher education are excellent and in many respects equals our own. Colleges based on our improved methods of teaching can be found there. The Japanese as a race are intellectual, and so they demand the best that can be furnished in this line.

With telescopic vision we can see a bright future looming up in the distance for this kingdom, provided she will but only accept the Bible and abide by its teachings. In the perspective of coming ages, we seem to see, the flag of Japan hoisted along-side the great powers of the world, coping with them along all progressive lines and demanding the utmost respect and honor accorded by nation to nation. May the time soon come when this will be a reality and not merely a surmise.

T. McT. RAYSOR, '97.

Our First American Poet.

American literature is still in the early stages of its growth and development. We cannot point with pride to as many schools of famous writers and authors as our English cousins, but still we have many individual writers of whom we need not be ashamed Owing to our close relationship with the English nation and to the limited educational advantages of our republic in its earlier days, American and English influences have been interwoven in such a manner that it is well nigh impossible to find an author that is wholly American in thought, feeling, and education.

American authors of the early part of the present century read and studied the old English masters and unconsciously adopted their forms and styles of expression. They were surrounded by a nature, by social and political questions, and by ideas and events that were purely American. Yet they were thoroughly imbued with the English style of expressing their thoughts and feelings; consequently these two diverse influences bearing upon our early writers at the same time, produced a literature neither English nor American in character, but a combination of both.

The first American writer to cast aside all vestige of English influence was William Cullen Bryant. In point of chronology, Bryant was not the first of our writers: but in the purely American qualities of his work he has always been recognized as the foremost of our authors. Bryant's station among American authors has long been fixed, and he will always be classed among those of the first *magnitude*. Many other writers have arisen, attracting the attention of all classes of readers, but however great the qualities of their productions might have been, they served in no wise to dim the splendor and glory of America's great son of nature. He wrote of things felt and seen by himself, and as he felt

and saw not as other people, it was impossible for any one to imitate or rival him. Hence, "he was left alon in his glory."

Pope and Cowper were much read by the cultivated classes in America at that time, and Bryant was trained in their school; but he was so thoroughly independent aud of such marked individuality that he was not content to remain circumscribed by rules and regulations of thought and style prescribed by any one man or set of men.

He was a man of "scholarly accomplishment, familiar with other languages and literature," and conversant with the standards of his own and of preceding times; yet he was distinctively and intensely American, and without knowing precisely what he was doing, "the young poet of the Massachusetts hills" taking the standards laid down by the old English masters for a foundation or basis, advanced into a broader and richer field and the recognized leadership of an American school of poetry.

At the first glance, it seems unfortunate that Bryant was born at the time and under the influences that surrounded his birth. These influences had a tendency to narrow and suppress his nature and to force all of his literary work into one channel. His parents were Puritans of the strictest type, and they trained young Bryant in a manner not calculated to be conducive of broad-mindedness· They were poor, and their lives were spent in strict moral and religious training; among narrow ascetic, and arduous circumstances. And of course it was natural that such influences brought to bear upon one's early childhood would dispose him "to reticence, self-repression, stoicism, reverence for just authority, and the fear of God in the full old Calvinistic sense."

The above characteristics were engendered very early in the disposition of Bryant and deprived him of the privilege of cultivating his imaginative powers and any

natural exuberance of spirit with which he might have been endowed, and it also denied him the opportunity of mingling with men and of touching life at its manifold sides and yhases. All of the foregoing considerationns are necessary to the development of a poet broad and deep and of a rich and varied experience

Burns tasted of life as spent by men, and could sing of the passins and impulses that swayed men's souls. Bryant, in early youth, was denied the privileges and experiences that broaden man's life and nature. Hence, the narrow scope of his themes. While Burns experienced and wrote of those things nearest and dearest to the human heart, Bryant communad with nature and drew therefrom the lessons taught by nature's God.

The truest poetry is that most nearly related to life, and life is far beyond inanimate nature. Bryant knew of but one kind of life and that was unimpassioned and judged strictly by the laws of virtue and truth—laws taught him by his close communion with nature. He treats of nature in a majestic strain and a style of lofty grandeur "but the whole of poetry is not grandeur." When we read Bryant, we cannot but detect a lack of all human touch; he describes the universe in one instance and in the next a common-place water fowl; he pictures the harmony and obedience to Divine law that exist among the numberless planets and system that sing with the morning star; he deals with the "immensities and the eternities, but not with the limitations and pathos and humor of mortal creatures." "He beholds but one vision and chants but one song" He is chaste and pure, yet cold and calm.

Bryant's poetry shows but very little of that imagination that is so essential to *true* poetry. We cannot say that he is wholly unimaginative, for he has employed a certain amout of imagination in pictureing the relationship between matter and spirit. He displays the fortitude of the soul and shows its relation to the world of nature, but nowhere does he concern himself about the

mortal part of man. The weaknesses and the appetites and passions of the flesh that are so dear to us never disturbed the equanimity of his mind.

It would be untrrue to say that Bryant was not a true poet, for in his poetry we he have the voice of naturs speaking to us in the very heart-throbs of this great son of nature. He is not untrue, only narrow. Nature is presented to us as Bryant himself sees and feels it. He is wanting in imagination along certain lines, but can "utter the thoughts that arise in him" with a masterly skill. His topics cover nearly every phase of nature, and he is able to write of the most insignificant subjects with as much force and beauty as characterizes his most famous productions. Under the magnetic touches of Bryant, nature appears to us as a living organism. We know it, we feel it, we see it, and can almost hear it between the lines of his poems.

Bryant was much more than a poet. He wrote much prose and the journalistic fields claimed much of his best work, yet he will always be remembered best as a poet. His other works are of the past, but his poems are read and enjoyed as much at the present time as ever, and will be so long as there shall remain a lover of nature.

In his writings he was never light and flippant. "The serious reader alone understands Bryant, but to such a temper his poem present a wealth greater than that of gold and rubies. Of course such a character implies limitations. His genius was never productive or spontaneous. Reflection and meditation were indespensable to satisfactory results; he must brood over the subject before the deeper lines of thought would fashion themselves into language. The waters of life for which he sought, never flowed by his door; he had to dig and blast till he touched the crystal springs which sent forth healing and invigorating streams."

J. R. T. MAJOR, '98.

Wofford College Journal

A Literary Magazine, published Monthly by the Calhoun and Preston Literary Societies of Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C.
Contributions are sol cited from the Alumni and students of the institution.
THE JOURNAL goes into every county in South Carolina and many beyond the State, and is manifestly an excellent advertising medium. Our ra es are, one page one year, $20; one-half page one year $10.00.
Address all geteral matter to the Editor-in-Chief; all matter of advertising, subscription and finance to the Business Manager.
No article will be published unless the author's name and address have been deposited with the Editor.
Subscription price, $1.00.

R. S. TRUESDALE.
Editor-in-Chief.

GABE CANNON,
Business Mgr.

CALHOUN SOCIETY
J. P. Inabnit, Literary.
N. M Salley, Alumni.

PRESTON SOCIETY
G T. Pugh, Exchange
T. O. Epps, Local.

EDITORIAL

R. S. TRUESDALE, - - Editor

The Gymnasium.

It is hopod that in a few weeks the new gymnasium may be ready for use. The great need of years supplied, and Wofford will send out no more men whose bodies are not in proportion to their minds. Heretofore, there has been no means of exercise offered the student body except to take a walk out in the country and enjoy the free air. Such as foot ball and baseball offers fine facilities for exercise only to a few who enjoy such vigourous exertion. In the gymnasiums, the most delicate physical constitution may have a part, and build up for himself a respectable physical manhood. Much depends on a man's bone and brawn and freely circulating blood. If these be inactive and stagnant, the mind may soon come into sympathy with them and become dwarfed. Wofford has now the best means of mental and physical training in the forms of buidings: She appreciates all that her sons do for her, and it may be said that no more loyal body of alumni belongs to any college. As new

developments demand additional improvements, no hesitancy on the part of the friends of the college, as soon as this or that measure becomes advisable, has been noted. For the sake of old days at Wofford, and the glowing impressions that still linger in the hearts of the oldest graduates, there has been much of kind thought and liberal gifts. Now, there comes to light a new development, the most happy in forty years of history.

The Young Men's Christian Association.

It was organized Saturday, Dec. 13, 1879, Chas. B. Smith, now professor of metaphysics in Wofford, presiding; W. T. Lauder, now missionary to Brazil, was the first recording secretary, and Chas. H. Carlisle, present superintendent of Central Church Sunday School, Spartanburg treasurer. Thus it is seen that this was no mean beginning, but the mighty influence was set in motion by hands that have since proved, out in life, to be most skilful and consecrated in the work of extending the gospel and building up a Christian society. The above named gentlemen might be somewhat surprised for a moment at seeing their names in this particular connection, but they were the beginners of this movement in Wofford. To take a rapid glance at the work as it is shown in the old minutes is interesting. The "missionary meeting" is found to have been a most important feature, and who can deny that it has been fruitful when we think of Lauder and Koger in Brazil? The original initiation fee was twenty-five cents, now a great many more join and pay a dollar just as freely. Some other names that may be seen in the old lists are; Prof. W. G. Blake, Rev. W. I. Herbert, President John C. Kilgo and others. At present there are about ninety members of the association, the devotional meetings every Sunday afternoon averaging about sixty-five. Last year there was an average of about twenty-five at these meetings.

Now, here is a movement that needs to be expressed in some tangible form. Young men require something more than mental and physical training;—something to keep up a respect for Christian training at home, and to generate a lively spiritual interest in each other. The Young Men's Christian Association is the the only exponent of the Christian thought and life in Wofford. Should there not be some thought of it on the part of the old members out in life who know what it is? It would be very pleasant, indeed, to have a nice, handsome bulding into which the reception committee might show new men when they come to college. Then the whole student body would have so much more respect for the organization. Let every student who is interested in the future years of student life in Wofford be diligent in this movement.

Opportunity.

Whatever it may be, men make it for themselves. Certain men are pointed out as having had splendid chances for doing great things just as if the world had opened its treasure to them and said, "make the best of it." But there is another man against whom it seems that the universe has closed its fortunes, and said in the same manner: "Make the best of it." Who has the opportunity, the man who has to overcome money with all occompanying evils, or the one who fights poverty and obscurity without the evils of money? Some have the particular capacity for abstracting character out of money, others for abstracting money out of character, the one tending to a high spiritual ideal, the other degenerating into a gross animal life· Whoever toils twelve long hours for the promised two pence will find that it contains something evelasting for him; but the man who wastes eleven hours, then struggles spasmodically a few minutes to get the two pence, will get the full amount, though the twelve hour laborer will soon have it all.

THE JOURNAL staff is indebted to Mrs. Joseph Breeden, of Bennettsville, for some copies of the "Charleston Courier" that was printed during the dark days of the civil war. Many notes of interest occur along with many peculiarities, among which is found the advertisement of a human being for sale just as horses and mules are disposed of at the present time. Several copies of this paper were also placed on the desk in the college library.

"Save the Body" is the title of a small pamphlet issued by Rev. J. E. Mahaffey, of the South Carolina Conference. The subject is ably handled, not with long-drawn-out theories, but facts well worth the consideration of any man whose body is yet fit for the abode of the soul.

Every Friday evening when the college bell rings the hour for the meeting of the societies, it should be listened to with a reverence and a gratitude by us who are students. There are boys that every student here at Wofford can call to mind who would shout if they had the opportunities afforded by the literary societies. These meetings should be the recreation evenings of the week, and the occasion for which these evenings are set aside should be a choice one indeed. A tendency will not always remain a tendency.

EXCHANGE

G. T. PUGH, - - Editor.

We gladly welcome the *Carolina Teacher's Journal* as an exchange. A publication of this kind will do much to advance the educational interests of South Carolina.

The *S. W. P. U. Journal*, with the exception of an oration on "The Insincerity of Atheism," has very little literary matter. Otherwise it as good as the average journal, and the exchange department is especially good.

"Henry W. Grady" in the *Hendrix College Mirror* shows study as well as love and sympathy for his subject on the part of the writer. "The Strange Bride," a serial in the same journal, has aroused a curiosity to see the conclusion of the story. In fact, the whole journal is interesting from beginning to end.

The *Tennessee University Magazine* contains several good stories and sketches, but care should be taken less this kind of literature become too prominent in our journals. "John Keats—a Study" shows some of the elements of true criticism, and is altogether a very readable article.

"America's Mission" in *Ouachita Ripples* is filled with patriotic sentiment, a thing that seems to be sadly lacking at the present time.

The October number of *The Erskinian*, though a very small issue, makes up for this deficiency in the excellent quality of some of its articles. "An Incident of the War" is about as good a sketch of the kind as one sees anywhere. There is something in all these articles, though hardly definable, that is pleasing; it must be that they are free from that disagreeable and tire-

some bombast and display of rhetoric that is so common among young writers.

"No country is without a song of its own. Rude and barbarous though it may be, it still embodies the distinctive characteristics of the people, and appeals, as no other can do, to the nation which gave it birth. Noble national poetry is indicative of noble national virtues, since the life of the people finds here its truest expression; and through the medium of poetry, these virtues will be instrumental in creating nobility in time to come." This extract from "Poetry as a Teacher of Patriotism" in *The Peabody Record*, though it loses something in being taken from its proper connection, shows that the writer had a clear view of her subject as well as logical ability in treating it.

The Converse Concept has been read with pleasure. This is the only journal that has come our way whose editorial staff is composed entirely of young ladies. It seems that the suggestion, "that a series of articles be instituted containing sketches of the different towns in the State, each sketch being furnished by the student who resides there," if carried out, would be interesting to most of the readers of the *Concept*. The poem entitled "Lines," although very creditable as a piece of poetry, aroused in me the old thought, "that there was more truth than poetry in it."

The Davidson Monthly has a variety of matter; criticism, history, fiction, and poetry as well as an interesting description of Canada and Canadians. "The Haunted Picture," in weirdness, surpasses even some of Poe's weird tales. The style of the writer, in fact, is somewhat like that of Poe, and shows great familiarity with Poe's writings, or literature of a similar quality.

CLIPPINGS.

According to Dr. Darwin and others, it takes a monkey

thousands of years to make a man of himself, but a man can make a monkey of himself in a minute. We lead the world.

After a man's jaw begins to swell, he realizes that silence is golden.

The trouble with a great many young men who want to see life is, that they imagine there is none worth seeing by daylight.

We give herewith a photograph of a modern dude, taken by the Roentgen ray process. This process photographs interiors. The exterior is often a very striking object, but when exposed to the searching rays which reveal interiors the result is seen in the accompanying picture. The odor of the cigarette which he smokes does not appear, although it is the strongest thing about the dude. When science succeeds in measuring the strength and offensiveness of odors, the dude's cigarette will doubtless be revealed as the most striking thing about him.

ALUMNI

NATHANIEL M. SALLEY, - Editor

The Man Who Killed Jackson !

About two miles from the busy little town of M———, at which I lived last year, there is a typical South Carolina water mill. Were it not for the fact that a public road passed this mill, the quiet of the place would be broken only by the low gurgling of the water as it escapes gently through its outlet, and by the occasional harsh song of the grist-mill. The pond itself is only a flooded swamp and the numerous cypress trees that stand four to ten feet in the water are heavily fastened with gray masses. Near the mill stands the miller's house, a mere hut in a dilapidated condition. The general surroundings of the mill give it a somewhat sad and gloomy appearance, which is made more decided by a figure, clothed in sober patched trousers and gaily striped jacket, mournfully dangling from a limb of a tree in front of the hut. I was told that the hanging figure served to frighten hawks.

On my visit to this mill, that which above all else, attracted my attention, however, was the silent bent figure of an old man who sat on the mill dam fishing. From time to time he mechanically raised and lowered his fishing rod, but all the while he gazed steadily on the water as if he expected to see reflected there some sweet scene from a life that had passed. He was Curtis Allen, the miller, who from long and constant identification with the mill had became a part of it, no less than is the water wheel or grinding stone.

I had heard that he was a Confederate soldier, and so naturally felt interested in him. I addressed him, and suddenly awaked from his reverie he started, and his head lowered in responce to my salutation. By kind

persistent questioning, I induced him to talk of his past life. He gave me in broken English a few facts about his war record. I here give them in my own language, and you may take them for what they are worth.

"Yes, I was a soldier in the late war, and saw four years of hard fight. I was born in Granville county, North Carolina, and enlisted in Company D. 18th regiment North Carolina militia, under command of Alexander Moore. I should not have said enlisted, for I did not enlist. I did not wish to go to war, for I had other things to do and was not sure which side was the right one.

"I was made drunk by the enrolling officer, and before I knew his object, he had me safe in the rank. Well, I did not care much after I once began, for I had been somewhat unhappy and unsettled.

"The most interesting incident connected with my war life occurred on the night on which Jackson was unfortunately killed. Our brigade had marched all day and we were worn out. At nightfall we halted with the 33rd regiment between us and the yankees. Later on we were detached by Jackson to guard the 'Plank Road' which led into our camp, and we were ordered to fire immediately on any one that came up the road. As was his custom, Jackson on this night went forward to investigate the position of the enemy, and before he knew it, he had invaded their picket line. In his haste to avoid capture he forgot his order to us, and with his staff rushed up the Plank road.

"We were ordered to fire, and each man pulled the trigger of his gun. My gun failed to fire. I recocked and took deliberate aim at a tall figure that still sat erect on his horse. At the report of my gun, he reeled and fell, and his foot remaining in his stirups, he was dragged off by his terrified horse. This man was Jackson. Just after I shot him, I was severely wounded in some way. When I recovered, Jackson was dead."

"Did you not regret this deplorable accident?"

"Yes, but I am proud of the fact that I obeyed my or-

ders, though the cost of Jackson's blunder was serious."

"So you believe you killed Gen. Jackson."

"I know I did."

I asked him why he did not attend the reunion of Confederaete soldiers at Rickmond, and he replied.

"I knew nothing of it; one never hears anything out here. I am no longer anybody. If I have relatives living, I know nothing of them, and they think me dead. I drifted down here after the war, and have been here ever since. I should like to meet the boys once more and talk of our fight. But I am past sixty now and will soon go to join my kind old lady who left me the other day.

I bid you good evening, sir."

So saying, he once more lost his identity and became a part of his mill. As I turned to go, I saw once more the swinging figure, which now seemed to me the old man's early hopes crucified, because he had been forced into war by a confederate.

W. H. W.

The Modern Society in Wofford College.

"The law of nature is alternation forevermore." This dictum of Emerson's holds good in all things relating to man, exclusive of the Great Invisible Power. Every department of human society is subject to this inevitable progression or retrogression. Nothing stands still. 'Tis a good and true song the poet sings: "Naught endures but mutability."

Now, what applies to human institutions in general, applies also to the Wofford College literary society in particular. (I shall speak only of the "Society" in this article, eliminating the names Calhoun and Preston—glorious names to us, and grand organizations bearing them, worthy to be classed under the one title, the Society.) Through all the years of Wofford's history, the

general movement has been upward and onward. But, the ideal society is still unachieved. True it is, nevertheless, that there has been a strong and steady progression towards the transcendent limit; and the condition of the Society today is a point in advance, perhaps not of the very best particular term in its history, but, at least, in advance of the general condition from all the preceding years. Hence it is that when the alumnus turns back in memory to the dear old Society, he feels, somewhat sadly too, that things are not the same there as they were when he spouted declamations and stumbled through debates. At the same time he acknowledges to himself, when he becomes familiar with modern conditions, that the debates have lost nothing of their old time point and brilliancy; but, rather have gained somewhat in the selection of subjects, all the discussions being strictly modern, dealing with questions of political economy and with national issues. Moreover, the essays have grown to be something more than mere scool-boy compositions. One may hear papers read on literary subjects, containing excellent criticism. As a rule, these, most decidedly, do credit to the Professor of English, though, alas, too many of them are written for that department when they should have been prepared expressly for the Society. This being up a point, write for the *Society*, men, independently of any department of curriculum work.

Now, as to the general appearance of things: with the removal of the books from the shelves to consolidate with college library, a new era was inaugurated in the Society's history. The old order of things gave way to a new; a change of atmosphere took place. The immediate effect on the Society became visible in the increased dignity of the session. Formerly, the speaker was constrained to labor through his debate amid a murmuring and whispering confusion of men getting books and passing to and from the librarian's desk. *Now*, he has the satisfaction of speaking face to face with his

auditors, a dignified and intelligent body of young men.

Next, came that important change in the constitution by which the session was shortened. Who does not remember the times when we stayed there till the "wee sma" hours of Saturday morning, making and answering reports, but chiefly *quibbling*? By a wise provision, that disagreeable practice is now almost entirely done away with. I believe a session extending beyond eleven o'clock is somewhat unusual.

All in all, that consolidation is proving the best thing ever done by the Society. The advantages of ready access to all the books in the college, and of daily contact with an experienced librarian, have brought about already an enlarged and quickened intellectual life in the student-body as a whole. As we have seen, no small benefit has accrued to the Society separately. And to the visitor, the vast improvement in the appearance of the library—always the center of interest in an educational institution—seems to compensate at once for any apparent disadvantage. To be sure, those classic walls of the old Society have lost no part of their former glory. Those grand old portraits, arranged more tastily than before, still look down upon the student heads below. Not long ago the circle was completed by an imposing life-size portrait of our honored and beloved President, Dr. Carlisle. And, serene in their power the faces of Calhoun, Wightman, DuPre, Shipp shed that indescribable inspiration which springs from the memory of the great lives they lived. As long as names like these are honored among South Carolina's sons, so long will men from the Society leap forward to bear the banner of enlightened chivalry and Christian manhood. *Vive la Societe!*

FRED A. CUMMINGS, '96.

CLASS OF '96.

Since their graduation sufficient time has not elapsed for the members of this class to distinguish themselves.

They are of the right stuff, however; and, with their natural ability, before long will make their power felt.

The first on the class roll, is Mr. C. H. Barber. "Our friend Charlie" keeps books for the Piedmont Steam Bottling Co. He is seen on the campus now and then, and is a very familiar-looking piece of college *furniture*. Last year Mr. Barber was captain of the foot-ball team, and one of the star players on it.

Mr. Thomas C. Blake has a position in the clothing house of Jesse Wall & Co.

Mr. C. E. Boyd is teaching school in Richland Co., just below Columbia.

Mr. William A. Cannon is on his father's farm near Henderson. N. C. We feel sure that he will send each member of the Senior Class a barrel of fine red apples at Christmas. All remember "Bill" as a splendid foot-ball player. The team misses him no little.

Mr. E. G. Clinkscales is telegraph operator at the Western Carolina Railroad depot in this city.

Mr. Fred A. Cummings has the position of State Agent for the International Publishing Co., of Philadelphia. This is one of the largest publishing houses in the country. Mr. Cummings will represent them worthily.

Mr. Gist Gee is teaching school at Jordan, S. C. We all remember Mr. Gee as an energetic worker in the Y. M. C. A.

Mr. J. F. Grant is reading medicine under his father at Laurel, S. C.

Mr. Paul Hardin will probably settle down in business at Chester.

Mr. A. E. Holler is teaching school at Waterloo, S. C.

Mr. A. S. Hydrick is a reporter for the *Charleston Evening Post*. As this is a very *fast* age in the newspaper line we feel sure from his previous *record*, that Mr. Hydrick will just fill the bill.

The Limestone High School has for its principal Mr. D. J. Hydrick. The school runs nine months and pays well.

Mr. A. M. Law was chief clerk at the Glenn Springs Hotel this summer. He probably will go into business in his native town.

Mr. C. C. Leitner is teaching school at Euloenia, S. C., and has one assistant, a lady.

The Jonesville High School is fortunate in having for its principal such a man as Mr. L. P. McGhee. Every one knows the sterling character of "Long Mac," and we predict he will be eminently successful. He has two assistants, both young ladies.

Mr. H. C. McKelvey is traveling for a life insurance company.

Mr. G. Marshall Moore is principal of the Loundesville High School. As business manager of the Athletic Association last year, Mr. Moore was quite successful. The patrons of the Loundesville school are to be congratulated in securing our friend Mr. Moore for their principal. He is also secretary of a teacher's bureau, for Wofford men only, organized at Abbeville.

Mr. E. Ray will probably go into business in Spartanburg.

Mr. J. C. Roper is preaching at Swausea and we understand that he has made a very favorable impression.

Mr. W. K. Smith will probably have a position on the railroad

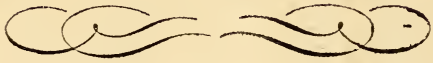
Mr. Marion Tucker is first assistant in the high school at Sanford, Fla. While in college, Mr. Tucker won the reputation of being a very fine classical scholar, and no doubt he will make a brilliant success as a teacher.

Mr. J. Easterling Walker, our librarian, fills his important position with credit to himself, and to the satisfaction of the whole student body.

Mr. O. D. Wannamaker is superintendent of the St. Matthew's graded school. Judging from our knowledge of his college course, we are satisfied that he will make a highly successful teacher and a useful Christian worker. He has several assistants.

Mr. E. E. Williamson is teaching school at Ceyly, S. C.

Mr. Jas. J. Wolf has a school at Fork, S. C. Mr. Wolfe was one of the best students in the class.



Wofford Directory

CALHOUN LITERARY SOCIETY

Edgar L. Culler, Pres't; R. Cosby Newton, V. P.; Nathaniel M. Salley, 1st Critic:
James C. Moore, Rec. Sec'y; Marion V. Bennett, Treasurer.

PRESTON LITERARY SOCIETY

Robt. S. Truesdale, Pres't.; T Olin Epps, V. P.; Griffith P. Pugh, 1st Corrector; J. K. Owens, Rec. Sec.; John Walker, Treasurer.

Young Men's Christian Association

Robt. S. Truesdale, Pres't.; Griffith P. Pugh, V. P.; John Walker, Sec'y

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Prof. H. N. Snyder, Pres't.; G. C. Sullivan, Manager; Edgar L. Culler, Assistant Manager.

SOCIETY OF ALUMNI

FRATERNITIES

Chi Psi.; Kappa Alpha; Kappa Sigma
Pi Kappa Alpha; Sigma Alpha Epsilon, Chi Phi.

Robert S Truesdale, Caterer of Wightman Hall.

LOCAL

T. O. EPPS, - Editor

(Note.—In the absence of Mr. Epps this department was put in the hands of P. H. Stoll who, on account of short time given him apologizes for any defieiencies that may occur.)

Athens Wofford Game.

Athens came out conquors, but did not gain victory "on flowerp beds of ease." As soon as the visiting team entered the grounds it was plainly visible that our team would have to play a defensive game, for in the very important matter of weight we were far imperior. But our boys, though seeing their disadvantage, nerved themselves for the conflict and offered a stubburn resistance. At times they seemed almost equal to the emergency. The well formed interferences of the opposing team were in every case completely demolished. Never before did a teom show more indomitable grit than the representatives of the old gold and black did on this occasion,

Though badly defeated, the game was not a failure as far as we were concerned: We witnessed a display of well developed scientific foot-ball. The Athenians undoubtedly have a fine team.

Wofford will never attain such a standard unless her friends, with one accord, shall say that she must have a team that can cope with any in the South. Away with your cold indifference and prejudices and give us your support. Foot ball is not a brutal barberous contest, as many would have it· It is a contest between men—for the most part gentlemen. It is a test of mental and physical strength. Nothing is more an'mating and exhilerating than a game where every man throws his ut-

most strength—every nerve, sinew and muscle, into the struggle. Foot ball is a facinating game. In it there is a special charm for those who partake. They enjoy it above everything else. Let everybody who has the interest of his *Alma Mater* at heart rally to her support and shove the *old gold and black* to the heigths of athletic achievements. E.

Furman–Wofford.

On the sixth of November, in this city, Furman University made her annual effort to wrest the championship from the tenacions grasp of Wofford. It was a battle royal, but the inevitable could not be stayed; the visiton were vanquished by a score of 6-0.

The Furman eleven are a well trained aggregation and they play foot-ball with refreshing zest and vim. Wofford performed with her characteristic dash and the game was snappy from start to finish.

The only detracting feature of the game was the manner in which Furman men would grow faint at critical moments. So frequently did this unfortunate indisposition overcome sundry members of the visiting team that the spectators were lead to make unkind remarks about the folly of playing a traveling hospital; but Wofford is a generous combatant and she very magnanimously allowed the Furman boys as many "breathing spells" as they saw fit to demand.

However, the game was fairly played throughout and both teams did some really beautiful work. Leitner and Brunson played brilliant ball for Wofford, while Watson, Johnson and Moseley distinguished themselves by the effectiveness with which they defended Furman's interests.

The Preston Society, at a recent meeting, elected the following officers: President, G. T. Pugh; V. P., W. A. Medlock; 1st Cor., T. P. Epps; 2nd Cor., P. H. Stoll; Sec., R. A. Law; Treas., J. R. T. Major; Cor. Sec., J. K.

Owens; 1st Censor, I. J. McKenzie; 2nd Cen., G. E. Thompson.

During the past week devotional services have been carried on in the chapel by Mr. S. M. Sayfort, of Newton, Mass. These meetings which were held under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. were well attended by the students will be a help both to the organization and the college community. Mr. Sayfort, who has held similar services in other southern colleges, came among us highly spoken of by Christian workers, and his labors among the students, it is hoped, will prove to have been well spent.

The old plan of chapel at 9.30 o'clock, and first recitation at 10 o'clock has been abandoned, and we now have recitations from 9 o'clock a. m. until 2 p. m., chapel services commencing at 2 p. m. This plan has several advantages over the old one and will doubtless be permanently continued.

Senior to Freshman—Are you fond of reading?

Freshman—Powerful.

Senior—Who is your favorite author?

Freshman—Dickens, I have 364 volumes of his works, but have not read but 46 of them yet.

Messrs. Inabnit and DeGafferelly are taking music at Converse College. They seem to be devoted to the associations of *violin life.*

On the evening of the sixth instant, Mr. J. Martan Gray assisted by his pupils, gave a most delightful violin recital in the chapel at Converse. We are satisfied that all visitors were highly entertained.

Is it true that the young ladies of the Columbia Female College have adopted the S. C. College colors for their caps? If so we are sorry for our cousins.

J. P. Inabnit occupies this year the chair of assistant Professor of Mathematics in the Fitting School. Prof. Inabnit is a noted mathematician and his work in this important chair, we predict, will be successful.

Among the recent visitors on the campus we note the Revs. A. J. Stokes, H. F. Shuler, and A. J. Canthen, all of the S. C. Conference. Also H. C. McKelvy, E. L. Ray and E. E. Williamson of the class of '96. This latter trio looked as natural as could be, and were gladly welcomedby the old students.

On Friday evening, the 11th of December the two societies will hold in the college chapel a public debate. The debate will not be a joint one, but will be one society against the other. The debators elected to represent the societies on this occasion are Marion Jennings and W. M. Conner, Jr. from the Calhoun, P. H. Stoll and R. S. Treusdale from the Preston.

On the same occasion there will be two orators, one from each society, who will deliver original orations. J. A. Sullivan will represent the Calhouns and J. K. Owens the Prestons. To these exercises the public is cordially invited.

The State Fair this week was visited by several of the students. Those who took in the "sights" were Messrs. Brunson, Inabnit, Sullivan, C., Manning, Adams, Culler, Smith, C., Evans, Pegues, and Moore. Mr. Will Wertenbaker, our trainer, also took in the Fair.

Mr. T. O. Epps, of the local department, left for his home in Kingstree, S. C., last week. He was called home on account of the illness of his father. His presence now being needed then, he will not return for several weeks.

The gymnasium is steadily nearing completion, and in several weeks will be ready for use. The building is already giving evidence of what it will be when finished, and the friends of Wofford can well congratulate us on our handsome and will equipped quarters for the cultivation of the physical man.

At a recent meeting of the Preston Society Prof. Mason DuPre and Mr. William Wertenbaker were elected honorary members of that body.

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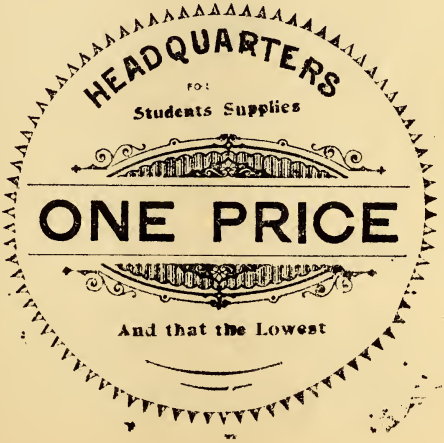

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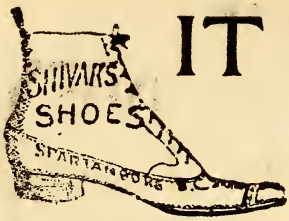

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Wofford College Journal

Established 1888 | December, 1896 | Vol. VIII No. 3

LITERARY

J. PERCY INABNIT, - EDITOR.

The Foot-Ball Player's Dream

Our last game was played, the last yells had been fired,
And the *rooters* had talked of the game half the night,
And every *chrysanthemum-head* had retired
To mingle his battles with dreams of delight.

While reposing that night on my mattress of shucks,
As the pale streaks of moonlight danced on the wall,
The *end plays*, the tricks, and the great *centre-bucks*,
With strange freshness of mem'ry I seemed to recall.

Shin guards, nose protectors, and ball I could see
As plain as I did on the gridiron that day—
How we *broke interference!* and with what wild glee
Took the ball ourselves, and then sprinted away.

We had tugged long and hard—no time for delay!
The ball was advanced by a beautiful run
To their *fifteen yard line*, and by a line play
We lessened the ominous distance to ONE!

"Twenty seconds to play," the referee said,
And the *rooters'* eyes with strange light seemed to shine
With one mighty effort we rushed straight ahead—
The vict'ry was ours—we were over the line!

What a fall I did get! When I open my eyes
My room-mate stands o'er me with uplifted chair—

"You crazy old fool," with deep vengeance he cries,
"Your place is at the asylum, not here."

With a good, hearty laugh his wrath died away,
Then we doctored the floor where we both got our fall;
And as I dozed off I heard the boy say
"Don't you think I had better sleep next to the wall?"

H. A. C. W.

Milton's the Greatest and Forever the Last of the World's Great Epics.

In the most brilliant intellectual period of Athens, in the age in which Homer wrote his Iliad, the poetic temperament in literature was higher than in any age of poetry that the world has since seen, unless it is to the heaven-inspiring strains of David that filled the heart of all Israel with sacred emotion and caused the dormant, sacred chambers in the hearts of the devotional to give up their dead, that we must accord a higher place. It is certain that if we could thoroughly realize the pitch and sincerity of the poetic temperament which pervaded the Athenian world at the time when the successful competitive historian, poet, or orator was applauded at the Olympian Games more than was the winner in a foot race, and when the defeated candidate for honors, though possessed of excellent gifts, was banished from his native country purely by his humiliation, then the history of her literature would be a subject of profound interest even to the cursory student. It is said that the Greek Rhapsodists could scarcely recite Homer—with whose productions we would fain in this article compare Milton's—without being so affected as to fall into violent mental convulsions. How well do we remember the story of Alexander, flushed with the glorious realization of an inordinate ambition in the attainment of supreme command, when he punished the city of Thebes for the audacity of resistance, that he spared

only the house of Pindar the poet. With what a mighty eloquence the lines of a humble poet must have appealed to the higher conscience to mitigate the wrath of an enraged monarch.

If the success of a writer is limited by the manner in which the world receives him and by the extent which the world pleases to be affected or is affected by his poetry in the shaping of social and national life, then the poets of Greece have been the greatest. We may imagine the extent but surely can never faintly realize such influence as that which the ancient poets exerted over their fellow mortals in the moulding of human life and human custom, and in shaping the destinies of the nation.

In Rome also the poetic temperament was probably nearly as high as was that of Greece; and Virgil, like Homer, gave her greatest epic, choosing half mythical characters as the heroes. Virgil was praised by the Romans probably as much as Homer was praised by the Athenians.

But as we skip over a large space of time, in which flourished two great epic poets, Cadmium and Dante, still following the trend of intellectual culture, and come to England's great representatives, we find that the poetic temperament there was much higher than it ever became or ever will become in America; and we are at once profoundly interested in her great schools of poets.

In epic poetry Milton is her great representative. Remembering that periods of crude scientific information, in which comes the happy conjunction of superstitious religion and much general superstitious thought, are the most favorable to the reception of epic poetry, we ask ourselves the question at once, "What would a great epic poet of England choose for the heroic?" The Greeks had scarcely any scientific knowledge compared to the present and the times were full of religious superstition: then Achilles could easily have become the hero

of the Iliad. Scientific knowledge, religious superstition, and mythical historic stories were none the less absent from Roman life; and Romulus and Remus could well be the heroic characters in a Roman epic. But Milton was a Puritan poet; and the cloud of superstition which hung over England was not as gloomy as that which hung so long over the worlds of Greece and Rome, and science had made considerable advance.

Then we see the supreme difficulty that Milton labored under in the choice of a subject. Early in life he began to seek for a fit theme for his great poem. "I am pluming my wings for a great flight," he said; and with his prodigious mind and wide information, he thoroughly canvassed ninety-nine subjects and at last concluded upon Paradise Lost. That this was a wise selection, there is no doubt. Indeed we cannot conceive of his having successfully written upon any other, unless his wonderful parade of words along long paths of associated ideas, intimating much more than they expressed, and fitting the thought so well, his frequency of illustration, the melody of his words and the harmony of his expressions, should recommend him as a master of English blank verse, rather than a great epic poet. Professor Woodward has beautifully expressed this in his lecture on "Milton." "He can be soft and sweet, but the characteristic name for his verse would be *soft* and *sonorous*. It never trips along but moves gradually; not like an orchestra, but like a gigantic organ." We read that Milton once decided to write his epic upon a purely romantic subject, taking Arthur as the hero. It is fortunate that his maturer conception caused him to abandon this and select a subject representing the only highest "conceptions of mid-shifting human beliefs," for had he not done so, his epic would have been an inglorious failure.

In this brief article, I make no attempt to criticise the merit of Milton's great book. The world has long ago passed verdict upon it, and it has never been appealed

from. The reason why it is seldom read nowadays is mostly because the flights of fancy are too high for the reader to dwell long with him; and there are few who can rise with him at all.

The first two books of his work are perhaps the greatest. They put one in mind of a great drama with no intermission for change of scene. The curtain rises, pictures start up at once before the imagination, new light pours in rapidly, illuminating hidden expanses of thought which have already been compassed but now shine with a brighter lustre, and at the same time we can enter into the majestic harmonies of his verse with passionate rapture.

Though Paradise Lost, as every student knows, is based upon a few chapters in Genesis and Revelation, yet it is probably the most mysterious book that was ever written. It is natural that the man that wrote the world's greatest epic should be mysterious. And it has been asserted that his "anthropomorphism is the most advanced known." His only fault was lack of sympathy.

There needs be brought but little information to bear in order to suggest that another such epic will never be written. The age of epic poetry is past: Milton will always be its last great representative. In this century of wonderful exactness when science is developing so rapidly and with wonderful accuracy, and branching out into limitless fields of human thought and experiment, where the eighteenth century man could not travel in the wildest flights of a fertile imagination, when religion is almost altogether devoid of superstition, epic poetry will never be attempted. The last attempt that I am cognizant of was made by an American who conceived the idea of making himself suddenly and everlastingly famous by writing an epic upon America. I do not even know the name of the author but I have seen the book. His was a bold attempt but his name was handed down to everlasting oblivion.

Indeed, all great poetry lies in the distant past. It seems now that the novel becomes channel of all expression. Men may still enjoy the rythmic beauty and the felicity of thought in the everlasting harmonies of Longfellow and Tennyson; but will the world ever see the like of them again? For patriotic reasons Sidney Lanier has been inserted into the curriculum of our study, and justly so. Dear as he is to every Southern heart that loves truth and beauty; but will the "Old South" ever yield up his kind again? Henry Timrod has given us sacred music and we are proud of him but well have they written upon his monument in Trinity Cemetery,

"The poet to the whole wide world belongs."

The superhuman flights of Milton will never again be repeated by another. After him there is silence forever. He is the last landmark of epic poetry, waiting for no other. JNO. B. WIGGINS.

The Signers and Securers of the Declaration of Independence.

Upon the night of the 4th of July, 1776, was gathered in the Government Hall, in the city of Philadelphia, one of the most historical bodies ever known. These men were representatives of the thirteen states, then known as the thirteen colonies of the American Continent. They had assembled for the single purpose of raising their voices, and thus expressing the sentiment of the entire population against British oppression.

Prejudice, malice, ambition and personal interest were laid aside. Perhaps never before nor since was there ever assembled a body of men as free from anything that would even intimate personal prosperity. Each one had doubtless invoked the Divine blessing upon the assembly and its actions many times before the appointed time of meeting. Each one had doubtless petitioned the Giver of all good and perfect gifts to guide

them in their every act, and prepare their hearts for submission to His Divine will.

Thus this handfull of men, poor, humble and oppressed, were assembled, and as with the strength of millions they proposed to throw from off their shoulders British oppression, yea tyranny itself!

These men were conscious that their fathers had left father, mother, sister and brother, home, fireside and native land to roam the tractless forests of the American Continent, seeking the blessing of all blessings—Freedom. They were conscious that their mother country—the country in which their fathers had labored for daily bread—had oppressed them both politically and religiously until the very trees of the forests seemed to cry in mournful tones, and in their murmurings, as they were fanned by the zephyry breezes, to their Creator, God, for their liberation.

They knew that their fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, yea they themselves, had endured the almost constant attack of the numberless and treacherous Red Men until their little children had had instilled into them such fear of him that at every gentle breeze that was intended to caress their little foreheads they would tremble like the leaves of the trees, fearing that with these gentle breezes would come the greatly feared Red Man.

By these men was planned, constructed and declared the great Declaration of the Independence of the American people. In this declaration, though short and devoid of chapters, was contained more than could be recorded in volumes. In it was contained, though unwritten, the great declaration that American men were ready, willing and fully able to think, speak and act for tnemselves. In it we can discern, written as by the hand of God, in letters that glow as brightly as the mid-day sun, the great truth "All men are created equal."

This declaration was written by true men, while the

prayers of a true people, poor and oppressed, were yet assending to a true, righteous and just God for guidance. "This declaration was written and signed while murder, superstition and tyranny were walking hand in hand over the graves of their murdered victims, and there was not one ray of light to be seen penetrating the dark clouds that hung over the American people, and while there seemed not to be one feeble arm to rise and strike a feeble blow in behalf of a true, righteous and just cause."

As the last representative's name appeared upon that piece of parchment, there seemed to rise from the rocks, hills and valleys a voice that was able to penetrate that dark cloud, and reach even the throne of God in petition for help to liberate a people, poor and oppressed. This voice continued to swell and spread, until from one end of the colonies to the other, from center to circumference, the voices of those long since dead seemed to unite as in grand chorus.

Then the old bell in the dome, whose notes had heretofore seemed dull and heavy as it summoned those same men to assemble in company with tyrants, representing a tyranical government, now seemed to peal forth music even more sublime than that of Shakespeare or of Milton.

Well might Wordsworth say, in speaking of England, "She is a pen of stagnant water," when even the wild Indian in hot chase could hear and understand in those sounds that greeted his ears on the hill tops, coming from yon iron tongued production of man, the denunciations "Tyrant," "Oppressor!" Thus was begun the struggle of the American people for their liberties.

The dark days known as the Revolutionary period were now at hand. Into this dark period fearlessly marched our forefathers, not knowing, no, not even dreaming, of the great blessings they were to bestow upon all American posterity. Many were the lives given by brave men in that period, geat, yea truly great the

suffering. Suffering for lack of their daily bread, that which alone can keep body and soul united, they went from day to day with the pangs of hunger gnawing in their hearts. Sacrifices made that perhaps had never nor should ever be equaled, believing that God in his righteous judgment would reward, and that he would deliver those that cry unto him for deliverance. Faith even greater than Abraham's when he was called upon to sacrifice his son; for our fathers were not only called upon to sacrifice their sons, but their wives and daughters. Even the tender babes were snatched from their mothers breasts, and hurled in pieces before their eyes. Yes, even more! Not only did our fathers sacrifice these which left them without home, without family, with no one to bear their names down through the generations yet to come, but they sacrificed their own lives, and even then so strong was their faith, so true and undefiled their love for the generations yet unborn that as their life blood flowed from the gaping wounds upon the cold ground they were able to raise their feeble voices, and with their parched tongues cry, not for water, "but God I thank thee that I am able to make this sacrifice!"

"Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for another." Then how much the love of our forefathers should impress us. How truly thankful we should be, that in our veins flows the blood of such brave men as these. How we should approach, with uncovered head and unshod feet, even the graves of our hallowed dead, ever mindful that over the tide that ebbs and flows with their life blood, comes to us peace, freedom and prosperity, and that to us is intrusted the accomplishments of their brave deeds. The poet has said, "From every mountain side let freedom ring," and well might he have added,

"Let the praises of our brave heroes dead,
Burst forth from rocks, hills and plains,
Till heaven itself in melody shall repeat
The praises we owe for the blessings we reap."

MARION B. JENNINGS.

Two Up-to-Date Idiots.

"What a delightful retreat, Mr. Bascoling. I am so glad you brought me here. The heat of that close reception room was almost unbearable." And Miss Carraway leaned gracefully back and gazed delightedly around the cool little nook which adjoined the brilliantly lighted reception rooms.

"Quite a swell affair this," she added, as the murmur of fashionable chatter was borne to their ears.

"Yes," returned her companion slowly; "but rather boring don't you think?" I mean the crowd, not you," he explained hastily.

"Your explanation is most timely," she said, with a laugh and a sporty little moue.

"Suppose we change the subject and get to something interesting. I saw you talking to my friend Simpson to-night; how did you size him?"

"Nit," she smilingly replied.

"But I think him rather a fine fellow. What did you observe so objectionable in him?" And Mr. Bascoling looked anxious.

"Oh, he's not up-to-date, that's all."

"In what way?"

"Why—er—his trousers aren't creased and—let me see—oh, yes, his cravat seemed to be trying to straddle his collar, and that you know was very immodest in the cravat and shows awfully loose morals on the part of Mr. Simpson to allow it. But I could put up with it all if he had not neglected to crease his trousers. That is one thing I never will excuse in any man."

"Yes," returned her companion, taking a mental note of this declaration, "but you are rather hard on Simpson, I think. He is very intellectual, you know; just chock full of languages and can talk literature and politics from the word go."

"Well, I don't like intellectual men," returned Miss

Carraway petulantly. "They are generally prosy and they make me weary."

"Ahem—nothing personal I hope, Miss Carraway?"

"Oh, certainly not, Mr. Bascoling, I was speaking of intellectual men only." And she smiled as she saw her companion rack his brain for a fitting retort and give it up as a bad job.

"Why what do you think was the sole topic of Mr. Simpson's conversation?" she continued, gaily.

"I can't imagine."

"Well, I guess not. No one could. He simply bored me insufferably with a long winded criticism of Ben Hur's Lew Wallace."

"I don't quite catch," returned Mr. Bascoling slowly. "Did I understand you to say Ben Hur's Lew Wallace?"

"Why,certainly, nothing puzzling about that I hope?"

Mr. Bascoling smiled gleefully. Here was an opportunity to get even with her for so neatly turning him down. "Miss Carraway, do I understand you to impute the authorship of Lew Wallace to Ben Hur?"

"Now, Mr. Bascoling, I do not claim to be thoroughly up in literary matters, but if Ben Hur didn't write Lew Wallace, who did?"

"Why, the Prince of India, of course," he ejaculated in high disdain. "I would advise you to go off and cultivate yourself."

"Where should I go?" she asked, smilingly.

"To some good female college."

"Thank you, Mr. Bascoling, your advice may be good, but I shall not take it. I may be up to date, but I'm not rapid enough to stand the pace of a college girl spot-ess. However, we will dismiss the matter. You owed me one anyway, so let's call it quits. By the way, I heard you were giving Miss Stone a good deal of your time these days. Is it true?"

"I don't think."

"Why, she is up to snuff, isn't she?"

"No," he returned calmly, "she's country."

"How terribly, terribly terrible!" And Miss Carraway turned pale and shuddered.

"Besides," said Alphonso, meaningly, "there is only *one* girl in this world for *me*."

"Really now, how romantic!" And Miss Carraway smiled curiously.

"Yes,"continued Mr. Bascoling, brilliantly, "only one girl has my sympathy."

"Oh, Mr. Bascoling, you arouse my curiosty. You are so thoroughly up to date in your manners, I can't help feeling interested. I believe you are really smashed."

"I am," returned Mr. Bascoling, guardly; "I have a genuine old case of love with a tutti frutti flavor, and you know how nice that is."

"Mr. Bascoling, you give me the raptures. I am so—so—interested. I feel like reciting those deliciously divine lines about 'two souls with but a single thought!' By the way, you are thoroughly up in literary matters, who wrote them?"

Mr. Bascoling thought a second. He didn't want to hazard his reputation in her eyes by acknowledging his ignorance. A happy idea struck him:—"Coogler wrote them, my dear Miss Carraway, J. Gordon Coogler, South Carolina's poet Laureate."

"Oh, thanks, awfully," she returned enthusiastically. "I thought you could enlighten me; now tell me about your tutti frutti love affair. Who is the dear, dear dovey?"

"You," returned Mr. Bascoling, sentimentally; "Miss Carraway—Angelina—it is not necessary for me to go into details; it's the old, old story, you know,——"

"Which you have told so often you do not feel like repeating, is that it?" and Miss Carraway smiled bewitchingly.

"Now, Angeline—er—you have no objection to me calling you that!"

"Certainly not; and I can call you Alphonso, I suppose?"

"I insist on you doing that. But Angeline, darling, you must not get sarcastic, I dare say we have both heard this old story pretty often, so we will dispense with the preliminary trial, so to speak, and get down at once to our case."

"Mr. Bascoling, where is your arm going?"

"Don't watch it, my dear, it's on its way to Cuba by a *round about* route."

"Mr. Bascoling, I shall most certainly leave you if you attempt to sque—er—that is, embrace me."

"Why, what's the matter with you, darling? Haven't I told you I was your own dear Alphonso, and haven't you declared that you were mine forever and ever, amen, so mote it be, et cetera."

"That's true, Alphonso, but—er—but—"

Mr. Bascoling stirred impatiently. "My dear, as Shakespeare or Macbeth or some other big duck has said: 'But me no buts.' Buts are always obstacles, my dove, and I always go around obstacles. It's much easier than surmounting them, though some wise men have never found it out."

"Alphonso!!"

"Angeline!!

Ah—h—h—h—h—h—pop ! !

Tee-doo-der-diddle-dee-dum.

J. A. Sullivan.

Wofford College Journal

A Literary Magazine, published Monthly by the Calhoun and Preston Literary Societies of Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C.

Contributions are solicited from the Alumni and students of the institution.

THE JOURNAL goes into every county in South Carolina and many beyond the State, and is manifestly an excellent advertising medium. Our rates are, one page one year, $20; one-half page one year $10.00.

Address all geteral matter to the Editor-in-Chief; all matter of advertising, subscription and finance to the Business Manager.

No article will be published unless the author's name and address have been deposited with the Editor.

Subscription price, $1.00.

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Editor-in-Chief.

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EDITORIAL

R. S. TRUESDALE, - - Editor

"Sir Walter Scott's Remarkable Letter."

It seems strange to the world today that the author of "Waverley" should at any time see fit to deny his works.

The following is a letter written by Sir Walter Scott relative to his authorship to Samuel Warren, Esq., 4 City Road, London, and is now in the hands of Rev. E. W. Warren, Rector of St. James Church, New York:

Sir:—I am favored with your letter of the 26th which some business prevented my sooner replying to. *I am not the author of those novels which the world chooses to ascribe to me*, and am therefore unworthy the praises due to that individual, whoever he may prove to be. It is needless therefore to add that I cannot be useful to you in the way you propose: indeed, if you will take my advice, you will seek no other person's judgment or or countenance, in the project of publishing which you entertain, than that of an intelligent bookseller who is in a good line in the trade. Although no great readers, unpretending to particular taste those gentlemen whose

profession it is to cater for the public acquire much more accurate knowledge of what will give satisfaction to the general readers than can be obtained by a man of letters in his closet. They have also ready access to good judges, and their own interest presumptively commands them to give as much encouragement as possible to genius, or anything approaching it. Excuse these hints from one who has had some experience, and believe me, sir,

Your most obedient servant,

WALTER SCOTT.

Abbotsford, 3 August.

This letter was written to Mr. Warren who wanted to publish "Passages from the Diary of a late Physician." It is thought that Scott did not want to be looked upon as a professional novel wsiter, as it might affect his standing in his chosen cirle of society. Finally at a public dinner in Edinburg in 1827, he owned that he was the author of the Waverley novels. This confession was probably brought about by his financial failure. Strange it is that he should have been so positive in his denial of the authorship.

Cuba and Spain.

There seems to be somewhat of decided purpose on the part of the Cubans to release themselves from every bond with the mother country. The little island, hardly out of sight of the coast of the United States, is persistent in its claims. Doubtless there have been, and still are, many stumbling blocks in the way to self-government; but this does not impede, rather do they heap up more of that desperate manliness that is glad to hear the roar of battle. The war seems to be conducted in a barbarous manner on the part of Spain, and how may that country expect to gain the confidence and allegiance from Cuba that is necessary for peace between a province and sovereign? Heretofore, the Cubans have

not indulged their thirst for revenge any farther than civilized warfare permits, but Spain has.

Now it comes that the insurgents are to use dynamite in the destruction of their enemies, which will prove fatal to the Spanish soldiers. This plan cannot be used against the Cubans with much result, because they are scattered about in such small bands. Spain is meeting disaster also in the Phillipine Islands where no quarter is allowed to prisoners. The world is not surprised for past Spanish hisrory like a pillar of fire has led to the present result. Greed for gold and despotism over subjects can lead in but one direction as shown by the causes of the French and American Revolutions.

Christmas Holidays.

Every man in college looks forward to this time with much more pleasure than he does to the summer. In fact it is a few days crowded with jollity and fun that a dear father and mother can put into an appreciative child's life. Where the past fall term at college has not thrown some dark cloud over these light but innocent pleasures, each student delights himself under the parental roof. As intimated, though, his holiday may be a punishment to him, on account of bad conduct at college.

During these days of recreation the mind should be allowed to unbend istself and to withdraw from the meanderings of text-books. But this is generally done without much special effort.

After the holidays there is generally a reaction that brings considerable gloom to the young, tender heart as it broods over the past days of mirth. This kind of meditation is oppressive and makes the boy feel that all in this world for him is in the past. He remembers other eyes and smiles than those of his mother and sister, and

never thinks that there will come another Christmas in about twelve months. Under this strain, he sits down and writes an epistle so sweet and so tender that he feels like kicking himself for it no sooner than he gets in love with the old college again. But soon he will get his eyes straight before him and become himself again.

The best part of a man never comes to light until he has found out that the world would move on just as smoothly if he were not in it. When he finds he has no claim on the world for anything but his life, then he is in a condition to do the world some good. The world has a claim on every man, but every man does not find it out until he is humiliated. What a society there would be if all men should cancel the debt they have against it and pay what they owe it. It would have no temple in it, for there would be no use in preaching.

It will be a decided advantage to the college community that every student return by the first day that the college opens. There will be more satisfaction, both to the student body and to the individual: It will add a new, healthy vigor to the entire spring term. Very few parents will object seriously to the son's returning on time. Each student is to keep in sympathetic touch with his class, but he may lose this one essential if he is absent only a very short time.

The loss of sympaty is sometimes the loss of a soul. So long as there is true sympathy in one bosom, there may be found a response to it in another that needs to be helped. If a comrade falls, that is not the sign to leave him, but stay with him so long as God's free air will enter his body to sustain his life. We should be zealous in our care over each other, for God, in giviag us tempees, passions and appetites, has conferred the true and only elements of a strong character. Without these things we can do nothing. We are not to be too clamorous for an answer to why God gave them to us, but determ'ned in subduing them.

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EXCHANGE

G. T. PUGH, - - Editor.

Not many of the November journals have come in yet, but it seems to me, after looking over those that have come, that they are somewhat better than those of October. I see in some a greater variety of matter; in a few it appears that the "short story" is receiving more attention; while in one or two that have been almost entirely made up of stories and sketches there is something else. This much is as it shonld be. However, we cannot be satisfied with this, but shall have to keep striving, for with us all there is great room for improvement.

The Trinity Archive has offered us some interesting and instructive reading in two of its articles: "Greensboro Female College Before the War" and "Historic Hillsborough." The literary notes of this journal are about as good as those found in any other journal, and show that the editor keeps himself informed concerning most current literature.

The Erskinian, Tennessee University Magazine and *Converse Concept* all come to us in new covers, or, at least in covers different from those of October. And we believe the appearance is improved by the change in each case.

The Wake Forest Student presents an attractive exterior, and the matter within is in full keeping with the outward appearance, being attractive in every sense. "An Investigation" holds the reader interested from beginning to end, and shows great imaginative powers throughout. The writer, in this, gives us the story of a so-called haunted house and the experiences that he had on account of trying to pass a night there—a kind of story that will always arouse interest. In "Horse-flies and Frog-spit," the writer has given us the result of

some close observations of insect life. "A Legend o North Carolina" is a little tale of daring bravery, heroism, and self-sacrifice in the end, and therefore finds a place in the heart. In these days of bitter tirades against trusts, monopolies, and combinations of wealth, it is a relief to read the article entitled, "Hanseatic League." If space would allow, it would be pleasant to make com ments upon the other picces in this most excellent journal. But, at any rate, I shall give the subjects of the remaining articles: "A Dirge," The University of Chicago," "With the Raiders," "Life versus Science," "Two Letters from the Past."

The *Emory Phœnix*, though containing no articles of great length, still has much that is of real literary mert, and is altogether a very neatly gotten up magazine.

"Preparation of the Teacher for High School Work," in *Vanderbilt University* is an ably written article, in which the writer has boldly told us of our shortcomings in common and high school education, and has given us some valuable suggestions for bringing our schools of the South up to a level with those of the North. Southern patriotism, or perhaps, I had better say Southern provincialism, keeps us from viewing this question of common and high school education in the proper light, and it means something for a man to speak or write as the writer of this article has done.

The McMicken Review is a small journal, yet there is some interesting reading in the November issue. But sometimes we want to be more than interested, we want to be made to think a little, and this, "The Study of Nature" has caused us to do.

CLIPPINGS.

A Boston man had just been showing all the sights of that charming city to a New Yorker. "And now," said he, "tell me honestly, is not this city unique?" Said the New Yorker, "Yes, indeed; *unus* one, *equus* horse."

When a young man proposes to a girl she's usually about as much surprised as a presidential candidate is when he is officially notified of his nomination.

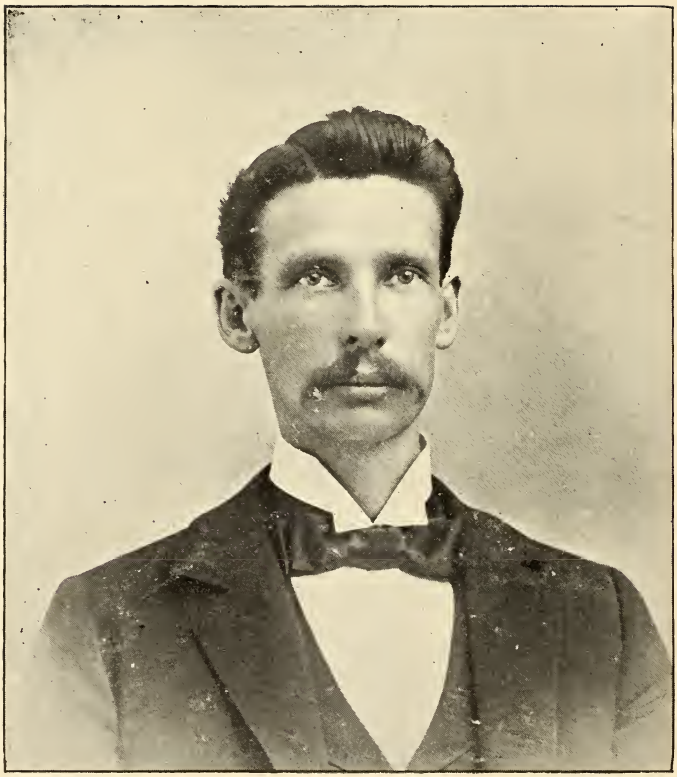
THE SAILING.

A moonlight night,
A peaceful light,
A man and maiden fair;
A murmured sigh
A low reply
So far the sailing's clear.

"If we were not
Within this boat,
I would kiss you, dear," he cried,
She caught the oar
"Take me ashore
At once, sir!" she replied

Prof. William T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education, has recently compiled a catalogue of the colleges in the South that is of particular interest just now. Ranged according to States, the list runs as follows: Alabama, 8; Arkansas, 5; Florida, 4; Georgia, 8; Kentuckey, 13; Louisiana, 9; Mississippi, 6; Misouri, 7; North Carolina, 11; South Carolina, 8; Tennessee, 22; Texas, 11; Virginia, 8; West Virginia, 3; total 143. To these should be added thirty agricultural and industrial schools. The total attendance now in all of these schools is estimated at 80,000, as against less than 15,000 twenty years ago.

Pitty the poor young man who parts his hair in the middle—he has to do it to prevent his mind from becoming unbalanced.



W. H. ELLERBE GOVERNOR-ELECT.

ALUMNI

NATHANIEL M. SALLEY, - Editor

Gen. W. H. Ellerbe.

The following is a clipping from a late paper on the life of the Governor-elect:

"William Haselden Ellerbe was born in Marion county, S. C., April 7, 1862. His father was William S. Ellerbe, a native of South Carolina. The first of the Ellerbe family to come to America were two brothers, natives of England, who came to the United States in about 1734, and located on the Great Pee Dee River, near Cheraw. William S. Ellerbe was one of the largest and most successful planters of Marion county. He was married to Sarah E., daughter of Major James Haselden, of Marion county, and to this union thirteen children were born, nine daughters and four sons, all of whom are living. Wm. S. Ellerbe devoted himself exclusively to agricultural pursuits, declining all invitations to enter public life. He was a man universally respected and esteemed for his sterling worth and excellent traits of character. William H. Ellerbe was reared on his father's plantation, and was prepared for college by Mr. L. B. Prince, a well-known educator, who had charge of the Pine Hill Academy. In 1880 he entered Wofford College, where he attended two sessions. He then entered Vanderbilt University, at Nashville, Tenn., where he remained but a short time, when his health failed and he had to return to his father's plantation. He at once went to farming and is now a successful planter. He helped to organize the Reform party in his county and State in 1886; attended the first farmers' convention held in Columbia. In 1890, without solicitation on his part, was nominated and elected Comptroller General, which place he held for four years. Was the youngest

man ever elected to a State office in South Carolina. He was a candidate for Governor in 1894, but was defeated. But the open, manly fight he made and the way he took his defeat won for him the respect and admiration of those who opposed him, and today he is one of the strongest men in the State. While a true Reformer, he is conservative in his views, and enjoys the respect and confidence of both factions of the Democratic party. Wm. H. Ellerbe was married in 1887, at the age of twenty-five, to Miss Henrietta Rogers, daughter of Mr. Henry J. Rogers, of Marlboro county, and to their union four sons and one daughter have been born.

"From the above brief sketch it will be seen that Gen. Ellerbe came from one of the pioneer families of South Carolina, and for more than a century and a half not the slightest blot or blemish has attached itself to the honored name that he bears. The Ellerbe family have ever been noted for their unswerving integrity, patriotism, sound sense and devotion to their country and their people. His family have ever been farmers, and when Wm. H. Ellerbe joined the Reform movement in 1890, he simply followed his early training and carried out those principles that were bred in the bone and inculcated in his heart. But while tilling the soil the Ellerbes did not neglect their mental training, and availed themselves of the best educational advantages the country afforded. As will be seen, Gen. Wm. H. Ellerbe is not only a practical and successful farmer, but a highly educated gentleman.

"Gen. Ellerbe, while a young man, officiated at the birth of our Reform party, and to his untiring work and earnest effort is largely due the emancipation of our Pee Dee section from the thraldom of ring rule. The farmers appreciated the noble work done for their cause by this brilliant young statesman, and made him Comptroller General. And he was one of the best officers, too, that South Carolina ever boasted. Coming fresh from the farm as he did, Gen. Ellerbe at once mastered

the intricate business connected with this important department of our State government. He saw that corporations paid their just share of the taxes, and that the burthen of public support was equally distributed.

"But the crowning act of Gen. Ellerbe's distinguished career was the graceful and patriotic manner in which he accepted defeat when Hon. John Gary Evans was nominated for Governor over him. He did not skulk in his tent nor denounce the reform movement, as some of our candidates have done who were turned down, but like the true man and patriot that Wm. H. Ellerbe has ever been, and will ever remain, he came before the convention, made a ringing speech, and then went to work to pile up the majority for his successful opponent. There was not an Evans delegate in the convention but left the hall a staunch friend and an ardent admirer of Gen. Ellerbe and with an inward determination to reward his unselfish devotion to the party and his high regard for the will of the people, at the first opportunity that presented itself.

"And now that opportunity has come. Gov. Evans not being a candidate for re-election, there was a spontaneous, unsolicited uprising of the whole people, without regard to faction, for Wm. H. Ellerbe. Like Cincinatus, he was taken from the plow; but not to lead his people in hostile array against an enemy, but to accept at their hands the highest office within the gift of our Democratic voters."

In addition to what has been said, the editor will say a word or two about Mr. Ellerbe's college life.

He was studious and was a constant reader. The Calhoun Society has the honor of claiming him as a member, and he used to take great interest in the debates. No doubt, the training he received in the Calhoun Society enabled him to make the strong manly fight against Evans in '94, which won for him the respect and admiration of the body-politic, and virtually elected him governor this year.

He roomed in the basement of what was Bishop, then Professor Duncan's house, now Professor Rembert's. Those who occupy rooms there now, have the pleasure of reading and studying in the building once occupied by a man destined to become Govenor of South Carolina.

Mr. Ellerbe did not graduate, but we must notice how prominent the members of the class have become. There were in his class such men as Rev. M. L. Carlisle and Rev. W. M. Duncan, both of the South Carolina Conference; Rev. H. S. Wannamaker, of the Minnesota Conference; J. Perrin Smith, Ph.D., Professor of Geology in the University of California; Prof. Frank Pegues, Prof. Wm. G. Blake, assistent Professor of Mathematics at Wofford; B. Hart Moss, Esq., a prominent lawyer of Orangeburg; E. O. Woods, Esq., a lawyer at Darlington, and Dr. W. A. Kirby, of Spartanburg, S. C. He used to room with Messrs. T. H. Wannamaker, E. O. Wood, and W. M. Stokes.

As a *College* man, Mr. Ellerbe "was quite popular with the students and always had the reputation of being high toned in every respect, and was universally liked by the faculty as well as by the students; he was somewhat a ladies' man, and was always ready for innocent fun."

Wofford Directory

CALHOUN LITERARY SOCIETY

H. A. C. Walker, Pres't; Nathaniel M. Salley, V. P.; J. Percy Inabnit, 1st Critic:
Marlvn V. Bennett, Rec. Sec'y; James C. Moore, Treasurer.

PRESTON LITERARY SOCIETY

Griffith T. Pugh, Pres't.; W. A. Medlock, V. P.; T. Olin Epps, 1st Corrector; R. A. Law, Rec. Sec.; John Robert T. Major, Treas.

Young Men's Christian Association

Robt. S. Truesdale, Pres't.; Griffith P. Pugh, V. P.; John Walker, Sec y

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Prof. H. N. Snyder, Pres't.; G Cullen Sullivan, Manager; Edgar L. Culler, Assistant Manager.

SOCIETY OF ALUMNI

FRATERNITIES

Chi Psi.; Kappa Alpha; Kappa Sigma
Pi Kappa Alpha; Sigma Alpha Epsilon, Chi Phi.

Robert S. Truesdale, Manager of Wightman Hall.

LOCAL

T. O. EPPS, - Editor

At Columbia.

On the evening of the 19th of November the following men represented us on the gridiron in Columbia: Messrs. Evans, Choice, Nash, Barber, Culler, Walker, Allen, Leonard, Leitner, Manning, Nabors, Lyles, Smith J., Creitzberg, McCleary and Sullivan. It is unnecessary to attempt to mention the game in detail, for a fair account of it was given in the daily papers. Suffice to say that our men added one more victory to our record. The two teams were almost equally matched, as is evident from the score—six to four. Both put up a hard game, but, as is usually the case, one team—generally the better—must come out with *flying colors.*

Our boys were entertained at the college in a genial, hospitable manner. Each reports that the S. C. C. boys could not have treated them more friendly. Such we appreciate, and hope that the brotherly feeling now existing between the two colleges will never be marred by the actions of either party.

We here express our appreciation of the entertainments given our team by Drs. J. A. Rice, and Flynn.

The C. F. C. girls were, as on former occasions, loyal to the *old gold and black.* We would also thank them but await a more favorable opportunity.

Only one day after the game with Columbia, Wofford entered into a contest with Clemson. Our boys having just passed through so much excitement were unable to sleep the night before the game. So, on the next day they entered the grounds with unstrung nerves, and inactive bodies. Our center was unable to play at all, and several other men were crippled. Our manager tried to postpone the game, but Clemson, for good reasons

would not agree. The result was the first defeat Wofford has sustained at the hands of a State team in three years.

Clemson played beautifully, and it appeared, at first, as if Wofford was not going to get into the game at all, but soon after the first half they rallied, and kept the ball in Clemson's territory until the close. Twice they were within a few yards of the goal, but, each time, with a fatal fumble, lost the ball, and was driven back by Clemson's heavy backs. The cadets played a clean game and won it on their merits. Not a single act detracted anything from a brilliant victory. It is to be hoped that such will characterize future foot ball. After the Clemson game our team disbanded with a verdict of well done.

All lovers of athletics have turned their attention to the gymnasium, which is now ready for use. It will be sometime yet, though, before the bathing department will be complete.

About the middle of November Mr. Thos. M. Raysor, of the Senior class, was called home tothe death bed of his father, Dr. Thos. Raysor, of the S. C. Conference. His classmates, and many friends here extend to him, and his bereaved mother, their sympathies, and hope he will soon be back with us.

Congressman A. C. Latimer, a few days ago, spent several hours on the campus with his son.

We regret very much that we had to call in the game that was arranged with Furman University for the 24th of November. Unfortunately we had dates for three games to be played within less than a week. After the first two the team was so much over-taxed that it would have been very imprudent to play a third. To say the least of it, to have filled the date would have been an injustice to the team, an injustice to the college, and an injustice to the friends of the college. We think that if our Furman friends would but consider our position,

they would not find cause to be displeased. It is our desire that a friendly feeling should be between the two institutions, and, to restore such, we are willing to make any apology.

At the last election of the Calhoun Society the following officers were elected: H. A. C. Walker, President; N. M. Sally, Jr, Vice-President; M. V. Burnett, Secretary; J. P. Inabnit, 1st critic; R. C. Newton, 2nd critic; J. C. Moore, Treasurer; and C. P. Rogers, Censor Morum.

Mr. J. P. Inabnit, of the Literary Department, recently went on a flying trip down in Orangeburg county. He went, doubtless, on journalistic business (?) What success?

On the first Friday night in December Mr. Geo. Brunson was elected from the Calhoun Society to preside over the Junior debate next commencement. That body also elected Messrs. G. C. Sullivan and J. A. Sullivan debaters for the same occasion. The Prestons elected Messrs. J. K. Owens and C. E. Dobson.

We gladly welcome here Messrs. Fowler and Burnett, who recently matriculated with us. The latter will be a valuable addition to our base ball team. He is a heavy batter, and pitches a very effective ball.

Mr. J. Ed Edwards was summoned home several days ago on account of an accident that happened to a little sister. She was thrown from a buggy and seriously injured. The last report from him was that she was no better. We wish his speedy return with the news of her complete recovery.

Rev. W. A. Rogers conducted our Y. M. C. A. last Sunday afternoon. During the four years he has spent, as pastor of Central Methodist Church, he expressed a special interest in the Wofford boys. He requested them to look upon him as a friend. Wherever he may be sent, he will carry the love and best wishes of the entire student body. Mr. Rogers will leave with us

two sons—Julian of the Junior, and Caroll of the Sophomore class.

The joint debate between the Preston and Calhoun Societies was a complete success. The speakers did credit to themselves, and to the organizations they represented. The two orations were especially good. The reception was a delightful occasion. Thanks to the lady friends of the college, and to the girls of Converse. The latter did much to make it an enjoyable evening.

In Memoriam.

CALHOUN HALL,
Wofford College.

Whereas, Almighty God in His allwise Providence has seen fit to take from among us B. W. Johnson and J. G. Humbert; and,

Whereas, we, as members of the Calhoun Literary Society do lament this deep loss; therefore be it resolved,

1st. That in them the Calhoun Society has lost two true friends and faithful workers.

2nd. That a page in our records be dedicated the memory of each.

3rd. That a copy of these resolutions be published in the JOURNAL, and a copy be sent to each bereaved family.

JULIAN C. ROGERS,
GABE CANNON,
J. C. MOORE,
Committee.

Nov. 13, 1896.

Thro' Meeds of Asphodel.

In the far gardens of those blessed isles
Under the Western sky,
My love doth walk thro' meeds of Asphodel,
Of amaranth a garland fair upon her head ;

She wanders lone, but on her smiles
The evening star,
Thro' depths of sunset red.

Sweet Hesper shine upon her there,
Kindle the glow of her golden hair,
Lighten her "glorious face so fair;"
Shine thro' the depth of sunset red,
Piercing the mists of crimson air,
And cast a halo around the head
Of my lone love wandering there.

Yet not alone, for soul with soul
I walk beside her thro' the lea,
Singing a song of golden hope,
And for music the waves of sapphire sea
Plash a soft, sobbing echo;
And this the song of love we sing,
With which the Western breazes ring,
Floating o'er meadows and waiting leas
Sighing and singing thro' all the trees.

Soft Hesper, shed thy happy rays
Down thro' the misty sunset haze,
And gladden our hearts as we wander here,
Thro' Proserpine meadow, by Proserpine mere!
Frighten the shades of night away;
Lengthen the stay of twilight day!
Sweet Hesper, lighten with golden beam
The fields we've wandered thro' in dream;
'Round the heads of thy suppliants a halo throw;
O, Hesper, hear! Sweet Hesper, glow. —M. T.

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VOL. VIII No. 4

JANUARY, 1897

WOFFORD College Journal

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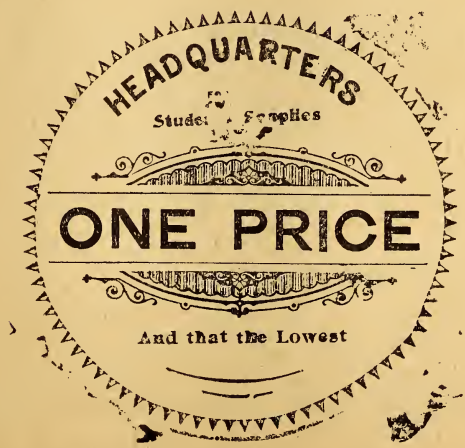

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(p. 104)

Wofford College Journal

Established 1888 | January, 1897 | Vol. VIII No. 4

LITERARY

J. PERCY INABNIT, - EDITOR.

ODE TO 1896.

Good-bye, *ninety-six*, with all thy cares,
  Thy race is run, thy work is done;
But in all the scenes of coming years
  We will cherish thy memories.

Oh! never, never shall we forget
  The songs of love—sung from above;
And though thy latest sun is set,
  Still we'll cherish thy memories.

Upon thy bright historic pages
  Are lines of truth, written in youth,
And may they tell the coming ages
  That we cherish thy memories.

I.

Foot Ball.

When I attempt to speak a word in behalf of foot ball, I always fear that some one will say "You don't know what you are talking about," or when it is found that I do know a little, someone will say, "Oh, when you are as old as I, you will look at it quite differently," or perhaps when I attempt to compare the *brutal* part of foot ball with the *accidental* part of other sports, I hear that old hackneyed phrase, "you are coming from

the sublime to the rediculous," or "you make a comparison that is simply an absurdity." So I say it is a matter of great difficulty that I now undertake, and with fear and trembling I shall attempt to work out my own knowledge and efficiency in the game for the benefit of others.

Now I beg you, do no not jump at your old conclusions, made from some newspapar report before you put some little study upon the subject, for I say, and without any hesitancy, that two-thirds of the enemies of foot ball have already jumped at a conclusion of the *brutality* and degrading morals of foot ball, simply because Mr. So and so or Mr. Somebody else has said that it was brutal and shamefully immoral. If after you have a knowledge of foot ball, have seen a game, understand the maneuvers that are necessary to attain the noble end—a touch down—you are ready to pronounce it a brutal and ungentlemanly game, or feel like shouting aloud, "amen" when someone else says so, say it. Get upon the housetops and proclaim the great tidings; with a trumpet shout "amen." "Liberty or death!" 'Fire, sword or a pistol," or any other ejaculation overflowing fullness, and may you shout so loud that the heavens shall resound with the echoes of your melodious voices.

Some have said, and without grounds, "none but fools play foot ball." To such a person I have only to say: It is impossible for a fool to play foot ball, and if indeed fools play foot ball, then sad, sad to relate some of the most intellectual men in either colleges or universities are fools. O, what a glorious time it will be when all fools are like the foot ball fool! When they are such, the things of this life, its insolvable problems and unanswerble questions shall bend, break, crumble and decay, before the intellect (fools) of the people.

Now, let's see what foot-ball is, what it is intended for, and what are some of the results of the game.

Foot-ball is a game that brings into activity brain, muscle, and nerve. Brain used in foot-ball? Away

with such stuff! No; I will not away with such stuff, for I know that all the brain a man has is required in a game of foot-ball. If it did not require brain any man could play. It is a fact beyond dispute that it is not every man that can play, so there must be some missing quality. What is this missing quality? You say it is weight; I say it is not, for some of the best players won't weigh one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Now bear in mind, I do not claim that the foot-ball player is the only man in college with common sense, and of brain, but I do say that wherever you find a man that can play good foot-ball you don't find a fool by a long shot.

Foot-ball is not a regular laid-down game with certain laid-down plays to be memorized, nor is it a game that requires nothing more than weight and activity, but it is a game that in itself is a mathematical problem, the equation being eleven equal to eleven, and the solution consisting in making one eleven equal to a touch-down and a goal kick and the other eleven equal to a zero.

Foot-ball does not only require brain but it requires muscle and nerve. But you say it is all good and well so far as it developes brain and muscle, but what do we care about the development of "brutal" nerve? The dog, whose delight is to bark and bite, has nerve; men don't care to have such a thing developed.

Now think a moment; do you really mean that? Which is better prepared for the protection of home, the youth with excitable nerve or the man with strong, steady nerve equal to the emergency of the case? You say this is from the sublime to the ridiculous. Well, if it is, I would like to have—and many others would be much better off if they had—a little more of the ridiculous.

Now for the development of the physical man, I know of nothing better than foot-ball. I, myself, was once a chronic dyspeptic, living on nothing but oatmeal and sweet milk for three months. I entered college, began

to play foot-ball, and now I am almost an ostrich when it comes to the digestive apparatus.

What is foot-ball for? Foot-ball is intended, beside developing the physical man, to bring college men and college communities into closer relation for the development of friendship. Now, some one is ready to say "It don't do it." My friend, just stop a moment and look into the matter before you say it. I say that it does develop friendship both among college men and college communities, and the best way to prove this is to sight you to the strong intimacy now existing between the colleges in our own state. I say, and without fear of contradiction, that the colleges of our state are now more friendly and that the college men of our state stand more firmly bound together as a body of men than they have ever been.

I suppose if it were not that one team is beaten, and the other victorious everyone would be willing to admit that frendship is developed through football, but since it is that one team is beaten you claim that the beaten team, and the college that it represents holds a grudge and bitter feeling against the victorious. I say you are mistaken. When in the history of the two colleges, our beloved Wofford, and our esteemed South Carolina College, has there been a more friendly feeling both among faculty, trustees and students? We Wofford boys now meet and grasp the hand of a Carolina man more eagerly, with more genuine friendship than ever before. Never before were Wofford men more highly welcomed by Carolina's men than they were at the last foot ball contest, and now a Wofford man is as welcome upon Carolina's campus as any visitor, and I am sure we highly welcome a Carolina man upon our campus.

But you say how about Clemson? Do you wish to know the feeling existing between Wofford and Clemson? A Wofford man, no matter who he is, whether a member of the foot-ball team or not, makes no hesitancy in lifting his hat, or his *distinction* cap, to a member of

that noble team. We can safely say that we were never more delighted in the hour of defeat than when we were entertaining that noble band of gentlemen that put old gold and black in the dust, and I can safely say that when a Wofford man meets a Clemson man he can grasp the hand of a Wofford friend. The same may be said about Furman University. We Wofford Methodists were never immersed as our Baptist friends, but we both suffered the same fate—both snowed under by Clemson. Why, now, should foot-ball be put down ?

The bitterest enemy of foot-ball that I ever had the pleasure of meeting told me that he saw a young man killed playing leap-frog. He has never seen a game of foot-ball, and yet he pronounces the game as brutal above all things else, and I feel quite free in saying that he is, as most enemies of foot-ball are, ignorant of the game.

In all other exercises men meet with accidents, but in foot-ball men never meet with an accident, but is "brutally knocked out."

When you see a foot-ball enemy you most always see a man that has never seen a game but reads about it. What he reads is in a great measure untrue. But it comes from the most "reliable" papers. Indeed, we get a great deal from the most "reliable papers" that is far from reliable· Some go further: they do not depend upon what they read but take what others say. If I had taken what others said I would be both married and dead, and doubtless there are many others that would be in the same fix.

Take the number of foot-ball players in our state—which won't exceed eighty—and take their number of accidents in comparison with those of others, and you will find that they are comparatively few.

Take any exercise where the physical man and the mental man is brought into such activity as they are in foot-ball, and you will find that foot-ball is not so brutal after all.

But you say develop the mental man with your books, and the physical man with a maul and wedge, splitting rails or cutting wood. Very good way, but do you know men don't cut wood in this country for the development of the physical man? They cut for bread and meat. And, beside, fortunately not many of us are blessed with a "hatchet head" and we don't care for any "ax" brain. Foot-ball developes the physical man, the mental man, and at the same time give pleasure and enjoyment to the tired, worn out college student.

MARION B. JENNINGS, '99.

To Sidney Lanier.

Sweet speaker of Dame Nature's simple tongue,
  Sweet reveler in wood and leafy glen,
Sweet silver-tongued singer, who among
  The listening multitude did stand—thy pen
Indeed was blest, to write one happy thought,

  To fight the battles it so often fought;
To bring the truth so clearly to man's mind,
  In words so clear, so true, yet sweet and kind—
O! for one inspiration such as thine!
  To read the truth from Love's o'erflowing spring
  And voice it sweet as clarion notes might ring—
O truly thou our poet, for green fields,
And waving corn, and golden harvest yields,
Handled by thee sing sweet as organ peals;
  Yea, sweet as the music that from Olympus sprang
  When all the goddesses with but one tongue
Voiced praises to their king and master, Jove,
Sweet as the fairest story ever wove
From fairest threads of all the Muses' treasure-trove.

"UNKNOWN."

Rip Van Winkle

Mr. F. Marion Crawford in his admirable essay on "The Novel; What It Is," insists that the first requisite of a novel, or a short story, is to entertain, and failing in this all the artistic merit in the world will not serve to mitigate the severity of public condemnation. This is essentially true. And all this balderdash about literary creeds and "isms" is mere flotsam and jetsam vainly seeking to control the resistless current of literature as King Canute sought to stem the rising tide by roaring out a royal mandate.

You cannot guide the "unguidable;" public taste will not be dictated to. Mr. W. D. Howells may decry romanticism with all the logic he can muster, and exalt realism with all the felicity of style and enthusiasm of argument he can command, but the reading public will continue to worship at the shrine of Dickens, Thackeray and Scott, notwithstanding the fact that this man of "Literary Passions" has declared Tolstoi and Turgenief the novelists *par excellence* of the nineteenth century.

We can advance no better illustration to substantiate the point we are trying to make clear than the story of Rip Van Winkle. It cannot be called romantic; it is decidedly not realistic; it solves no problem; it eschews all theories, and yet its popularity has been phenomenal and its position in our literature is as commanding as it is fixed. Shade of "The Woman Who Did," what meaneth this furore over a piece of fiction which advances no erratic theories and makes no indecent allusions! It is easily understood: A healthful story simply told with no other object in view but to entertain.

And to whom has it not proved interesting? It captures the imagination of the child of twelve; it pleases the fancy of the man of forty; it appeals to the placid retrospection of three-score-years-and-ten. A story

which can thus arouse the sympathetic interest of all ages and of all classes must be a masterpiece indeed; and that is just what Rip Winkle is—a masterpiece.

The enthusiasm, the avidity, with which the story has been and is still being read, is something wonderful to contemplate. It has been dramatized most successfully, and the fame of one of America's greatest actors is inseparably linked with the play. Such enduring popularity has few parallels in literary history. We, of course, have our great masterpieces that will live as long as intellectual man, but Rip Van Winkle is immortal; the common heritage of dim futurity.

We hear much now-a-days about the "great American novel." It has been anxiously awaited for many years, and it may be well to observe in passing that we will continue on the qui vive so long as we greet with shouts of ecstacy such purile peevishness as "Ships that Pass in the Night," or such lurid rot as "Miss Devereux of the Marequita." The great American story, however, has undoubtedly been written, and it was with peculiar appropriateness that Fate assigned the task to the "Father of American Letters." In point of style, artistic merit, and unflagging interest, the story of Rip Van Winkle has never been excelled. The combination is perfect; nothing has been sacrificed. Rarely do we find a story a masterpiece of art and a powerful narrative withal.

This is distinctly the day of the short story. No field of literature is so assiduously cultivated and the results have not been mediocre by any means. And yet, though we may luxuriate in the bubbly froth of Richard Harding Davis' genius, or devour with refreshing avidity the healthful sustenance that may be found in "Plain Tales from the Hills," still a fresh perusal of "Rip Van Winkle" or "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" must convince the most indifferent of readers that the laurels which crown the genius of Washington Irving flourish as the "green bay tree."

It is unnecessary for us to enter into a critical estimate

of the character of this story, even if we were competent to advance anything original. Everyone knows Rip Van Winkle, and what is the use of analyzing him? He has the sympathy of the world with him in all that he does, and though he is about as "shiftless" a specimen of humanity as ever figured in fiction, yet we cannot help liking him and feeling kindly toward him.

Lamb, in one of his Elia series, has an essay on "Stage Illusion" in which he comments on the fact that characters who would be desipised in real life are yet received with hearty favor on the stage. He takes as an example the miser. No one is more detested in this world than these miserable monuments of sordid avariciousness; but let him appear on the stage and the feverish fear he displays at the thought of losing his hoarded dollars excites the sympathy of an audience and makes him an object of pity. Something of this "Stage Illusion" is thrown around the two principal characters of this story. The Rip Van Winkles of real life receive scant courtesy and few favors from the world in general. We do not encourage that sort of thing and, no doubt, if poor Rip were to appear in this bustling period of progress he would probably be brought before a court of justice to answer a charge of vagrancy. But with no such treatment does the Rip Van Winkle of Irving and Joseph Jefferson meet. Those delicate touches of art, the stage illusion in other words, dissipate entirely those feelings which might lead us to censure, to judge too harshly, a character whose greatest faults were a liking of that "wieked flagon" and a decided aversion to the penalty imposed upen Adam.

But what a source of comfort this story has been to those disconsolate victims of home rule! How they have envied Rip in his ability to sleep twenty years undisturbed by the tongue of his "terrible virago." And then to awaken and find that the vicious vixen who had so tormented his poor old soul was no longer of this "earth earthy." And was ever a death more artistically

brought about? Can we imagine the terrible Dame dying of typhoid fever or pneumonia? It is perfectly absurd to think of it. Dame Van Winkle was born to die of a ruptured blood vessel caused by "a fit of passion at a New England pedler," one of the most persistent specimen of the kind to be found in the world. It is the most artistic death in literature. It is the one thing that saved her from being everlastingly condemned by posterity. If she had died of natural causes she would have been branded a fiend and not a typical scold. As it was, she proved herself fish and blood; she could not stand everything—what followed was inevitable.

Irving does not state in what condition the pedler emerged from the fray. That much he leaves to the reader's fancy; and knowing the terrible dame as we do we cannot doubt but that the pedler's face was rather the worse for wear and tear before Mrs. Winkle succumbed to the irony of fate—death from her own temper.

J. A. SULLIVAN.

Improve Yearly.

As years go out, and years come in
Be ever mindful of the thoughts within.
O lips, be true! O soul, be pure!
Thy voice will be heard, thy footprints endure.

Cast off the old, take on the new,
O love, shed o'er all thy heavenly dew.
Let one crystal drop penetrate
The soul's secret chamber at the gold'n gate.

OLD MAN.

"Verses."

[Written for the JOURNAL]

And what is Life, O Love,
O what is Life?
  Thou knowest all the reach
Of God's own heart.
  Thou knowest all, pray teach
Me some small part.

Life? What is life?
Life is a song,
  A song the angels sing.
The voices chime
  Sometimes and joyous ring
With dancing rhyme.

But oftentimes, O Child,
The song is sad,
  And all the rhymes are rough.
The voices say
  O God, it is enough
Of pain this day.

And what is Love, O Life,
O what is Love?
  Thou art from out the sky
And thou canst see.
  Lift up thy voice on high
And speak to me.

Love? What is Love?
Love is a Child
  That teaches men all things,
Themselves and God.

Love is a child with wings;
His wings are broad.

Love? What is Love?
Love is a sound,
A chord of sacred tone
That, low and long,
Swells alway in the moan
Of Life's old song.

Love? What is Love?
Love is a Spirit,
The Spirit of God, the King;
And Love is Lord.
He wears a signet ring,
The ring of God.

Glory to Love, O Life,
Let Love hold sway;
Let Love, the holy Child,
And Love, sweet tone,
In Life's old song, so wild,
Let Love keep throne.

—OLIN D. WANNAMAKER.

St. Matthews, S. C.

The Study of Greek.

The Sphinx, which has put into the minds of some people the perplexing question of why Greek should be studied in our colleges, has had, so far, no Oedipus to answer her riddle. And I might well say, right here, that it will be ages probably before some shall understand it; but on the other hand, I feel sure numbers of our young men, and women too, are fast realizing a few of the important features of studying this ancient language. Daily there comes before the mind of a thoughtful reader words that fall to pieces and can be readily

understood if he or she has pursued the Greek course, but, if not, probably Webster or Worchester has to be consulted. Do not understand me to say that if you have studied Greek that you never have to consult a dictionary. By no means; I simply mean that the study of Greek throws much light on a great many words that we would not otherwise know.

In reading Matthew Arnold I came across this quotation:

"Even if literature is to retain a large place in our education, yet Latin and Greek, say the friends of progress, will certainly have to go. Greek is the grand offender in the eyes of these gentlemen. The attackers of the established course of study think that against Greek, at any rate, they have irresistible arguments. Literature, may perhaps be needed in education, they say, but why on earth should it be Greek literature? Why not French or German? Nay, has not an Englishman models in his own literature of every kind of excellence? As before, it is not on any weak pleadings of my own that I rely for convincing the gainsayers; it is on the constitution of human nature itself, and on the instinct of self-preservation in humanity. The instinct for beauty is set in human nature as surely as the instinct for knowledge is set there, or the instinct for conduct. If the instinct for beauty is served by Greek literature and art, as it is served by no other literature and art, we may trust to the instinct of self preservation in humanity for keeping Greek as part of our culture. We may trust to it for even making the study of Greek more prevalent than it is now. Greek will come, I hope, some day to be studied more rationally than at present; but it will be increasingly studied as men increasingly feel the need in it for beauty, and how powerfully Greek art and Greek literature can serve this need."

There is an objection, although a small one, that is sometimes, yea, I might say frequently raised by the young student just entering college, that it is too hard.

Now, we need something that is hard ; something that will require hard work to train our minds, for after we have left these old walls, we can feel that it was digging out the Greek verb or declining the pronoun or irregular nouns that have done us the most good after all.

I remember reading a piece a short time since in which the anthor says he has been out of college for forty years, but he contends that the hard lessons he mastered in college has been his mudsill, so to speak, upon which he has built.

The lack of preparation is a great obstacle to a great many who enter college and are prevented from pursuing this study on that account. But a great many of the teachers of the country are now taking more interest in it and are teaching it, hence more have the opportunity of making the necessary preparation for entering college than before. Two or three years ago our Greek Professor sent out requests to the different teachers asking why thy did not study Greek while in college. Sixty per cent. of their answers were that they did not have the preparation to take it when they entered.

We are glad to note that the study of Greek is on an up-grade, especially in this State. Last summer Chancellor Wiggins, of the University of the South, read a paper before the Teachers' Association at Nashville, and he said that from all informatian and accounts that he could get the interest that is being manifested in this language is certainly very encouraging.

Again, we notice that comparatively few of the students who pursue this course fail to finish their college course.

We have more Greek students in college now than ever before. The difference between the number in the present Freshman class compared with other years is very striking. Heretofore the number was very rarely over fifteen or sixteen and now there are twenty-seven.

This certainly proves that the ancient language de-

partment is getting a stronger hold on the young students and is still increasing.

Some one says, "Language studies, more than others, train the mind to sharpness and accuracy in thinking and expressing thought. They develop the logical powers, increase the student's vocabulary, and, if properly pursued, improves his literary style. The elaborate development of its grammar makes *Greek* particularly valuable in this respect, in which no modern language, certainly, can rival the sister tongues, Latin and Greek." So we see Greek is helpful in more ways than one.

W. A. MEDLOCK, '97.

The Way Out.

The President of the United States, in his annual message to Congress, declares that there is a deficit in the revenue of the nation amounting to thirty-nine millions of dollars this year. This fact has caused much comment among the politicians and newspapers who, together, possess all wisdom in such matters, and they are busily engaged at present in consideration of what they must tell the government to do.

The Republican party would fain return to our former policy of a high tariff, which policy, they argue, would restore to the people all the prosperity which they have ever experienced, and speedily cause the coffers of the government to be filled to overflowing. However, this opinion is not unanimous among our citizens. Consequently the chances of raising the tariff ere many weeks are not the brightest. The present Senate is opposed to such action, and the Senate after March 4th is of doubtful complexion.

When the present tariff law was passed by Congress such a loss was anticipated. To guard against a deficit an income tax was provided. Unfortunately, or fortunately as the case may be, the United States Supreme

Court declared this tax unconstitutional, and the second plan of raising revenue was defeated.

The Chicago Convention of July, 1896, proposed a third plan of meeting the difficulty. These politicians wished to enact a law providing for the free coinage of silver, and also to make another attempt at passing an income tax law. But this party has been defeated by an overwhelming majority, and it is now necessary to suggest another mode of obtainiag money for our government.

When sir Humphrey Davy invented the miner's safety lamp he generously refused to patent it but gave it out to the whole world· In like manner the writer of this article will publish to the universe, through the columns of the JOURNAL, the sole practicable plan of raising the the necessary revenue—the only way out of our present difficulties. Nay, he will even exceed the magnanimity of the honored Englishman, for he will not accept for his services a baronetcy at the end of three years. But consider the plan—to transfer the burden of the income tax to the shoulders of the miserable literary ghouls who rob the graves of the "old masters" to make sport for the present generation. Place a heavy fine on the man, woman or schoolboy who attempts to parody the works of those far greater than himself. By a law of this kind two ends will be accomplished: (1) The revenue deficit will be removed. (2) Some of the parodists will give us a rest.

Our opponents may suggest, in answer to the first proposition, that the passage of this bill would immediately put a stop to the traffic of the parodists. We reply in the language of him whom as the greatest poet the makers of parody have most injured, "that were a consummation devoutly to be wished." In that contingency we believe those who have suffered most from those base imitators would willingly make up the deficiency. However, as long as we can say that all fools have not passed away, the Anti-Parodists law will furnish sufficient cash.

The college magazines of America would probably continue to furnish us with tons of this trash. It would almost seem that students, on discovering the barrenness of literature to-day, have resolved to defame that of yesterday. Certain it is that a like cause has produced the above result. To accomplish their ends, we believe them capable of overcoming all obstacles, even to paying a heavy fine or tax for the privilege of having their own names associated with Byron's and Tennyson's.

But it must not be thought that college journals are the only source of this disease. Fortuuately, our literary magazines generally refuse the poor stuff. The *Atlantic Monthly, Harper and Scribner's* are above accepting parodies, but observe the "literary" or "poetry" columns of our newspapers. They teem with such lines as lack the literary merit of Stanton's

> "The only girl I ever loved
> I met her leaning on the lake."

The public must be amused, and the method of amusement will not be questioned

There are some who never think of doing a thing until it is forbidden by law. We may suppose that these men will only too gladly pay fees for the privilege of breaking the law. While our bill would, we believe, somewhat reduce the number of parodies, still sufficient parodists would remain to increase the revenue. This brings us to the second reason.

As stated before, the occasion of this measure was the deficit of the government's revenue last year. The chief reason for it, however, is to relieve us from the immense number of parodies. The term ghoul was used above. This is entirely too mild. The ghoul removes a useless corpse in order to convert it to use. The parodist wantonly injures the sweetness of an immortal poem in order to be termed smart from his powers of ridicule. Let us try to read Hamlet's soliloquy on death, one of the grandest poems in any language. Immediately there recurs to our memory a senseless parody, and the beauty

and grandeur is lost forever. The most sacred feelings at the most sacred times are connected with Tennyson's "Break, break, break," but tne parodist has laid an unholy hand on this, also. We speak of irreverence. We are horrified at the sentiment in France which allows her cartoonists to caricature God's Holy Scriptures. Yet, are we far from the same condition when we permit our idiots to destroy all the benefits which our poets, next to prophets, have bestowed on mankind?

Sensible men rarely waste time on parodies. No genius is required in such low occupations, for a twelve-year-old child could in this manner ridicule the whole of Milton's Paradise Lost. The parodists will listen to no appeals or rebukes. Therefore they have compelled us to apply the law to them. Probably the proposed bill would cause some poor writers (poor has a double sense) to cease writing insane parodies, and the world will rise to applaud America for its courage in mitigating a long-felt evil.

Congressmen of the United States, we call your attention to this non-partisan, statesmanlike measure, and we know that will speedily approve of the sentiments expressed in this article. You are to pass on its merits, and we humbly suggest a few more considerations as to why it should command your assent.

Although, as we all know, one of your honorable bodies is not easily moved by personal motives, yet we cannot forbear mentioning one result which will come about in the event of the bill's passage.

Perhaps you may sometimes have found in your mail sample copies of certain weeklies with some such absurd title as Puck, Judge, or Life. These magazines, you observe, consider not the dignity of Congress, but are constantly misrepresenting your personal peculiarities. Perhaps they have called you a czar and placed a crown on your head, or put a pitchfork in your hand and omitted one ocular member. No man, you remember, was free from abuse. These weeklies subsist in a large mea-

sure on parodies, and would object to being fined. Revenge, however, is sweet—we ask you to pass this bill.

We know that you are ever at work to carry out the wishes of your constituents. The proposed measure would prove a universal favorite. Literary men have long, long suffered from this most crazy absurdity. The best humorists are not "Robert Rowning" or "Puck's Patent Davis." The humorists do not oppose the law. The people generally have been too long patient and would greatfully remember an affirmative vote.

Of course there should be some limitations. For example, it would take a connoiseur indeed to distinguish between the merits of the Hon. Alfred Austin's poems, so-called, and the parodies thereon. But we leave these minor points and details to your own discrimination.

This curse has rested on our literature many years, and we beg you to free us before you decide to undertake the freedom of our Southeastern neighbor. Republicans, Democrats, and Populists, Cleveland and Anti-Cleveland advocates, Armenian sympathizers and Turkish supporters may agree on this question and this alone.

For the sake of revenue, for the sake of literature, for your own sake, your people's sake, harmony's sake, and for the sake of humanity, we beg your approval of this measure.

ROBT. A. LAW.

First Dreams of Spring.

A winter morn, 'tis true—the leafless bough
  Seems to invite the trembling, lone snow-bird;
The earth with dainty icicles is fringed,
  And winter's wind, like elfin songs, is heard.
But floods of golden sunlight gently pour,
  Filling with radiant smiles the face of morn—
A softened prelude to sweet scented spring,
  When the lovely rose shall cover up the thorn.
Thus, as through sad-eyed Nature's wintry gloom,

Bright visions come to us of summer bowers,
And in the frosty air we catch the scent
Of new mown hay and perfume-laden flowers.
So in the dreary winter days of life
When dark and lowering clouds o'erhang the way,
Our souls with hope shall pierce the veil of gloom
And January turn to fragrant May.

W.

Wofford College Journal

A Literary Magazine, published Monthly by the Calhoun and Preston Literary Societies of Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C.
Contributions are solicited from the Alumni and students of the institution.
THE JOURNAL goes into every county in South Carolina and many beyond the State, and is manifestly an excellent advertising medium. Our rates are, one page one year, $20; one-half page one year $10.00.
Address all geteral matter to the Editor-in-Chief; all matter of advertising, subscription and finance to the Business Manager.
No article will be published unless the author's name and address have been deposited with the Editor.
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EDITORIAL

R. S. TRUESDALE, - - Editor

The New Year.

The message still is peace and good will, though in the midst of much political bluster and panic confidence can find no foundation on which to rest itself. Money may be called the dynamics of a nation, but if men are lacking in whom the nation may place its confidence, the New Year's message seems far-fetched. New knowledge has come, old obligations are in new apparel, demanding more immediate attention, and moral responsibility is greatly enlarged. Some say the world is worse than ever, that evil is more wide-spread, but be it remembered that a great extension of one principle means a proportional intension of the opposite. Ten righteous men would have saved Sodom, even one level-headed man may save a nation. The multitude may rave and be taken with devils, but the Master with his twelve, and one of them perverted, will conserve the salvation of the world.

It is hard to see beauty in this view of life, but it may be seen in that virtue is acquired at the expense of the vicious. No sin, no grace. Good finds its way to the world sometimes through very undesirable channels.

Hope for better things makes the New Year welcome. May it fill many a heart with a new life to obscure whatever of bad that is in the past! Resolutions have been made, some to be broken, others to be respected. The dark, dead hours of the night that speak not, but write in letters that burn to the bone, and crisps the conscience will do its work on those who respect no wisdom.

The year 1896 has been a time in which pressure and real trial has been applied to the greatest statesmen alive. Somewhat as the idea is expressed in the *Review of Reviews*, it has been a crucible under and around which the the flames of events have been extremely hot, with such statesmen as Gladstone, Bismark, Cecil Rhodes and others inside it. They have felt the fervency of the heat, and the world has seen some of the ashes of a consumed dross lifted and blown hither and thither by public and private gossip. Mr. Gladstone probably has not been sympathetic enough in Armenian affairs; Prince Bismark,on account of recent developments, is questioned as to his intentions to promote the general good in Germany and elsewhere. If these men who have held in their hands the confidence, not only of their own people, but of the world, can so fall, what is to be said of some who stand not on established character, nor on principles that lead to such? But before condemning these great leaders, the world should recognize one fact, that a great idea may be more clearly defined in one great man's mind than in the mind of the populace. Even the president of the United States is looked upon by a great portion of the mass of his people as an obstruction in the way of progress. He may be, but again he, out of the din of popular confusion and mad enthusiasm, has probably seen and heard what the peo-

ple have not. Men in authority cannot afford the entrance into the measures of rampant madness. There must be a steady head somewhere that is the master of each situation. "So far, then," says the *Review of Reviews*, "as the survey of the great personages of the world is concerned, the passing year cannot be said to have made any great reputations. It has impaired one or two, others have remained stationery, while others again are still undergoing a period of probation which is not yet ended."

Judgment cannot be safely passed yet, for motives and means have yet to be discovered. Lincoln is just now being discovered as a great man.

In the *Educational Review* is an article on the illiteracy of American boys. This is a tender snbject to treat because of the great many concerned. It involves not only American boys but their teachers also, who, as is perfectly natural, will take up the side on which the illiterate boys are, and defend themselves as best they can from their unenvied position. As is suggested in the article, there are many more causes for bad grammar and slangy expressions than can be found in the teacher of the preparatory school. The boy's early training, the length of time that the habit of careless use of English has held him and the association with those who do not prize pure, good Anglo-Saxon words, have done the work. He can hardly be held responsible for his illiteracy.

Some regard it as a crime to butcher good English. It is a crime and it is no excuse to say that one knows English, has had a college course in it, polished at the university and then startle the pricked-up ear of educated society with miserable slang and bad grammar.

How a frivolous and most vulgar expression will percolate every stratum of society is wonderful, and generally it begins at the bottom and goes up until it may be heard in the high circles just as it is among the street

arabs. It is the link between the high and low circles, and the two extremes meet there and exchange their kindly sympathies.

For keen appreciation and unbending of the mind, there is hardly a better book to pick up and read a story or two from after hard application to text books than "Uncle Remus." He is a classic and his language conveys his simple ideas to the mind with such vividness as to form a picture there. The author has combined in "Uncle Remus" the character of several old negroes that he knew in his boyhood. He is an ideal representative of the plantation darkey, and is pleasing to everybody besause he is so true to nature as he sees it. A few moments now and then by his fireside will fit the mind for its duties and keep off many a dark thought.

EXCHANGE

G. T. FUGH, EDITOR

The Davidson Monthly, one of the best college magazines that comes to us, contains some good, solid reading matter in the December issue. In "New England's Poet," the writer has hastily reviewed for us the life and work of Whittier; too hastily, it seems, to do justice to his subject. In a criticism of a poet or other writer, it would be far better to take some special phase of his life or work and treat that in full; that is, in our average college magazine, where space is limited. "A Memory" is a poem filled with that ever-enduring quality, love.

The historical sketch entitled Rosanna Farrow, in *Converse Concept*, is replete with the brave and heroic deeds of a Revolutionary mother who was devoted to family and country. It is valuable as a piece of history, and demonstrates the fact that history can be written in an interesting and attractive manner, and is not obliged to be a mere statement of dry facts.

The Christmas number of *The Carolinian* is a decided improvement upon the other issues of last fall, containing less matter concerning athletics and a much fuller literary department.

"Fiction Reading," in the *Hendrix College Mirror*, shows that the writer of it is a well-read man and has the power of expressing, in good, attractive English, the thoughts he gathered from his reading. He shows us, in this article, how the novel has been made the means of teaching economics, history in many of its branches, morality and patriotism, and that it, therefore, holds a very important position in literary productions.

The literary department of *The Peabody Pecord* is not up to its usual standard, while some of the other departments seem to have overrun their proper limits. The writer of "The Political Duty of the Educated Citizen," seems to be acquainted with his subject, and has given us some wise and valuable suggestions concerning our obligations to our country and its institutions.

In the *S. W. P. U. Journal* we read a class poem eight pages in length, containing a variety of metres, abounding in humorous incidents of college life, and closing with an earnest exhortation for a faithful performance of whatever duties life might bring.

The *Vanderbilt Observer* has two or three good criticisms upon well known pieces of fiction; "Hawthorne's Masterpieee," "Tom Jones," and "Richardson's Pamela" are the titles of these articles. There is, also, in this magazine an excellent review of Mrs. Ward's novel "Sir George Tressady."

The *Georgia Tech* has but one article of literary merit and that is "Stranger than Fiction."

CLIPPINGS

THE CONFEDERATE FLAG.

In the Archives of our Maker—
  In the city of our souls—
Where the flags of glorious nations
  Flutter from their golden poles,

High above the other banners,
  Fairer, far, than all the rest,
Is the flag of Lee and Jackson,
  In immortal glory drest,

Waving to her brave defenders
  Who, for honor, gave their life;
Welcome, welcome, to a country
  Where there is no war or strife.

The difference between meddling and investigating is that you always investigate while it is the other fellow who meddles.

Some young men conld get along better if they had less point to their shoes and more to their conversation.

DIFFICULTIES.

I have plowed the festive clearing
  Many a weary summer day,
And have wrestled with the locust roots
  That filled me with dismay.

I have delved in Anglo-Saxon,
  And have grubbed "Archillis' Wrath,"
But the curliest, crookedest, toughest, are
  The roots I met in math.

ALUMNI

NATHANIEL M. SALLEY, - Editor

Some Confused Thoughts.

Perhaps the one that has patience to scan the sentences following may agree with the writer in his choice of heading, adding, however, an interrogation mark in brackets after the last word. But whether thoughts or no, whether new or old, good or poor, such as they are we give them. Perhaps there's a grain of gold hidden away among the much dross, that some patient seeker may search for and find and profit by.

Have you ever read "Sartor Resartus?" You will find it a book of books, full to the brim of great truths, confused and unsatisfactory, perhaps, in some respects, but life-bringing, soul-stirring. The book will give you a new view of life, inspire you to higher living and truer thinking. Well, in that strange, original work Carlyle tells us to stop sometimes among life's perplexities, engrossments, ruins or successes, (as the case may be) and take time *to wonder*. To wonder at what? At simple things. Not so much to search out great mysteries of birth and death, to account for the evolution of solar systems, to tell the birth-place of "the holy spirit of man"—though these stupendous problems have their place, but to let simple processes of nature and of commonplace surrounding life give us pause and cause us to wonder.

When the writer began to follow this advice given by the great seer in the "Sartor," he became fascinated. And he has never stopped wondering. Nor will you. Let us pause a moment, amid the imposing march of fin de siecle civilization, loiter behind the general procession, stray aside into shady by-paths out of the heat and

dust and roar, hold converse with some of God's handiwork and *wonder*.

We live so fast now, so few stop to inquire into the meaning of things—to ask themselves the *how* and *why* that it is our great privilege to ask and to have answered. Most of us take everything blindly, scarcely knowing the *whence* or the *whither*, either indifferent, unthinking, or afraid to allow ourselves to inquire into things.

Well, we have left, for a little while, the blind throng and, as would-be seers into God's universe, we are searching along the by-path for something to wonder at. Why are you looking upward? There it is, under your feet—a simple violet. Now begin to wonder. How did it grow? "O, that is easy enough! There are certain elements in the soil which, together with the carbonic acid of the atmosphere, enter into the composition of the plant——" Yes, certainly. We know that. But say *how*, by what singular combination, all this is affected, and, too, by just what process that violet procures from the surrounding soil something to give its petals their peculiar tint. "It's nature," you say, "each plant species has certain characteristic properties." You go on to say that from primal atoms the universe was evolved, that from protoplasm all Earth-life originated, and that back of all is Force. Thus, indirectly, comes the violet. O, friend, let's go back of all *this* and say *God* gave each species its own characteristics, while we continue to wonder at His art divine.

Come on, friend. Let's continue thro' the fields, finding at each step things strange enough to engross us for a lifetime. Yes, *wonder* at them, For this very stopping to wonder sometimes amid life's rush, tho' possibly—nay, probably, to many questions we find no satisfactory answer, is nevertheless a broadening and deepening process. The more we learn, the more we wonder. Truth is infinite—a well so deep that plummet never sounded it. We may ask question after question—where did the rose find its color, what makes

the grass to grow, what force is back of the storm. And Nature ever responds that her Lord is in all mysteries of floresence and fruitage. She affirms all visible things to be but a declaration of the invisible; that her various shapes and moods are mirrors of the Eternal—a "vision of Him who reigns."

The telescope and microscope, friend, are among the Creator's many instruments to partially reveal His wonders and convince us of our littleness!

This is an age of theorizing. These men, these theorists, actually stand on our street-corners, as it were, and offer for sale theories of every size and kind—from hypotheses on the origin of universes to discussions of insect life. The price they demand for these most desirable commodities is your simple faith in your fellow-man and in God's unfailing goodness! A rather high price to pay for a doubtful good, my friend.

These men, moreover, who can't answer our simplest questions about growth in nature, who can't explain mere trivialities, try to grasp God! More—they even deny the posibility of His existence. Where were *they* when the foundations of Earth were laid by the Almighty? They, who so far from being able to "bind the sweet influences of Pleiades," cannot add one cubit to their statue, cannot answer the questions of a child respecting nature's most ordinary methods. Oh for more trusting faith in this day and generation! Friend, don't be led away by spiritual charlatans—men who take your faith, the faith that makes our human life worth living, and give death in return. Give us the man who sees behind all the wonderful and gorgeous pageantry of the visible universe the hand of Omnipotence; whose faith and consciousness find a resting place in the knowledge that these varied phenomena are but expressions of the Universal Mind; who can stand aside from the throng, prophet-like, and follow the march of humanity, the war of life and death, the procession of the seasons, the "flood of years," and thus interpret all

these manifestations of Power. God is good and great and eternal. Nature is the manifestation of God. We are his creatures, who, physically speaking, from generation to generation vanish and are as if they had not been. The "flood of years" overtakes them, but—there is a life beyond!"

You and I, friend, may be just such men (whom the world needs) if we don't listen to the delusive imaginings of tricksters; if only, stopping awhile, we begin to wonder at merely simple processes in nature, ask ourselves searching questions about all life around us, try to grow with what we look upon.

And after we, in our field-wandering and wondering, have found God, let us return again to the dusty highway, mingle with humanity, and search for Him among the homes and haunts of men. O, friend, if we *wondered* so out there amid the grass of the field, we will never stop our wondering search when we study and question the crown of God's work. After all, to you and me, the supreme evidence of God is found in our own daily life. If the natural world declares His divinity, the spiritual asserts it more emphatically. There He can most wonderfully reveal Himself. Where did that unselfishness in you, that altruistic love, that compassion for all mankind come from, if it isn't an emanation from the Divine?

O, for more time to study and think and learn. More time to stop and *wonder*; to search the hidden recesses of the natural and the spiritual and find the Maker of it all there!

Now, sometimes won't you stop and *wonder*, friend? There are vast fields for reverent thought and inquiry right around us, without puzzling ourselves over great uuiversal mysteries. The evolution of Earth's civilization, the growth of a flower, the unfolding of a child's mind; do you want variety, depth and breadth?—you have them. Don't be discouraged because you cannot

understand. Do you understand *yourself*? How, then, can you expect to grasp other mysteries?

Now I must stop. These rambling, incoherent thoughts have been thrown together by request, at merely a day's unexpected notice, to fill a vacant space in the JOURNAL. But, finally, let me beg this of you, friend: when inclined to be sceptical, gaze into the human heart, and pause, and wonder; when doubting, turn aside from life's highway, thro' the fields, and *consider the lilies.*

"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies
And hold you here in my hand,
Little flower, root and all;
And if I could know what you are,
Root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is!"

MARION TUCKER.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Our New Preacher.

We are delighted to have for our minister the Rev. M. L. Carlisle of the class of '83.

After leaving college Mr. Carlisle taught school several years. He then joined the S. C. Conference in '86 at Orangeburg, S. C. Since then Mr. Carlisle's success as a minister has been extraordinary; for he has risen in ten years to one of the most important charges in the Conference.

As a preacher, Mr. Carlisle's style is clear, simple and forceful. We are sure that the students as well as the congregation will be well pleased with their minister.

In college Mr. Carlisle had the reputation of being a hard student, and he always did well and thoroughly the work required of him by his professors.

Mr. W. C. Kirkland, '93, is now in charge of Duncan Mission. This is the first year Duncan has been a sep-

arate charge, and it is a compliment to Mr. Kirkland's ability to be sent to this place.

While in college Mr. Kirklard was a student of ability and energy. He was at one time president of the Calhoun Society, and manager of the Alumni Hall. We feel sure that Mr. Kirkland will make an entire success of his work.

Mr. Ed. Jones, '94, is now on the Pacolet Circuit. We are glad to have him near us, for we remember him as a student of force, and as an intelligent Christian worker.

While in college Mr. Jones was president of the Preston Society and of the Y. M. C. A.

Mr. J. L. Harley, the minister at Clifton, S. C., has by his own personal effort and contributions, succeeded in having built a handsome church and a comfortable parsonage. The church is capable of seating about nine hundred people at one time.

Prof. H. J. Shoemaker, '95, was recently married to Miss Mary Bryce, of this place.

Mr. A. E. Holler, '96, was recently married to Miss May Cornwell, of Cornwell, S. C. He is the first member of '96 to succumb.

Mr. N. D. Lesesne, '92, the Supt. of Education of Williamsburg county, lately married Miss Hortense Mauldin of Pickens county.

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LOCAL

T. C. EPPS, - - EDITOR.

At the last meeting of the College Athletic Association Prof. H. N. Snyder was re-elected president. T. O. Epps was elected secretary and treasurer. Messrs. E. L. Culler and J. C. Smith were elected, respectively, manager and captain of the base-ball team for the coming season. Messrs. C. E. Dobson, J. K. Owens and Geo. Brunson were also elected to confer with manager concerning the arrangement of games and anything of interest to the team.

Our prospects for a good team this year are favorable. Five of last year's men are back, and there is some excellent material in the Freshman class. We expect to play more games on our ground this season than ever before. Wake Forest and the University of Tennessee each want two games here. We will probably play on our grounds at least one game apiece with Clemson, Furman and South Carolina College. Arrangements for these games will be made as soon as the rules and regulations made by the State Inter-collegiate Athletic Association are made known. This Association met in Columbia on the 28th of last December. Prof. A. B. Cook represented us. Mr. E. L. Culler was also a delegate, but was unable to attend on account of sickness. The result of this meeting, I understand, will be published in pamphlet form, and distributed to each college interested.

On the evening of December 11th we had the pleasure of hearing in our chapel Dr. S. A. Steele. The attendance was large and the speaker held their attention for an hour and a half. The subject of the discourse was "The Pioneers of Methodism in America." It was appreciated very much by all who heard it.

Dr. Steele has accepted the invitation to preach our Commencement sermon next June. We are fortunate to have secured him.

The anniversary Celebration of our two literary societies, usually held about the 1st of November, will come off this year on the evening of the 22nd of February. This date was chosen by the college faculty. Mr. E. L. Culler will represent the Calhoun Society and Mr. G. T. Pugh, the Preston.

At the last meeting of the Preston Society the following officers of that body were elected: W. A. Wedlock, president; W. G. Ward, vice-president; I. C. Blackwood, recording secretary; R. S. Truesdale, 1st corrector; G. T. Pugh, 2d corrector; M. W. Owings, treasurer; J. F. Carraway, Jr., corresponding secretary; Robt. A. Law, 1st censor; A. A. Manning, 2d censor, and George Owings orator for February.

Mr. W. Boyd Evans, of the Senior class, will be absent during the session of the General Assembly. He has a position with that body.

Mr. L. L. Dantzler has been elected Junior debater in the place of G. C. Sullivan, who did not return after the Christmas holidays.

Mr. I. J. McKinzie was delayed at home about ten days after the holidays on account of the sickness and death of his mother.

Mr. C. E. Major has not returned yet. His father died a few days ago. We sympathize with our bereaved fellow-students.

At the January business meeting of our Y. M. C. A. the following officers were elected: Jno. R. Walker, president; J. R. T. Major, vice-president; W. M. Owings, recording and corresponding secretary; E. M. Lander, treasurer. At this meeting delegates were also elected to attend the State Convention which will b

held at Clinton; Feb, 9-14, 1897; the delegates are Messrs. J. R. T. Major, M. V. Bennett, E. M. Lander and Geo. W. Pitts. Messrs. C. E. Watson and Jno. B. Wiggins are alternates.

The Calhoun Society officers for the next official term are: President, J. P. Inabinet; vice-president, T. L. Manning; 1st critic, R. C. Newton; 2d critic, T. M. Raysor; 3d critic, J. P. McCreary; recording secretary, Geo. W, Brunson; corresponding secretary, J. C. Moore; treasurer, O. W. Leonard; censor morum. M. B. Jennings.

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Wofford College Journal

Established 1888 | February, 1897 | Vol. VIII No. 5

LITERARY

J. PERCY INABNIT, - EDITOR.

The Riddance of a Political Nuisance.

Amid these days of so much pessimism when the despairing wail of the multitude swells from every quarter of our land and when the politicians and some of the theologians prophecy an imminent doom compared to which the crash of the Roman Empire will be but a historic trifle, it is especially gratifying to the honest observer of events to discover some inspiriting tendency which, if unable to restore prosperity, can certainly prolong for a time national existence.

To be persuaded that there is such a tendency in our civilization we have only to revert to political developments of comparatively recent date and a little thoughtful consideration will convince us of the speedy extermination of the demagogue. "You can fool some of the people all the time and all of the people some of the time, but you cannot fool all the people all the time," is a truth which he has perverted by howling into the ears of his evil constituency an arraignment of existing political institutions in the hope of establishing himself upon their ruins, but it is this same truth that is now reacting with a happy effect against his interests and that must ultimately work his downfall. On the stage of American politics he has been for many years the idol of the majority, but his tragic dramas, with plots constructed upon class prejudice, strife and persecution,

are growing just a little wearisome to the public in general, and unless he can charm them in some new role, for the sake of a change if nothing more—and in these days of fads this appears to Americans a very excellent reason—this pseudo-champion of the helpless must give place to others of a more conscientious cast, capable of administering good government.

But there are other and more justifiable grounds for our conclusion regarding the exterpation of this political pest.

First might be mentioned the fact that whenever defeat overtakes him and causes his political air castles to crumble on the waste of disappointment his resultant dejection renders him so desperate or so rash that in his vain effort to re-establish himself he openly discloses every motive and purpose which impelled him to effort, and thenceforth, seen in his true light, he becomes the pitiless object of wholesale condemnation at the mercy of the irate newspaper editor and ingenious cartoonist, who sensationally dispatch him into obscurity. The conduct of Senator Watson in the late campaign admirably illustrates this point, for in order to gain the much coveted Vice-Presidency, finding the independent support of his party insufficient for this purpose he openly villified the Democratic nominee for that honor in a manner leaving the baseness of his intentions unquestionable. But Mr. Sewall heeded him not. His own followers forsook him, fusing with the Democrats despite his most vehement protests, and then perceiving his truly calamitous condition, this ambitious young senator broke forth in a storm of contemptuous derision of his enemies, his supposed friends, and everything and everybody except himself. Sewall was the "wart on the Democratic nose." Better always the "wart" of Plutocracy than the cancer of Populism. During all the suspense of that memorable struggle as a source of constant amusement he did much to alleviate its seriousness. His ludicrous exhibitions, we judge, were favorably received, and in

due acknowledgment of the same the American public may yet consider themselves obligated to pay him twenty-five thousand dollars supposed value per annum to the country.

But other reasons are insignificant compared to the influence of the combat between intelligence and ignorance upon the masses and to the manner in which prejudice is vanishing before the glorious light of reason, undimmed by any sectional or class hate. The demagogue subsists solely upon class hatred; his depraved tastes permit him to grovel in its squalor. Then he must perish for want of sustenance, for just so sure as the rising sun can dispel the darkness of the preceeding night, is knowledge able to dispel the darkness of ignorance and prejudice in which the more barbaric portions of our continent are now so pitifully enveloped.

But for fear of being misunderstood, let me differentiate here between prejudice and intelligent opposition which it will not do at this stage to confound.

Prejudice is an inevitable accompaniment of ignorance, being engendered by it; intelligent opposition on the other hand pre-supposes a comprehension of all the issues in contest, upon the thoroughness of which its effectiveness is conditioned, Now I do not maintain that the fierceness of political opposition is decreasing; far from it, but I do mean to say that knowledge is fast converting prejudice into sympathy, or else transforming it into intelligent opposition, and any fair-minded observer of facts will concur with me in this belief. What more convincing proof of this could be desired than the honest and universal call of the masses during the late campaign, for clear, concise argument and pure logic in discussion of the great financial question, and not for boisterous villification and abuse? In truth many avow that the Democratic cause owes its ignominious defeat to its many heretical champions who thought the American voters ignorant of the difference

between vituperation and logic. For instance, every state in which Senator Tillman spoke went Republican. Altogether, there are yet many cheering signs in our civilization. W. M. CONNOR, JR.

Public Schools the Means—Educated Masses the Ultimate End.

The question in hand is an all-important one, and deserves the especial attention and consideration of all who are in sympathy with true reform along this line. In fact, it is our express duty to interest ourselves upon so vital a subject as this, and assist in upholding the principles of those who think a change expedient. At this juncture, it will be well to note that the public elementary system of schools in this State is at present in a transition period, and as a necessary result many timely and much-needed reforms have been and still are being effected—much to the gratification of all interested.

The leavening process can be distinctly outlined in the several gradations through which the common schools have passed. In due time, we trust, the healthy revolution will effect the desired results toward which we have been tending. The ideal in view should by all means be procured. In brief, the fulness of time has come to effect a radical revision in our present system and to that end our earnest efforts should be directed.

Judging from the past, the action of our government seems to have been an endeavor to promote the interests of higher education, rather than elementary, and this method of procedure, as viewed from the stand-point of experience, seems to be in the main ill-designed as well as ill-timed. Time and again do we note appropriations made by the legislature toward the support and maintaining of colleges devoted to the interests of higher education, while to the contrary very meagre sums have been spent upon our common schools with a view to de-

veloping, and thereby placing them upon a higher basis. Thus situated, the question becomes this: whether it is more beneficial to all classes to direct the revenue levied for educational purposes in a channel of higher education, or instead to devote the greater part, at least, if not all to elementary instruction

Heretofore most of our public funds have been used in supporting higher education, so now especial attention and relief should be given to primary instruction. In order to accomplish the purpose in view, it is necessary to create a strong public sentiment in favor of the proposed scheme and this will, in a measure, serve as a determining force in accomplishing the desired end. May the time soon speed when a genuine reform will be the result! It is in an indisputable fact that the reform in question is a vital as well as serious one and excites comment, discussion and deep thinking.

We need a better, more uniform, and systematic basis upon which to found our primary schools. How, then, are we to attain this ultimate ideal? This is the perplexing problem, and its solution will, in time, be solved. This is one of the all-absorbing needs of the hour, and should be the live topic of political discussion.

A well-founded system of elementary instruction should be first attained before attention is directed to the promotion of higher education. If such a state as the above did exist, there would be no trouble whatever to keep our colleges well supplied with students. A thorough preparatory course is essential in order to lay a good foundation upon which to build, in case one should be enabled to pursue a college course. Broadly speaking, the greater proportion of the taxes levied for educational objects is placed in the channels of collegiate instruction.

How inconsistent this seems! Surely the masses who bear the brunt of the burden, receive in return less of the benefit, for generally speaking not one out of ten of this class are sufficiently prepared to take advantage of

a college training, granting they were financially able. Why this then, we are prone to ask, and the question simplifies itself into this—insufficient preparation—view. ing the theme from this standpoint, would not the masses receive more derived benefit, provided the appropriations made for the advancement of education be directed in upbuilding the common schools. The experiment has been tried in respect to higher education, and as has been seen, only met with partial success, so now the system under discussion remains to be given a fair test.

It is undoubtedly true that both primary and collegiate training are potent factors in our prosperity, and any country may be justly proud that has a well-founded system of both. Should our people take as much pride and interest in equipping schools with which to educate the ignorant, as the United States government does in fitting out and manning ships of commerce and war, prosperity would then countenance us on all sides. We must keep pace with foreign nations in building up our educational forces, thereby creating a high type of citizenship, for in this way a needed impetus is added to the progress of civilization.

Success will be, in a measure, assured if we are enabled to create an appreciative public sentiment strong enough to demand from the government a careful consideration of this question. When this point is reached then our demands will be respected.

Compulsory education is essential to the development of a high tone of society, therefore such a law should be enacted in reference to our system. The refining influences so much desired can easily be attained by educating the masses.

The religious element does not affect our system to any extent, being only taught in its deeper and broader principles as relating to Christianity. Diversity of religious creeds in vogue among the people forever keeps us from fostering and teaching any one belief.

In this age of experiment, we must let no opportunity pass to improve our present public school system. A high plane must be reached by all means. How and in what way can the desired results be attained? In answer would say, the revised public school the means—an educated citizenship the final result.

T. McT. RAYSOR.

Thomas DeQuincey.

Thomas DeQuincy, Charles Lamb's junior by ten years and Thomas Carlyle's senior by ten years, was born August 15, 1785.

An account of his childhood and youth is given by himself in his "Confessions of an Opium Eater." Those who have not read DeQuincey thoroughly nor studied him deeply will probably pronounce him an egotist. For this we could not blame them, for it really seems that he is full of himself and delights to tell and re-tell what things he did, what great things he thought and what deep feelings he felt when he was a child of four or six. The idea of a child thinking great thoughts when so few old people are guilty of the same offence! DeQuincey saw of himself that he was "an intellectual creature," and after studying him through some of his writings we all say that he was indeed "an intellectual creature,"

There were almost no bounds to DeQuincey's knowledge. He ?horoughly mastered every science and his multifarious knowledge of them is shown in his works by numerous figures of speech and vivid comparisons.

He had mastered Greek at thirteen and could write it with more ease and grace than some of us can write our own mother tongue at the age of twenty-five. One of his teachers, in speaking to a friend, once said of him: "That boy could harangue an Athenian mob better than you or I could address an English one." We see that DeQuincey was right when he said that he was "an in-

tellectual creature." DeQuincey had a wonderful analogical faculty. He could analyze a thought and present it in every phase of its meaning. When he began to think on a subject everything that he had ever read about it came rushing upon him like a mighty torrent, threatening to overwhelm him in its unconquerable current. He did not have to hunt thoughts, but they came to him, and his work lay not in trying to think, but in trying not to think so fast. This is one cause of his digressions; however, in this he has a redeeming quality and that is, he always brings us back to where we were when his digression began.

He is seemingly very fond of the paradox. We are apt to think that the source of his love of paradox lies in the fact that he wanted to appear different from everybody else. The true source of his seeming love of paradox is his independence. He does not let the opinions of the great writers warp his own. He acknowledges the greatness of them, but says, "I beg to differ with them on certain things." This he had a perfect right to do, for in his own words he had the "accursed faculty of thought."

His approach to all subjects stands out in marked contrast to Carlyle's. Carlyle approached all his subjects on the emotional side, while DeQuincey approached his on the intellectual side. Carlyle used the "intuitive" method, while DeQnincey employed the "discursive" method. Carlyle is all emotion, crying out against the evils of the world and growing wrath with you if you do not agree with him; DeQuincey is all tranquility and repose, appealing not to the emotions but to the intellect and loving literature for the purely intellectual pleasure that is in it.

DeQuincey, however, is not altogether without emotion. Music touched the emotional side of his nature. He said that music was a necessary element in his life, and the harmony of his prose shows his musical talent. In his "Opium Eater" when telling of his Anne, poor,

fallen wretched Anne—but tender and loving hearted—he becomes somewhat emotional. The emotional side of his nature is shown by the fact, that the scene of his sister's death when he was very young never left him, and the last words he said, when his spirit was taking its flight were, "Sister, sister, sister!" He uttered these words with outstretched arms. Doubtless his sister, the companion of his childhood, who had died nearly seventy years before him, had come to bear his spirit to its eternal abode.

With the flight of his spirit one of the most active intellects of all ages—one of the few endowed with the "accursed faculty of thought"—ceased to work. Though we all have not that *accursed faculty*, yet we have handed down to us on his pages the fruits of this faculty and it remains with us to decide whether we shall profit by them.

J. CLAYTON ALLEN.

An Unknown Student.

Hi! Yi! Hi! Yi! Sis! Boom ah! W. C., W. C., Rah! Rah! Rah! and the train rolled on. A jolly crowd were we—for "we were going home." The train was crowded and we had no place to sit, but what mattered it, for "we were going home." Such talk, and all upon the same subject—how we were to spend the holidays. At last home is reached. After spending several days around the house very pleasantly indeed, we decided to take a big turkey hunt. Now, down in a certain part of the state in which I live is a very large swamp, which is said never yet to have been fully explored. Several young fellows, myself among them, make for this place. As it is about thirty miles from our home, we leave there at 11 o'clock in the morning and, a little before night, come within about two miles of it. Here lives a veteran hunter, a friend of one of our party, who is to be the superintendent of the turkey hunt.

We remained at that gentleman's house that night in

tending to get up before day-break next morning. The gentleman was telling us that much as he hunted in and around this swamp yet it would be quite easy for even himself to get lost in it. Therefore he cautioned us to keep well within hearing distance of him on the morrow. He said that the distance from end to end of the swamp was estimated to be fully twenty-five miles. In this dense region were ponds and lakes. teeming with alligators. There were also turkey and deer in the forest and snakes without number. In fact this was an African jungle, on a small scale, right in the midst of civilization. Our veteran even went so far as to tell us that he had killed a bear in its recesses. By the time that he had spun out all these wonderful tales, we were quite willing to follow at his back; and I believe some of us would not have minded being well out of the hunt altogether. But the die was cast, and so we braced up ourselves by thinking of the wild turkeys we were to shoot on the morrow. We retired early as we wished to get a good night's rest, for we were to have some hard tramping in the morning according to our host. Mr. Vanderhoff (for that was our kind friend's name) had a negro servant who was to bring the game back, and more important still, to carry our dinner and supper, as we did not intend coming back 'till the following morning. After a good night's rest, we awoke refreshed and eager for our journey. When we came in to breakfast —about half an hour before breakfast—we found that Mr. Vanderhoff had been up for an hour and that he had all our arrangements completed, thus all we had to do was to eat and be off. Soon we had shouldered our double-barrel breech-loaders, and were nearing the outskirts of the swamp. We had forgotten the dismal accounts we had received of this place the night before, and were in the best of moods. There were five in our party, including our host. After about a two hours' tramp we come upon a drove of turkeys from which we bring down several. We were much elated at our luck,

in fact, to such a degree that we surprised our staid old German friend. When we had gotten deeper into the clutches of the swamp, beautiful ponds of clear water were seen and many indeed were the wild ducks swimming in these. They were very tame too, not being accustomed to man. Several of these fell to our fire and now, as it seemed to be about dinner time, we sat down to a substantial repast. Hitherto we had all followed the directions of our friend and had kept together, but one of the boys and myself determined to slip off from the rest of the party the first opportunity that offered itself, for we could see no danger and sneered at the idea of our getting lost. Soon there was a chance presented, and we got away from our companions as quickly as we were able. We roamed and roamed, delighted with all we saw and shooting much game. No notice was taken of time until a faint shadow of darkness was perceptible, for you must know that the sun in such a dense swamp as this is not visible after half past four o'clock. Now we started out to find our companions, as yet having no fear. But after searching and calling for them for half an hour or so and still hearing no responce, we became a little frightened, and the more so, too, as darkness was rapidly approaching. Having foolishly wasted all of our ammunition, we could not fire our guns as a signal to our comrades. Therefore we walked and walked and called our companions by name, but still no answering voice came to our ears. By this time we were thoroughly frightened, and well might we be so, for now it was totally dark. I have often read and heard of the horror of being lost, but for the first time I was now experiencing it. We must have walked at least four miles—and four miles in that dense place is equal to eight elsewhere—when we came to the same place from which we had started. We were able to tell this from a certain gnarled old tree which had been blown down and broken in half. Now were we minded of the bear tales of our host, and many indeed were the

bitter invectives which we hurled upon ourselves for leaving our party. By this time as we had been walking all the afternoon, we were exceedingly hungry and well nigh desperate. After wandering about half the night, and, ever and anon, fancying we saw wild beasts we at length beheld a glimmer of light. Faint though it was, it put new vigor and courage into us and we joyfully wended our way toward it. Alas! we found that not yet were we out of our difficulties, for between the light and ourselves we found a wide pond. After going around this, in half an hour's tramp, the light again loomed up in the distance. Soon we neared this and perceived that it came from within a log hut. At first we were afraid to knock, but at length, plucking up courage, I rapped thrice at the door. No answer came and so I knocked again, but still there was no answer. At length I pushed in the door, and a marvellous sight indeed appeared to my eyes. A gray-haired man sat bending over a book, in which he seemed to be totally absorbed. Not even did he look up at our entrance, and I was obliged to address him twice before he would take his eyes from the book. When he did look up there was shown a clean-shaven, intellectual face, furrowed with many wrinkles. He seemed to be displeased at our entrance and on account of our interrupting his work; however, after we told him our doleful tale, a kindly, half-humorous look came into his eyes, and he welcomed us heartily. The sides of the hut were lined with books and in the centre of the room was a rude table, upon which were pen, ink and paper. The hermit—for such he must have been—gave us some potatoes and ooffee for our supper, and I must confess it was the best meal I have ever eaten. After preparing this food for us, he begged us to excuse him and told us that when we got through we might go to sleep upon his bed. We objected to taking his only bed, but as he said he did not intend going to sleep at all that night we readily conented and although wondering at the strange position

in which we found ourselves, yet we were so tired as to immediately fall asleep. I suppose it was about seven o'clock when I awoke, but still the hermit was poring over his book. I now arose, dressed and awoke my comrade. I must confess I was exceedingly curious to know who this man was, and what book it was which interested him him so much: Just as I started to ask him about himself he said: "Young man, I see you looking at me with inquisitive eyes, but it will be well for you to ask no questions nor try to pry into any of my secrets." That was enough for me, and quickly eating the scanty breakfast he sat before us, we, with the "unknown" kindly acting as a guide, started to leave the dismal swamp. After several hours walking we came to the outskirts of the forest and the hermit bade us good bye, rather sullenly, as I thought. We soon reached the home of our host and found that they had just gotten there about an hour before and were just starting to seek us. It seems that they thought we had gone to the house before the night came upon us. and, consequently, they had not at all been worried about us. When we told Mr. Vanderhoff about the "unknown," his books. and the little garden, and potato patch behind his shanty, he said that never before had he seen or heard of the man. He avowed that he intended to investigate the matter and readily promised to let us hear from him, if he should ever obtain any definite information about the man. So should we ever have the pleasure of hearing from Mr. Vanderhoff, be sure we will let our readers know of it. As it now stands, we can but speculate upon the hermit's character. How he built his cabin, having no one to help him, and, most wonderful of all, how it was that no one had found him out, are the problems. This man may have committed some great crime and have been in hiding from the officers of the law, or again he may have become tired of the world and thus he had gotten out of it, and was burying himself in his books. A hundred and one characters may

be made for him, and still the correct one be lacking. I can scarcely sleep for dreaming of him and picturing him to myself in a hundred different lights. A thought flashed upon me, yes, indeed, I have it now. *He was simply a student of the Greek Preposition.*

HENRY J. BRABHAM, JR.

Where Knowledge is Bliss.

We were a jolly crowd of boys on our way home for the Christmas holidays. I lived a considerable distance from the town where the college that I attended was located, and as the train sped onward the number of student passengers gradually decreased. If the train was on time I was to get home at nine o'clock, and the last town before I reached my home was Smithville. I could buy a special rate ticket only so far as this town, so when the train drew up at the depot, I got off to buy another ticket for the remainder of the trip.

I had more money than I am in the habit of taking with me, as I had intended making some purchases before I left college but did not do so for fear of being left by the train. I opened my purse and gave the ticket agent a bill to pay for my ticket and then put the change back in the purse. As I turned to get back on the train I noticed a young fellow with a brown felt hat and flaming scarlet tie who seemed to be staring at me very intently.

When I again entered the over-heated train I felt very sleepy, and leaning back in my seat I soon went to sleep. I do not know just how long I slept, but when I woke up the lamps were lit, and I went to ask the conductor how much further it was to my destination, Columbus. I was greatly worried when he told me that I must have overslept myself, that we had passed Columbus almost half an hour before. He was very accommodating, however, and wrote me out a pass so that I could return in

the morning from the nearest station without further expense. This station happened to be Benton.

The town of Benton had only one hotel and, as the landlord informed me, that was well crowded. When I asked for a room he said that they were all full but one and that his nephew had just engaged that, but perhaps he might share it with me.

I was a little surprised to see that his nephew was the fellow with the brown plug hat and scarlet tie who had stared at me in the depot at Smithville. He offered to share the room with me and, although I did not like his looks, I could not refuse the only chance for a night's lodging.

When I went to bed that night, as I had not brought any trunk, I put my watch and my purse, containing twenty dollars, into my valise. *While I was doing this* my room-mate entered and proceeded to undress. He took a small pistol from his hip pocket and laid it on the table near him. Then, seeing that I had gotten in bed, he blew out the lamp.

I think I could not have been asleep over an hour, when I was awakened by a slight noise as of some one moving in the room. I suspected that something was wrong and started to wake up my bed-fellow, but when I reached over to wake him I found that he was not there. So I lay still and watched. The moon was shining and I could see fairly well. What I *did* see did not tend to ease my mind, to say the least. I saw my room-mate walk over to where my valise was hanging, take it from the rack, and then go over to his trunk. Then, after he had put my valise in the bottom of his trunk, I saw him take the pair of pants that he had taken off that night and put them in also. I would have made some objection but I remembered the little pistol. I was always more remarkable for my discretion than for my valor.

My room-mate got back in bed and went to sleep, but I remained wide awake the rest of the night. I now

saw through the whole plan of the robbery, and I lay awake the rest of the night trying to think of some plan to recover my property. Of course I thought of the plan of exposing the theft, but I was a stranger in the town and my room-mate had friends there, so I gave that up. But I thought I saw through my room-mate's scheme—and I did.

Toward morning I closed my eyes as if asleep. As I had expected, my room-mate, after pretending to look around the room, presently shook me and said that some one had come in during the night and had stolen his trousers and five dollars. I got up and, looking around the room, expressed great surprise to see that my valise was gone. I really could not help admiring the way in which my room-mate "played the innocent." Presently he called up the landlord and, after telling him the whole story, he said that he had to leave on business that morning, but he hoped the landlord would thoroughly investigate the matter. I said I would also have to leave because my pass was good for that day only. I thought I now saw a faint hope of recovering my valise.

My late room-mate and I went to the depot in the same 'bus, and when he got there I heard him tell the negro to check his trunk, which you will remember now contained my valise, to Columbia.

The train which my room-mate was to take left at the same time as, and in an opposite direction to, that which was to take me to Columbus, that is, the two trains crossed at the town.

Just as I saw the two trains nearing the depot I rushed up to the negro and exclaimed, "Here, you have checked this trunk to Columbia, the gentleman wanted it checked to Columbus." The negro took the quarter that I offered, rushed off and changed the check. Just then my room-mate rushed up and asked the negro anxiously if he was certain that he had checked his trunk. "Yes boss, jest checked it," he answered. The gentleman of the scarlet tie did not wait to see *where* he had checked

it to but rushed off to see about his ticket. Then I felt relieved.

As the two trains pulled out from the depot, my friend waved me good-bye, no doubt congratulating himself on how easily he had fleeced me. But when I reflected that I had not only recovered my own property but had also punished the thief by taking it home in *his* trunk, I felt that though the bliss of his ignorance might be great, the bliss of my knowledge was much greater.

C. C. ALEXANDER, '99.

Wofford College Journal

A Literary Magazine, published Monthly by the Calhoun and Preston Literary Societies of Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C.

Contributions are sol cited from the Alumni and students of the institution.

THE JOURNAL goes into every county in South Carolina and many beyond the State, and is manifestly an excellent advertising medium. Our rates are, one page one year, $20; one-half page one year $10.00.

Address all geteral matter to the Editor-in-Chief; all matter of advertising, subscription and finance to the Business Manager.

No article will be published unless the author's name and address have been deposited with the Editor.

Subscription price, $1.00.

R. S. TRUESDALE, Editor-in-Chief.

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N. M. Salley, Alumni.

PRESTON SOCIETY
G T. Pugh, Exchange
T. O. Epps, Local.

EDITORIAL

R. S. TRUESDALE, - - Editor

"It was the remark of a celebrated English man of letters that even a student could not hope to attain sufficient discrimination to find safely his way through the immense volume of literature under forty years of age." This sentence comes from an article in the *Review of Reviews*, "All the World's Best Literature in Thirty Volumes." The point has been reached when even a student may be very choice as to what he reads if he desires a knowledge of the best that has been thought and said. It is an honor, and counted so, to meet even a glance from a king or queen, saying nothing at all of shaking the royal hand and feeling the throb of power there. Such an one goes back to his hovel and says he has seen royalty, but he knows so little of the life of royalty. This book and that one are read so as to be able to talk intelligently in society, by listening closely one may learn a great deal about a book, so much so as to be able to tell the contents. All this is very well, because all books cannot be read, and there is excuse for

second-handed knowledge of them. A man looks in on the house of lords, congress, senate and maybe he gets a peep at the queen or president. Much exalted in mind, he goes away satisfied. So with a library,—a peep into this and that has to suffice. All is seen, but little perceived. Charles Dudley Warner is manager of this vast enterprise of putting the best that has been produced into so small a scope at a reasonable price. "He is a man of large popular sympathies, acquainted with the tastes, aspirations and needs of people who must be, in some wise, considerate and sparing of time and money." If literature creates sentiment, there is something wonderful in store for the world. It is thrust before the eyes of all who will read. It is Christainizing and brings men into more intimate relations with each other. Every true author has a word for any ear that can hear. He speaks the truth that is intelligible in all ears.

Doubtless every one whose reading has been very limited is struck with the fact that one book crystalizes itself into sculpture like forms in the mind; another leaves its beautifully polished sentences clinging like the ivy to all wall in the mind; another produces only a state of the mind. Occasionally one is found that combines all these characteristics into a unit. "The Marble Faun" is wonderful in this respect. It makes a picture gallery of the mind, charms with the graceful style, and fixes thought on the grave problem of human life. The young man, Donatello, playful, harmless and smiling all the time has not known guilt. He harms nobody, nobody harms him, nor even thinks of such. Strictly speaking he has no intellect, no character. But let it be noted that when he got beyond the simple "hound-like" devotion into the flaming passion of love, he became at once capable of crime. I defence of his love, he dashes a man's life out of him on the ground, guilt takes a hold on him, and "in the black depths, the Faun had found a soul, and was struggling with it towards the light of

heaven," a new man, with an intellect, a will and determined heart.

It seems, and a very happy thought it is, that common sense and judgment are being exercised in a manner scarcely known before. It has been said in substance that a government takes on the complexion of its rulers. Happily true is this with the United States. Grover Cleveland did not care to fight, so the nation has kept peace, assuming the attitude of its chief executive as to the Cuban affair. Richard Olney and Sir Julian Pauncefote, British ambassador to United States, have joined their hands in friendship and peace across the Atlantic, and made a treaty. If this treaty meets the approval of of the people, it will be hard for England and the United States to get into war again. These men are worthy to be called statesmen, and will go down in history as such. They know what war means, and the position of each one is in the highest degree patriotic.

On June 30, 1896, there were seven widows of Revolutionary soldiers in the United States drawing pensions. They are from eighty to ninety-six years of age. Says the World Almanac, "It will be seen that it is possible that the widow of a Revolutionary soldier may be drawing a pension in the year 1916. For a similar reason, the widow of a veteran of the late civil war may be living 2002."

Secretary Olney has taught the American people a new lesson in interpretation of the constitution. It was a grand stroke of his when he declared that the power of recognition of a new independent state lay not in the representative body, but only in the chief executive. This statement, novel and strong, sent back the war spirit for repairs.

EXCHANGES

G. T. PUGH, EDITOR

The College Rambler from Illinois College came to us for the first time in January. This is a semi-monthly publication and is full of interesting and profitable reading matter. "Jack," a story of war life, gives the humorous as well as the pathetic incidents of the life of a little negro cook in a Federal regiment, and tells in a touching manner of his devotion to the regiment. "Science and the Bible," for so short an article, certainly contains something that is of value to the average student of such matters.

"Hawthorne's Place in American Literature," in *The Central Collegian* contains some very just criticisms upon Hawthorne's shorter stories. I agree with the writer in what he says concerning "The Great Stone Face;" most assuredly, "it is filled with truth and food for thought from the beginning to end."

The Erskinian has a piece that gives us pleasure to read, "A Half-forgotten Poet." The writer of this gives us a brief sketch of the life of Timrod, and speaks in a sympathetic manner of the misfortunes and sorrows that fell to the lot of this great poet. The writer also points out to us some of the merits of Timrod's poetry. Among other excellent things, he says: "Timrod has shown the essential of a true poet in every line of his work, viz: to clothe the dull, cold earth with a mantle of beauty; to turn things unknown to shapes and to give 'to airy nothings a local habitation and a name;' to keep forever burning the torches of enlightenment in a universe sunk in darkness of ignorance and sensuality; to inspire the drooping heart of the lowly, and to raise up him that is cast down; to minister to men by stamping new impressions on their hearts and kindling new joys in their paths.

We notice in *The Trinity Archive* of January three articles upon common and public schools. The first of these is entitled "Relation of Public Schools to Immigration and Material Progress," the writer of which has, in a few words, clearly shown the need of intelligent labor and the inducement that good schools would offer to the better class of immigrants to come South. "Relation of Public Schools to Southern Literature," though containing very few new ideas, shows some fluency in expression. "Common Schools of North Carolina" gives a sad account of lower education, but also some good suggestions for improvement along that line. We are glad to see this matter of schools entered into with so much zeal and hope that the influence from these articles will result in a better system of schools in North Carolina and in the whole South.

In the December number of *The Georgian*, there is a well-written biographical sketch of William Morris. "A Trbute to Charles Frederick Crisp" is another interesting article in this magazine, in which the writer has written of this truly grand man in a very sensible manner, and has not made use of any superfluous words of praise.

It seems to me that the January number of *The Wake Forest Student* is not up to its usual standard of literary merit, and we do not like to see this, for this magazine is probably the best that comes our way. In "Some Things That the World Should Be Thankful For," the writer has hastily, yet in an entertaining manner, reviewed for us two or three of the most remarkable scientific discoveries of 1896, and their development. "The Influence of the College in Character Building" is an ably written piece and is true in its statements from beginning to end so far as we are able to judge.

"The Hero of San Jacinto" in the *South Western University Monthly*, though somewhat high-sounding, is in the main a just tribute to the great Texas hero. The

logical arrangement of the argument in "No" and in "Was Cleveland Justifiable in Sending Troops to the Chicago Riot?" adds to the clearness of these pieces, but at the same time makes them too formal.

The Mercerian has a number of short articles upon literary subjects as well as upon subjects and questions of the day. The writers of these articles have learned a lesson that it would be well for some other people to learn, how to express thought in a few well-chosen words.

The contents of the *Tennessee University Magazine* is pleasing to look over. We see here literary discussions, narratives, and some fiction, with five or six short poems placed at intervals throughout. "De Quincey's Prose Poetry" is especially commendable and shows that the writer has true literary insight.

CLIPPINGS.

I love the woods—the silent silvan depths—
Far from the haunts where mortal tumults rise,
I love the woods where I commune with Him
Who speaks to me from trees and clouds and skies.

FORGETFULNESS.

A deep unfathomless abyss,
In which is cast more than a king can borrow;
A final resting place alike for bliss,
And the dull weary loads of sorrow.

We were seated in a hammock
On a balmy night in June,
When the world was hushed in slumber
Neath the guidance of the moon.

I had asked her one little question
And my heart was fi led with hope;
But her answer never reached me,
For her brother cut the rope.

AN ENIGMA.

The shooting star that flames the sky
  Is lost to view. 'Tis thus men die,—
A gleam of glory, flash of light,
  Then, darkness and eternal night.

Look not for truth in childish hopes and fears
In vain belief of ages, quick or dead.
Each but an alloy is, wherein 'tis found
The baser metal oft outweighs the gold.
Seek in thyself, deep hidden in each heart,
There, and there only lies the Well of Truth.

ALUMNI

NATHANIEL M. SALLEY, - Editor

Judge James C. Klugh.

Mr. James C. Klugh, '77, has recently been elected Judge of 8th District. For several years Mr. Klugh was Master of Newberry county, and he has proven himself a very efficient officer. Surely, the legislature has chosen a man of fine abilities.

While in college Mr. Klugh was a splendid student and enjoyed the respect and high regards of the student body and the faculty.

Mr. Klugh was a classmate of Chancellor James H. Kirkland and Rev. W. R. Richardson.

Mr. Hugo G. Sheridan, Jr., who went through the Junior Class, has an excellent high school at Holly Hill, S. C, He was elected Head Master of the Carlisle Fitting School, but declined that position. Mr. Sheridan has fitted a great many boys for Wofford and he is still doing a splendid work in his calling.

Dr. R. B. R. C. Wallace, '76, has a splendid practice at Lydia, S. C.

Mr. G. W. Brown, '76, is one of the most prominent lawyers at the bar of Darlington.

Mr. A. J. A. Peritte is a member of the House of Representatives from Darlington county.

Mr. W. A. Parrott, '83, is now beginning his third term as Clerk of Court of Darlington county.

Mr. Walter Parrott is an influential merchant of Darlington, S. C.

Mr. T. T. Lucas has charge of a branch store for Mr. J. D. Collins in Charlotte, N. C.

Mr. H. M. Wilcox is a leading business man of Darlington, S. C.

Rev. J. H. Thacker, '91, is in charge of the Hickory Grove circuit in York county.

Rev. A. J. Cauthen, '92, is in charge of Little Rock circuit, Marion county. Mr. Cauthen was at one time President of the Calhoun Society.

Mr. C. A. Sprott is farming at Jordan, S. C.

Mr. T. A. Graham is a member of the legislature from Anderson.

Mr. B. H. Henderson, '95, is a member of the House of Representatives from Berkley county.

Mr. Ben Crouch, who went through the Junior class, is now beginning his first term as Clerk of Court of Saluda county.

Mr. W. G. Muckenfuss is President of the Piedmont Broom Factory. This mill is doing a splendid business, and the company will soon increase its number of machines. We of the Senior class remember Mr. Muckenfuss as a gentleman and a man who always did his work well in the class room and society. We feel sure that under Mr. Muckenfuss's control the Piedmont Broom Factory will become a very important business institution in Spartanburg.

Rev. W. S. Stokes is in charge of the Conway circuit.

Rev. Peter Stokes is preaching at Rembert, S. C.

Rev. Jno. E. Carlisle, '73, is stationed at Union, S. C. Mr. J. C. Roper is supply at this point.

Rev. J. R. King, '79, is a member of the North Georgia conference. He is Presiding Elder of the Elberton District. At the last meeting of the S. C. conference he was an interesting and a welcome spectator.

Mr. W. T. McLeod is drumming for a large business concern.

Mr. Atticus H. Dagnall, '95, who, after graduating at Wofford, graduated at the head of his class in law at the South Carolina College, has hung out his shingle at Laurens, S. C.

Rev. G. F. Clarkson, '91, is in charge of the Huntsville circuit of the S. C. conference.

Mr. Elliott D. Smith, '89, is a member of the House of Representatives from Sumter county.

Rev. W. A. Pitts was married to Miss Sue Davis Feb. 17, 1897. While in college Mr. Pitts was a useful Christian student and he was at one time editor-in-chief of the JOURNAL.

To Shelley.

O sweetest singer of the realm of song!
  O deathless singer ef Earth's highest lays!
  Living in hearts of men thro' endless days—
Angelic, perfected, beautiful and strong!
Singer of hopefel songs to lighten wrong;
  Singer of joyous songs, that men may raise
  Their happy voices in some chant of praise;
Kindling the fire of FREEDOM in the throng—
  Thy music is the sweetest that mankind,
  Oppressed, down-trodden, hopeless, too, and blind,
Has heard—enraptured, as with angel choir;
  Thy songs the purest and the tenderest far
  That yet have reached us, O thou morning star,
Shining forever with celestial fire!

M. T.

Wofford Directory

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SOCIETY OF ALUMNI

FRATERNITIES

Chi Psi.; Kappa Alpha; Kappa Sigma
Pi Kappa Alpha; Sigma Alpha Epsilon, Chi Phi.

Robert S. Truesdale, Manager of Wightman Hall.

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LOCAL

T. C. EPPS, - - EDITOR.

On the evening of the 21st of January the Alumni formally presented the new gymnasium to the college trustees. The ceremony was witnessed by the faculty, students and a large number of friends. Capt. W. E. Burnett, '76, the president of the Alumni Association, represented that body, and with a very suitable speech gave the building over to the trustees. Bishop Duncan, president of the board, accepted it with a very appropriate speech and turned it over to Dr. Carlisle, who replied in his usually impressive manner. Mr. J. K. Owens, of the Junior class, expressed the sentiments of the students with a graceful speech of thanks.

The gymnasium, under the control of Mr. William Wurtenbaker, is a very attractive place, and a common resort for the boys. It is furnished with the most modern equipments, and is situated on the edge of the grove to the right of the front of the college, almost directly in front of Prof. DuPre's house. The building is painted a sky-blue color trimmed with white and presents a very beautiful picture as is represented in the accompanying cut.

Our labratory has been recently furnished with an outfit for experimenting with X-rays. This wonderful light is produced by passing a strong electric current through a glass bulb from which the air has been partly exhausted. The current passing through this rarified medium—called a Crooke's tube—makes a yellowish light. This, though apparently very dim, glows upon the surface of a fluoroscope, which is a small box-like structure, the one end fitted with a face-piece, and the other covered by some fluorescent substance. By looking through this turned towards the Crooke's tube you can see the

bright fluorescent surface, and upon placing your hand on it the bones are distinctly seen. A knife can be seen through two inches of solid wood, and the metalic contents of a closed pocket-book were plainly seen. These, and several other interesting experiments, were performed.

The delightful reception given last evening by the Converse Juniors to the Converse Seniors will be warmly remembered by the fortunate few Wofford Seniors, and all others who were invited guests. The spacious hall and pretty parlors were transformed into a veritable fairy land by beautiful plants and greens. Hearts, (of several kinds) darts and cupids were conspicuous, and a charm was added to the whole by the beautiful decorations in violet—the Senior color. A dainty *menu* was served in the dining hall by lovely little maids from the Freshman and Sophomore classes, who were valentines enough in themselves. Dainty fortunes sealed with double hearts were given as souvenirs. Mirth and music reigned until the "*wee sma' hours*," when the departing guests paid many compliments to the popular hostesses on the completeness of the entertainment, and the perfect pleasure that had marked it as the leading event of all the social gaieties of the season now drawing to an end.

Much of the success is due to President Wilson, who, together with many members of the faculty, assisted the young ladies in receiving. W. B. E.

Dr. Edgerton R. Young delivered a lecture in our chapel to the students last Monday. He has spent twenty-seven years in the northern part of Canada as a missionary among the Indians. There in that extremely cold country he led an extraordinary life, filled with many queer experiences and dangerous adventures. These he relates in such an interesting style that one never grows weary listening to him. This, and othe

Wofford College Gymnasium

similar lectures delivered in the city, were especially enjoyed by the students.

President E. B. Craighead, of Clemson College, has kindly confented to deliver the Annual Address before our two societies next commencement.

Dr. J. C. Kilgo spent last Sunday on the campus. Among other recent visitors were J. C. Roper, R. E. Copes, A. F. Woods, and T. S. Shuler, '93. The last is now traveling as a mail clerk in the U. S. civil service.

The anniversary celebration of the societies which was to come off on the 22d of February has been postponed uutil the following Friday night. This change was mabe on account of Mr. Culler's not having sufficiently recovered from a case of mumps.

Messrs. J. E. Walker, J. Major, Bennett, Watson, Pitts, Calhoun and Hoke, Sr., rupresented us last week at the State Y. M. C. A. convention which convened at Clinton. They report a most pleasant trip.

Cupid, the representative god of love, was stolen from Converso College during the night of the Junior reception, and is now suspended from the ceiling of one of our Senior's room, in whose case the god undoubtedly provep unequal to the emergency and brought upon himself thu penalty of being lynchcd.

Messrs. W. M. Connor, J. C. Smith, W. Boyd Evans and Geo. Brunson have gone to Charleston to witness the naval display.

"Here to the 'Rock Hill'
Up which Jack and Jill
  Went for a bucket of water.
It was old Jill and Jack,
Not Ed, Percy and Hac.
  They can't go, notwithstanding
They sought to."

"Coming Coogler."

W. C. CANNON

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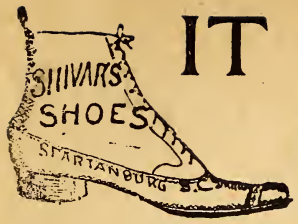

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Wofford College Journal

Established 1888 | March, 1897 | Vol. VIII No. 6

LITERARY

J. PERCY INABNITT, - EDITOR.

Wordsworth's Attitude to Nature.

In point of time Wordsworth predicts the dawn of a new era in religious life, especially as it relates to literature, and, by the impress of his genius in the form of verse, seems to link inseparably the two by a spiritual tie, Nature being the medium. To me there seems to be an intense, spiritual atmosphere pervading his entire works, as universal as the air encircling the earth. We look to his masterful works and find the stamp of his strong personality and religious creed. Here it is, we have clearly defined the true poet.

His clarion note peals forth clear and distinct, as it were, calling us to the grand revival of Nature study; yet how inattentive, how unappreciative, how reluctant was the reading public to recognize fully and support this summons of the true return of poetry to the real. How ill-timed from a national stand-point was this vigorous appeal! The world, as it seemed, was not yet ready to accept unconditionally his broad principles. Hence, it seems as if his keen insight into nature at once placed him above his readers.

By his apt treatment of nature, we have learned not only to respect and revere her, but even to become envious lovers. Who does not view nature more reverently after reading Wordsworth's verse? A supreme

awe and reverence can be noted even in the choice of themes. So keen an observer of outward forms was he, that not infrequently do we find so small a flower as the daisy arresting his attention, and made afterwards immortal by his verse.

It would be well, in passing, to take a glimpse into his poetry and there see how suitably the soul of man is blended with Nature's spirit. Reflect upon the profound spiritual meaning of these lines:

"My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The Child is father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety."

It is reasonable to suppose that as long as a love of nature dominates the human breast, so long will the verse of Wordsworth last. Judged by this standard, is not his poetry as everlasting as the very hills perpetuated in them? The answer comes, most assuredly.

The spiritual visions as seen by him in nature's form are as fresh as the morning dew before the sun of criticism descends upon them with all of its devastating influences. After reading his poems one feels as if he has been communing with nature. In the ode entitled "Intimations of Immortality" the whole span of one's life is carefully reviewed, and can be compared to a river, the source of which represents infancy, gushing forth from the unknown heart of nature, while the stream proper we will let characterize the intermediate steps between youth and old age, and its final emptying into the ocean, symbolic of that birth into a higher, nobler, spiritual life, into the realms beyond, where the spirit becomes immortal.

The Wordsworthian creed is again mirrored in his own language, as cited here:

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting,
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come,
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!"

The poet's profound respect and reverence for Nature can be well-noted in this line.

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

What a unique blending of the heart of man with that of nature! The main object in view seems to be to unite the two great forces, man and the universe. Admirably well, too, has the poet in question indissolubly linked the two. The poet contends that the spiritual love was shed abroad over the face of Nature as well as through the heart of mankind in general. This seems to be a plea of utmost moment to Wordsworth.

The keen penetrating insight into the very heart of nature is Wordsworth's sphere, and how regal is his rule. He catches the deep, inaudible voice of nature, as it speaks to his enraptured soul in the form of music, and then transcribes what he hears and sees to us in verse. The religious spirit as viewed and seen in the various forms of nature is translated into the living language of poetry for us. The poet could not have been better pleased than when communing with a spirit in nature, as he conceived it. And he thus becomes the seer of all seers of what is true, noble and divine in nature.

His religious belief, as we note, is Pantheistic in view. How searching are the efforts to conform the laws of nature to that of man's idea! The harmonizing influences that seem so intense, so all-pervading, completely conjoins the heart of man to nature. What deep forebodings of joy has one in worshipping at the shrine of nature's spirit. Are not, then, Wordsworth's personages woven in the loom of nature?

As the limpid water flows from the half-hidden spring, bringing the sweet, pure music of the deep inward soul, so we, by slaking our thirst there-at, may imbibe some of the primal truths issuing there-from. Did not Wordsworth drink deep at the spring of nature?

In conclusion, would say that the Pantheistic doctrine, held and fostered by Wordsworth, was fanned into living flames by the enervating breath of his poetry. God in Nature everywhere—this is the pure creed of Wordsworth.

T. McT. RAYSOR, '97.

Some Comments on Washington Irving as a Writer of History.

The idea common a few years ago that history must be mere statements of dry facts without any poetical sentiment, rhetorical touchings, or small displays of imagination, has almost died out. Doubtless, the excellent historical writings of such men as Prescott, Motley and Irving, our American historians, have had great influence in accomplishing this.

Irving's very nature was suitable for his being a historian, or perhaps I had better say a writer of legends of the long ago, for he was of a retrospective turn of mind, that being conformable with his desires for rest and ease. He was not so much influenced by the great questions of his own time as were Coleridge, Southey, Shelley, and other English writers. He formed no wildly suggestive schemes for the future; but, on the other hand, was glad to adapt himself to his surroundings, as we shall see when we come to discuss his writings upon Spanish subjects, and to let his thoughts rest upon things that happened years before. These old happenings seemed, indeed, to have had an especial attraction for him, and he labors over them long and carefully.

His first historical work, "Diedrick Knickerbocker's History of New York," cannot properly be called history; but as a piece of satire it is said that even Swift need not have been ashamed to own the authorship of it. Although not intended to be authentic, still it has an element of truth in it, as all satire must have. We get from it some idea of the customs, social life, and mode of warfare of the old Dutch and Swedish colonists, though humorously exaggerated they are. As an example, read that account of the battle between the Dutch and Swedes at Fort Christina, where there was such a din and clamor that "the earth shook as if struck with a paralytic stroke; trees shrunk aghast, and withered at the sight; rocks burrowed in the ground like rabbits; and even Christina Creek turned from its course and ran up a hill in breathless terror!" However, after all this, "the fortress of Fort Christina, which, like another Troy, had stood a siege of full ten hours, was carried by assault *without the loss of a single man on either side.*" Yet, in the face of all this broad humor, and the book is chock-full of it, we have it that a grave old German philosopher, on one occasion, quoted what Knickerbocker said in his "History of New York" in order to prove a point which he had made concerning New York.

Passing from this highly humorous account of our country, we next take up Irving's Spanish writings. The surroundings in Spain were especially adapted to Irving's temperament. We know him to have been of that gentlemanly, chivalric disposition and knightly character that would find it a very agreeable task to write of the heroic exploits of the Castilian and Moorish knights in "The Conquest of Granada" and "The Alhambra." For at that time, the middle of the fifteenth century, when the spirit of chivalry and knighthood was rife in all lands, it was especially prevalent in Spain, where there were abundant opportunities for its display in the numerous conflicts between the Moors and Spanish Christians. This was also the land where

Don Quixote loved and fought for, in manly spirit, his Dulcinea del Tabosa, and was led by his fevered imagination into so many ludicrous adventures. Here, in the midst of this chivalric atmosphere and poetic glamour of brave deeds done long ago, was Irving peculiarly situated to have his powers of romantic description and narration brought out in all their force.

He himself says concerning "The Alhambra:"

"It was my endeavor scrupulously to depict its half Spanish, half Oriental character; its mixture of the heroic, the poetic, and the grotesque; to revive the traces of its grace and beauty fast fading from its walls; to record the regal and chivalrous traditions concerning those who once trod its courts; and the whimsical and superstitious legends of the motley race now burrowing among its ruins."

And he succeeded in doing all this remarkably well, so well that he received praise from all English writers of note at that time.

In discussing Irving's historical writings, we started with the less authentic, but we have now come to where the author has become serious in regard to his work and has worked faithfully to give us the facts as he really believes them. He made careful research in the Archives of Spain; he also had the use of the historical documents of M. Navarrette, "material for a history rather than a history," and of several private libraries. He gives us the result of all this labor, adorned by his clear, attractive style, in his "Life of Columbus." He makes use of what is known as the philosophic method of treatment, showing how one event is the outgrowth of another. In the "Life of Columbus," after telling us of the youth of Columbus, and of his wanderings over Europe from court to court trying to find some one to enter into what was then considered his wild plan of finding a way to India by water, Irving shows how it was that, the conquest of Granada being completed, the Spanish knights and lovers of adventure had nothing

to occupy their time in Spain, and were, consequently, ready to accompany Columbus on his perilous voyage over the deep Atlantic. Although, as I have said before, Irving worked to have this authentic, the spirit of that age, the age of discovery, gave him ample opportunity for using his imaginative powers in certain places of his account, where strict adherence to facts was unnecessary, or where the imagination had to be brought in to fill out some blank in the narrative. But the greater part of this book is correct according to the judgment of those best acquainted with the history of that period. In giving the life of an important man, the men with whom he lived, as well as those who lived a short time after him and were influenced by him, come in for a share of the author's attention. Then, of course, Irving must give a history of the doings of the followers of Columbus as well as of those of Columbus himself. Therefore, we have accounts of the adventures and experiences of Ponce de Leon in search of the fountain of perpetual youth, of Balboa in his journey which led him to the Pacific, and of many others in their wonderful undertakings. The writing of this "Life of Columbus" was, also, agreeable to the temperament of the author, as the excellency of its arrangement and composition clearly shows. For Irving, you know, was fond of the adventures brought about by a change of scene, and was consequently pleased to trace the course of these sailors in their many voyages.

We have now come to what Irving considered his *chef d'oeuvre*, to a work to which he "had looked forward as the crowning effort of his literary career," the "Life of Washington." He himself said that the hand of Gen. Washington laid upon his head to bless him, when an infant, seemed an inspiration to him even in middle life, and that he would devote his resources in endeavoring to give a correct account of the life and labors of that great man. This is not only a life of Washington, but it is also a history of the American colonies and the first

years of our Republic; for what is history "but the record of the lives of great men." Some have claimed that Irving devoted too much time and space to the youth and private life of Washington. But is not a man's public conduct in trying times greatly dependent upon his training and upon his way of employing his private hours? Here again we have it that the events of the first days of the American colonies were especially suitable to be portrayed by Irving. For these early days were as full of romantic suggestiveness as were the days when the Spanish knights roamed through the forest or crossed the deep ocean in quest of adventure. The stormy times of the Revolution could also be well described by him; for, although a cosmopolitan, when it came to a question of America's honor, his deep-lying patriotism would manifest itself. This is clearly shown by the fact that in the war of 1812, when Gen. Ross burned the Capitol, Irving in answering someone's derisive question, "Wonder what *Jimmy* Madison will say now?" broke out in a burst of indignation, "Sir, do you seize upon such a disaster only for a sneer? Let me tell you, sir, it is not now a question about *Jimmy* Madison or *Jimmy* Armstrong. The pride and honor of the nation are wounded; the country is insulted and disgraced by this barbarous success, and every loyal citizen would feel the ignominy and be earnest to avenge it."

We have seen all along through this discussion that Irving was especially fortunate in the selection of events and men to describe, always choosing such as were pleasant for him to linger over, and portray in his lucid, flowing, half-humorous style. His sunny, jovial character was particularly adapted to enjoy the romantic and picturesque scenes of Spain, and the haunts of the crafty Indian, and the woodland homes of the American pioneers. And it is, perhaps, to this union of man and matter that we owe these most excellent historical writings of Washington Irving.

G. T. PUGH.

A Precious Pair.

"My darling, I love you."

"Tell me something new."

"My dearest, I adore you."

"Give me something fresh."

"Certainly; how will you have it—fried, poached, or omelet?"

"Take care, Mr. Cobalt; no arm-I-let." And she laughed languidly as a circumnavigating movement on the part of Mr. Cobalt's anterior limb failed to materialize.

"Well, I must say you are rather hard to please."

"Oh no, not hard to please, but dying of ennui; in short, such declarations as you are now indulging in are distinctly commonplace. Everyone talks love nowadays. Have you not observed it?"

Mr. Sidney Cobalt looked startled. "Right on to everything," he murmured. He changed his tactics.

"Er—Miss Sothern, I have an ideal."

"Destroy it, my dear Mr. Cobalt, destroy it. Ideals are only fit for college girls and those who have a sickly liking for sentimental soothing syrups."

"You are cynical, Miss Sothern, and hardly correct."

"Perhaps so; I lay no claim to infalibility, so will take your word for it."

"Mr. Sidney Cobalt smiled. "Tell me," he said, "aren't you rather a queer young lady?"

"Excuse me," she replied, ignoring his question, "this seat was built for two, but not this end of it. I do not care to be unnecessarily crowded and run the risk of getting shoved off. Besides, if that were to happen you could be arrested for violating a very serious law."

"Pardon me," he ejaculated, "I don't quite understand."

"Oh you are so dense," she laughed. "Did you not say I was queer?"

"Yes."

"Well, isn't it against the law to be 'shoving the queer?' "

Mr. Cobalt collapsed.

Miss Sothern feigned alarm. "You look positively pale, Mr. Cobalt, are you sick?"

"Yes," he replied, weakly, "I'm dangerously ill."

"Shall I call some one?"

"No, no; I'll pass the crisis in a few minutes, and I think the symptoms are favorable. But don't get off anything like that, again. You see my constitution is not a strong one. I had a terrible time teething when I was young, and any sudden shock might bring on a relapse."

"Can I do anything for you?" And she smiled sympathizingly.

"Thank you. Just feel my pulse, please, and then examine my chewing paraphernalia."

"Everything is all right," she replied, laughing.

"How kind of you. Now just hold my left hand in your left hand and gently stroke my forehead with the digits of your right palm, and in the course of an hour I may be able to take a little beef tea."

"Mr. Cobalt, you are very amusing."

"Don't mention it."

"But, really, I must. Your humor reminds me of Emerson's Representative Men."

"The deuce! why, pray?"

"It's so deadly dry."

Mr. Cobalt smiled airily. "Emerson and I speak to the cultured few; you will find us on the mental menus of scholars and students."

"Indeed! I'm so glad you told me. Now, I understand why the faces of scholars and students are so often 'sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.' The poor fellows need a change of diet."

"You are wonderfully bright," he replied, ironically.

"Yes; I found that out while at college," she returned,

imperturbably.

"Then you are a college graduate?"

"By no means. I thought it best to retire gracefully before I finished—ignominiously."

"Ah, I see," he replied, smiling; "shipped, eh?"

"Certainly not; I was just too bright, that's all."

"Well, I must say I don't quite see the consistency of —of—things."

"Well, it was this way, Sir Obtuse: The faculty came to the conclusion that my presence *cast a reflection* on the college, and so I very obligingly sought the shelter of the parental roof. Why, how pale you are; not sick again, I trust?"

"I told you not to get off anything like that, again," he gasped, weakly. "How could you do it? I'm done for now, and all on account of lovely woman."

"Well, really," murmured Miss Southern, with seeming contriteness, "I suppose I should apologize. However, I hardly think it so serious as you pretend—you seem to have an infinite capacity for taking pains."

Mr. Cobalt's eye brightened. "Yes; according to Johnson I'm a full-blooded genius; but you needn't get alarmed, I'm no writer of books. I'm brutally selfish, you see, and keep all the good things of my genius for my own mental tooth."

"How horrid of you! But, really, do you ever scribble?"

"Oh yes, I frequently get off some good things."

"And they are published, of course?"

"Nixie." And Mr. Cobalt emphasized his answer with a frown.

"Another case of unappreciated genius, eh?" And she smiled a little maliciously.

"Perhaps so," he replied, quietly. "Then, too, it may be a parallel case to your college career. Productions too bright, you know; editors fearing the reflection that would be cast on the pages of their periodicals. But the

subject is of no special interest to anyone save myself suppose we change it."

"Not until you give me a sample of your latest," she replied. "Now be nice and obliging and do as I bid you."

"Well, I shall not be so foolish as to resist the irresistible. And you are irresistible, dear," he added, softly; "let me tell you all about it."

"No, sir," she answered, determinedly. "I want to hear something more interesting."

"All right," he said, resignedly, "I shall give you one stanza from my masterpiece. It is entitled 'The Wherewithal; or, Who Ever Saw It.' Now, give me your dainty ear:

> " 'The earth moves on with mysterious whirl,
> And Science wears a long face;
> For it can't get on to the curves of the world
> Without stepping off into space.'

"How is that for poetic effluvia?"

"Lovely, Mr. Cobalt, lovely; but what about the metre?"

"Miss Sothern, poetry is the language of the soul. Do you think the greatest of all psychological puzzles is going to concern itself with paltry metre when it mounts Pegasus and rises to flights which stretch—er—which stre—. Ahem! excuse me, Miss Sothern, but I will let that height alone until it gets through stretching and you quite get through gaping."

"Pardon me, Mr. Sidney Cobalt, but I never gape."

"I apologize," he returned quickly; "I should have said mouth extension."

"My dear Mr. Cobalt, you need training in the science of exegetics. You accuse me of gaping while you and your Pegasus were galloping about in the 'hyaline spaces.' That is unjust of you. Have you never heard of open-mouthed admiration."

"Well, I must say you are a cute one," and he looked his admiration. "Look here," he continued, "let's quit

this foolishness and come back to the first point of view. I love you wildly, frenziedly, deliriously, madly, insanely. I have been trying to tell you so for three hours, but you have held me off. I am going to unload now or blow up trying; so give me your attention and beware of an explosion."

"Mr. Cobalt, let me ask you one question, please?"

"Interrogate," he cried, striking a dramatic attitude.

Miss Sothern straightened herself. "How many times have you told that pitiful story of yours since you recovered from teething?"

"Do you mean to how many women?"

"Exactly."

"Sorry I can't furnish you with a correct record," he said, respectfully; "but I never thought of keeping an account of such adolescent eruptions. But you should not allow a little thing like that to worry you," he continued, soothingly. "You must know the true state of my cardiacal organ. Besides, I have all confidence in you, and not one word concerning your escapades with Cupid have I asked. Exercise a little faith, my dear."

"I believe you are rather nice," she murmured, glancing him over.

"Thanks; that's much better," he replied, smiling; "but can't you put it stronger? I don't deny in the least my toothsome qualties, but when you call me nice you place me on a par with candy, and to be associated with taffy is not one of my ambitions."

"Well," she returned, slowly, "suppose I should say you were awfully cute?"

"Say it, my dear, and there will be a show. The gorgeous, spectacular serio-comic bill entitled 'The Collision of the Labiels,' will be presented, and Mr. Sidney Cobalt and Miss Sothern, star and star-ess, respectively, will appear in pleasing specialties consisting of various and sundry muscular contractions of an osculatory nature."

"Please translate," she said, sweetly.

"Anything to be obliging, Miss Sothern. It is a Latin-

ized sentence, indirect discourse, and means a caressing of lips."

"Oh, indeed !"

"Yes; very much so, thank you."

"I am afraid I shall make a very poor actress," she murmured, with mischief in her eyes. "Does it take any great amount of talent ?"

"Just a skillful manipulation of mouth and a little practice," he replied, reassuringly.

"Thanks, I understand; how long before the show will begin ?"

"Right off," said Mr. Cobalt, quickly. "Do you think you can manage your part ?"

"Perfectly." And Miss Sothern smiled bewitchingly.

Mr. Sidney Cobalt struck a dramatic attitude. "Fair lady," he cried, "the question in my mind, as I stand on bended knee before thy royal presence is: to kiss or not to kiss ? What say thou ?"

One light spring brought Miss Sothern to his side, and raising her pretty face "with gladness overspread," she said softly, sweetly, yet with an air irresistibly audadacious, "Lay on, Macduff; and damned be him that first cries, 'Hold, enough !' "

And so this precious pair became engaged.

J. A. SULLIVAN.

Wofford College Journal

A Literary Magazine, published Monthly by the Calhoun and Preston Literary Societies of Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C.
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PRESTON SOCIETY
G. T. Pugh, Exchange
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EDITORIAL

R. S. TRUESDALE, - - Editor

As may be seen from the attitude of nation to nation as shown in the current literature, there seems to be that spirit of consultation on all great subjects. Representatives and committees are doing their greatest work at this time. More of reason is exercised and the consequence is that stirrers up of strife and prejudice have lost an abundance of material for making themselves famous. It is happy to note the fact that the two great English-speaking peoples of the world have led out in the direction of peace that will not be easily broken. Speaking of this people as a whole, it has led in all enterprises that have made the most lasting changes in the political, social and religious life of the world. Wherever it has planted itself it has spoken its own language and practiced its own religion. From it has sprung the leaven that is destined to leaven the world. If it has done all this, it is necessary that it still may go on toward a higher and more compact society. It is necessary that the entire English-speaking

people be united in one common purpose, and that to lead the world into the light of peace. All seems to be favorable for this end. Better understanding exists to-day than at any previous time, and this means the growth of sympathy and the putting forth of efforts for the common good. It is hoped that the day is past when one nation will adopt this or that measure when it will be taking advantage of another in order to carry out the narrow, provincial prejudices that may exist. Society in the broader sense of the term means not only America, and Europe, but all the world. Development has reached a high standard, and the great body has become nervous and very sensitive to the least wrong done by any member. Let the day come when no member of this great society, be he wherever he will, may spend his money or his labors in any enterprise that will not be for the public good.

A sketch of the life of Queen Victoria in the *Review of Reviews* presents to the reader a character of which every man who has a drop of Anglo-Saxon blood in his viens should be proud. Hers is the longest reign in English history, and the country, like the sun, has passed behind many a dark cloud only to come forth again to greater glory.

It is remarkable that many times the Queen has been called upon to decide for or guide her people as to international affairs, and the throne has always proven a reservoir of power that might be drawn from at needy times. She has been a model woman in the capacities of wife and mother, and able to be touched by the sorrows and griefs of her people. The following words show her to be a true and real human being: "Pre-eminent above all other qualities which Her Majesty has displayed is the supreme divine grace of sympathy. The Queen having suffered much has sympathized more. Every national disaster has evoked her warm-hearted succor. If her Prime Minister has been the head Her

Majesty has been the heart of the realm. It was somewhat touchingly remarked the other day that from her earliest childhood the Queen has hardly ever been out of mourning. Her life indeed has been passed in the shadow of the tomb, which has opened to receive in slow succession almost all her contemporaries, and not a few of her own children and her children's children. But still from the unfailing depths of her womanly sympathy she draws consolation for the bereaved and comfort for the sorrowing." It is England's Queen and not the Queen's England.

A community, a state. a nation that has no patriotism has no aggressive principle on which to plant itself. The patriotism that makes men leave home for the hardships of war, and noble women to give up their sons with a joy to fight for their hearth and home is great; but there is a greater. A greater defense than that of one's country is the defense of one's moral and spiritual life. If there were no departure from the light and glory that God has made possible, natural action would cleanse society of any useless member. Such cleansing is needed continually, and with an already recognized standard of worth, there should be the means by which this can be brought about. If a member of any body or society will not be moral as to private life, he should be forced to public decency.

"There are a good many truths which there is urgent need of teaching nowadays, but none on which it is better worth while to insist than the need of combining morality and manliness, using both terms in the widest sense."

There may be a kind of morality without manliness, but there can be no manliness without morality. Manly fellows are those who do what they are not ashamed for the best men to know. Turn the light in on them and it is all right nor is the world shocked.

"Down among the White Mountains," says President Finley, of Knox College, "there is a cliff, one side of which has been fashioned by the hand of nature to resemble a human face. It is called the 'Old Man of the Mountains.' He looks straight ahead. He does not bend his face to catch the cooling breeze from the South nor to avert the chill winds of winter from the North. May this face picture our purpose and our living. May we not be led from duty by the temptations of pleasure, of idleness, of comfort, nor driven from it by difficulties, but looking in the midst of our daily and often insignificant tasks, to the larger plans of God for us, may we find the courage and patience to endure to the end."

The above is an extract from a chapel talk and suggests Christ's testimony concerning John who was shut up in prison. Not a reed to accommodate itself to every passing breeze, nor a king in fine raiment, but a man with a purpose in his heart, a preparer of the way for greater things.

It is hard to tell what will be the outcome of the present agitations in Crete, Cuba and the Phillippine Islands. All seem so be stirred from the depths and determined to be independent. As to Crete, most all is conjecture as yet, but the greater trouble may spring up outside the island in some ugly affair not yet seen; and Cuba is prepared both in mind and resources to carry on the war with Spain for an almost indefinite length of time. One great advantage for the Cubans is that they have so acted as to command the respect of the onlooking world and to cause the Spanish to feel less confidence in their power. Cuba is struggling for liberty, Spain for money. The vigorous exercise of their small means has created the vision of complete independence in the Cuban mind. May they soon realize it as a fact!

We hope hereafter to have the JOURNAL reach its

readers in good time. We would here urge that the *student body* take more interest in their periodical. The literary editor will not mind reading a great many articles to choose the good ones, nor will he charge a man with presumption who hands him an article unasked for. If you are a Freshman, that does not differ, you may be able to write as well as many who do. Your production may not be published, but you will be prepared for a day that awaits you in the future.

EXCHANGE

G. T. PUGH, EDITOR

"The Loneliness of Genius," in *Workaday World*, is a very suggestive article and shows some originality in parts.

The Georgian continues to hold a prominent position among our exchanges. "The Spirit of the Age" has the breath of life in it. It shows that the author has been moved by the course of affairs to look at things somewhat gloomily, but towards the close of the piece he speaks more encouragingly: "I sometimes think that our craze for new inventions and multiplied industries has led us to neglect the most important industry of all, and the one all others should attend, the making of a *man*. Yet I believe that the world will eventually turn away from the practical and mechanical ideas of the age." There are other well written contributions to this magazine.

We are glad to add three or four more magazines to our exchange list: *La Reveille*, *The Fairmont Normal*, and *The King College Magazine*. They make a nice appearance, and contain some very creditable reading matter. "The Influence of Ideals in a Young Girl's Life," in *La Reveille*, contains some good advice from a kind, sympathetic heart. But it seems that the articles in *The King College Magazine* try to compass too much.

"George Gordon Byron," in *The Furman Echo*, is the only piece in the magazine that can claim any real literary merit. It seems that the exchange and local departments have too much space in this magazine.

In the Y. M. C. A. Notes of *The Southern University Monthly*, there are some very valuable remarks concerning Sunday studying, closing with: "The merchant mer-

chandising and the plowman plowing is as justifiable in the sight of God as the Sunday student. Young men, for the sake of yourself, for the sake of your mother, and for the sake of Jesus, refrain from this sinful practice." "Honor vs. Honors," in this same magazine, though a short article, strikes bottom, and solid bottom, too.

The *Emory Phœnix* for February has an interesting account of "Journalism at Emory." This magazine also contains a short article on "Politicians" which gives a striking comparison between the two kind of politicians.

The Randolph-Macon Monthly has too many departments to keep up to rise as high as it might otherwise do. However, it deserves some credit for carrying so well this heavy load of locals and editorials and Y. M. C. A. notes. The "Experience of a Gay Young Widow" is a very good story, told in an entertaining manner, and is very true to experience in places.

The Wake Forest Student for February contains a number of excellent productions. "If I Had Another Year at Wake Forest" shows in a clear manner how a student often misspends his time, and contains some useful suggestions for young men at college concerning some things that a student rarely ever thinks about. "A Broken Heart" is a touching story about a "moonshiner" and his sweetheart. And there are several other well-written articles; indeed, the students of Wake Forest seem to take special interest in getting out a good, attractive magazine.

"The Storming of a Bachelor's Heart—A Sketch," in *The Peabody Record*, pleases me very much, as it is free from that sickening stuff that is so often seen in some of our magazines under the name of "fiction." "Is Matthew Arnold's Estimate of America Just?" is an ably written piece and is carried to a logical conclusion.

"Vox Debiti," in *The Davidson Monthly*, is indeed a creditable piece of poetry.

In the alumni department of *The Erskinian* J. D. G. gives some safe and sound remarks upon "Hang Your Wagon to a Star." For example: "Manhood, crowned with trust in Christ, mastered by one passion—His glory. Manhood, lily-like, rising out of the moil and mire of earth, with open heart to receive the sunshine of heavenly glory." "Woman Nobly Planned" is also a good article, showing a familiarity with Wordsworth.

CLIPPINGS.

Say the sweetest things in all the world
  That I may dream sweet dreams to-night;
Whisper one low word from out thy heart
  To keep my heart forever bright.

SIDNEY LANIER.

Music and song, twin passions without peer—
These, sanctified by love, illumined thy life, Lanier.
O flute-voiced bard! Thy soul shines yet more clear
In God's infinity. Sing on, Lanier!

ALUMNI

NATHANIEL M. SALLEY, - Editor

Class Spirit.

One hears sometimes: "Such and such a class is a good, manly set of fellows, but *class spirit* is lacking among them." Now what is meant by that term—*class spirit?* Not an easy matter to get at, but generally something like this: a feeling of *unity* among the individuals on all questions concerning the whole; a certain amount of fellowship intellectual and social, above all, a unanimity as to the upholding of a high *moral standard* to which the members shall, in a respectable degree, measure up.

Without doubt this is the right and desirable condition—to be coveted by any class. But, sadly it must be acknowledged, too often there exists quite another kind of spirit: namely—Selfish indifference. Each for himself and the devil take the hindmost. A member may be far gone into reprobacy, and the class, generally cognizant, wink at it. Why? Simply because there is wanting a class-selfrespect: moral *tone* conspicuously defunct or slumbering. Those men who would take a strong stand for the right feel themselves restricted, bound and entangled in meshes of the existing order of things. Selfishness and moral turpitude being in the ascendency, the upright men are conscious of weakness, knowing such a thing as class action to be well nigh impossible. "Oh," whine the weak, "let the faculty attend to those cases. We have no right to send a man away." You are wrong, my well-meaning but weak friends. The *right* you have, but not the moral courage to *act*. Remember, also, that the faculty have not *your* opportunity of knowing the secret life of your fellow student, and must necessarily remain in ignorance of much that passes under *your* not sensitive noses.

But how is the proper class-spirit to be attained? Only by a vigorous, ever watchful, strong and determined stand for purity, honesty, morality on the part of the classes' best men. Shame on you, men of upright character, you who love Light rather than Darkness, to keep your mouths closed when you know to a moral certainty that among you are those who get drunk, frequent places of no doubtful repute, the bent of whose lives is to immorality! Do you allow such to remain among you, to take diplomas by your side, be numbered with you as deserving the reward of four years honest work and right living? Shame, and greater shame that in cases you even bestow on such the offices of honor which are in your hands. "Oh, he is the best fitted intellectually." Not so fast, my short-sighted friend. Do you wish to be known as men with intellect, not as men of *character?*

Therefore, bestir yourselves, strong sons of Wofford. Let two or three of you take a decided stand and followers will not be wanting. Is it not possible to have a class, the sentiment of which shall be somewhat of this tone. no trifler in books or morals can abide here. This class will maintain a high and decided self-respect; let the light, frivolous individual who would degrade those God-given talents of his look to himself; let him take himself off, if he mend not his ways. This class shall issue from college sound in all points; rotten limbs shall be lopped off, nor shall the smell of any putresence adhere to it. Watchword: Confidence in each other, in ourselves; over all, confidence in God.

ALUMNUS.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Rev. O. M. Abney, '94, is in the Theological Seminary at Vanderbilt.

Rev. W. T. Duncan, '94, is preaching on the Anderson

Circuit, S. C. conference. While in college Mr. Duncan was editor of the Exchange Department of the JOURNAL.

Mr. D. D. Wallace, '94, who took his A. M. at Vanderbilt last year, is now one of the professors in the Carlisle Fitting School at Bamberg, S. C. This school will very probably be "boomed" by the fact that Bamberg has been made a county-seat. We look for great results from the Head Master, Mr. W. E. Willis, '92, and his excellent corps of professors. When in college Mr. Wallace made a splendid success of the JOURNAL as its Editor-in-Chief, and neither the faculty nor his fellow-students will be surprised at any achievement he makes.

Rev. P. B. Wells, '94, is on the Blenheim circuit. Mr. Wells was President of the Calhoun Society. We look for a great deal from Mr. Wells as a preacher, for he never said anything in the Society unless he had something to say, and besides he is one of the few students who have ever attained the distinction of being master of good, simple, strong English style.

Rev. George F. Kirby, '94, is in the Western N. C. Conference. He is stationed on Swananoa circuit. He was at one time President of the Calhoun Society. He is remembered as a capable officer and as a member who was ever intensely jealous of the rapid progress of the Society. The last time our hall was remodelled he had entire supervision of the work. It is needless to say it was done in manner entirely satisfactory to all.

Rev. A. V. Harbin, '94, is a member of the Los Angeles Conference. He is stationed at Moneta, Cal. His congregation consists of Chinamen, Mexicans and Spaniards. Mr. Harbin seems to be very much pleased with his work, but says there is much need of more workers in this field. Very often while on his way to church he can hear his neighbors hunting in the woods hard by. This is certainly a splendid opening for a young preacher

with the heart of a true missionary. We are sure Mr. Harbin will prove true and strong in his calling, for he was as a student a Christian gentleman.

Besides the ministers already mentioned, there were in class of '94 Rev. M. L. Banks, Rev. E. S. Jones, Rev. W. J. Snyder, all of the S. C. conference. Eight out of a class of nineteen is certainly a large per cent. for this one profession, considering the fact that there are only seven preachers in the whole student body at this writing.

Mr. H. L. Bomar, '94, of the law firm of Thomason & Bomar, will never be forgotten by the members of the Senior class now in the Calhoun Society as decidedly the President of the most pleasing, dignified and successful policy as a President that they have ever seen in the Calhoun chair.

Mr. W. M. Ellerbe, '94, has charge of Gov. Wm. H. Ellerbe's plantation. Not long since, we heard a very intelligent and highly educated gentleman express his opinion that he wished more graduates would follow farming as a life-work; for now is the day of small profits in almost every line of business, and tilling the soil, besides offering as much renumeration as almost any other industry, certainly needs the progress that intellectual men would be bound to put into it.

Another graduate who has chosen farming as a profession is Mr. S. J. McCoy, '95. It sounds strange to call farming a profession, but until it is considered as such farm products will neither be as excellent nor abundant as they might be. Mr. McCoy also has a school near Holly Hill.

Prof. J. A. Wiggins, '95, again has charge of the Denmark Graded School. Not long ago Mr. Wiggins was married to Miss Connor, of Colleton county. While in college Mr. Wiggins was President of the Calhoun Society and editor of the Exchange Department of the JOURNAL.

Messrs. W. J. Crossland, '95, and J. E. Warnock, '95, are studying medicine at the Charleston Modical College.

Rev. A. Coke Smith, D.D., is stationed at Lynchburg, Va. He went there from Norfolk, Va., where, under his inspiration, was built perhaps the handsomest Methodist church in the South. It cost $150,000. Dr. Smith, besides being a wonderfully eloquent man, is always loved by his congregation in a most remarkable manner. While at Norfolk his hold on the people was something phenomenal. We South Carolinians will never forget that Dr. Smith is a South Carolinian and a graduate of Wofford College.

Wofford Directory

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Robert S. Truesdale, Manager of Wightman Hall.

LOCAL

T. C. EPPS, - - EDITOR.

The College Work in the Y. M. C. A. Convention.

It was rightly said by one of the delegates that the work in colleges was the most important and interesting feature of the convention; and as this was the general opinion I have decided to give a brief account of the part that this work did play in the convention.

I suppose that one thing that caused the above remark was the time that was devoted to college work, for besides being touched upon in almost every meeting, Sunday afternoon was wholly given up to the discussion of college work by college men.

The first address in this field was made by Mr. Douglas of Philadelphia, on "The Y. M. C. A. in Institutions of Higher Learning." He compared the rapid advancement in this department of association work during the last twenty years to the slow progress made during the twenty years prior to this time. The first Y. M. C. A in America was established in 1858 at the University of Virginia; and in 1877, at an international gathering of association men only twenty-six associations had been established in American institutions, and to-day, only twenty years later, there are in North America alone 277 associations with a total membership of 35,000.

The next subject was "The Chief Hindrances to a Successful College Association," by J. R. Walker of Wofford College, who said that after writing to several associations in this state on this subject, and comparing their replies with his own experience he had come to the conclusion that the chief hindrance was the lack of consecration on the part of association workers, and their indifference to personal work. He earnestly entreated

the delegates to consecrate themselves more to the association work and to take a greater interest in personal work.

Mr. Frank Parrot of the South Carolina College read a good paper on "The Bible's Place in Successful College Association." He showed how essential the Bible was in the life of a Christian student and an earnest Y. M. C. A. worker. The worker must study the Bible if he would work effectually among his fellow students; and moreover he will grow in his own spiritual life by a daily devotional study of the Bible.

I will now pass to the best meeting of the convention from a student's point of view, and that is the meeting held at 3 o'clock on Sunday afternoon. Among the questions discussed in this meeting were: "How to get college men converted?" Here are some of the suggestions made: Let the Christian men of the college show to the unconverted that they love them and have a personal interest in them; by studying individual cases; pick out a man and study his likes and dislikes until you know how to approach him, by showing the beauties and joy of the Christian life and in this way create the desire in the sinner to become a Christian; and lastly, by consistency and perseverance. The next head was "Personal Work." Let the consecrated men in the college do the personal work. Let the motto of the personal worker be "Pray, persevere, and stand high in his class." Then the question, "How to get a good attendance at the prayer meetings" was discussed. Let the association emphasize the importance of the fall campaign when the boys are fresh from home and home influences; have good, wide-awake men on the committees, men alive to their duty; also have good music. One association has had a decided increase in their attendance since they have organized a choir. This meeting was characterized throughout by a spirit of earnestness and enthusiasm which showed that the coming year will be one of progress in the college work.

The question arose as to whether college men and young men of the town should unite and form one association. But it was the general impression that these two classes of young men could not work together successfully.

One of the most impressive meetings was on Sunday evening, the time of the last meeting, when the delegates joined hands and sang "Blest be the tie that binds." Then the convention was adjourned *sine die* by President Kneble.

MARVIN V. BENNETT.

The anniversary celebration of the Preston and Calhoun Societies was held on the 5th instant. In spite of unfavorable weather and small attendance the occasion passed off very pleasantly. As for the speeches I have nothing to say, for our readers will probably have a chance to read them elsewhere. The reception was much enjoyed by all who attended.

At the last meeting of the College Athletic Association, Prof. H. N. Snyder resigned his position as President of that body. Prof. A. B. Cooke was elected in his stead. The latter has had much experience in this line, and takes an active interest in it. We expect the association to prosper under his guidance.

Our baseball prospects are becoming brighter. Cap(t). Smith has his mind, heart, energy, time and pocket book in the cause. The team spends every favorable afternoon on the grounds, and are showing signs of marked improvement. As yet the dates for only two games are definitely fixed, namely: Wake Forest on April 16th and Carolina on the 30th of the same month. Both of these games will be played on our own grounds. In the next issue we will announce fully the schedule of games for this season.

The officers of the Preston Society for this official term

are: T. O. Epps, President; G. T. Pugh, Vice-President; J. C. Allen, Secretary; W. A. Medlock, 1st Corrector; R. S. Truesdale, 2nd Corrector; R. A. Law, Treasurer; W. H. Stuckey, Corresponding Secretary; P. H. Stoll' 1st Censor; W. G. Ward, 2d Censor.

The election held a few days ago for the Sophomore exhibition, which will come off on the second Friday evening in May, is as follows: E. D. Atkins, J. P. Gray and W. H. Stuckey declaimers from the Preston Society, and M. B. Jennings, Ernest Wiggins and H. S. Parnell from the Calhoun. Mr. T. P. DeGafferelly, class Vice-President, will preside over the occasion, Mr. Jennings, the President, being a speaker. Mr. J. Ed. Edwards was elected Chief Marshall. The other marshalls are Messrs. C. M. McTeer, Claude Nash, R. L. Wolff, Bob Geddis, W. D. Holland and M. L. Hart.

It was a pleasure to have Dr. Geo. W. Walker, of Payne Institute, with us last Sunday, and to hear him from our rostrum. Dr. Walker is an alumnus of Wofford, of whom she has just cause to be proud.

Mr. E. M. Lanham, '94, of Texas, was on the campus a few days ago. He was on his way to Washington.

The Southern Railway offers special rates of *one first-class fare for round trip* to the Southern Baptist Convention which will meet at Wilmington, N. C., May '97. Tickets on sale May 3d to 7th, inclusive. For further information, apply to W. P. IRWIN, Ticket Agt.,
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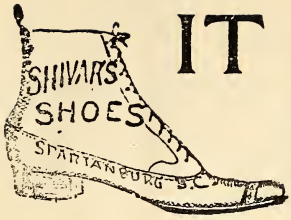

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Wofford College Journal

Established 1888 | April, 1897 | Vol. VIII No. 7

Wofford College Library, No.

LITERARY

J. PERCY INABNITT, - EDITOR.

Hawthorne as a Novelist.

During the half century preceding Hawthorne, the writers which we had had been dealing in abstractions. By this, I mean that they stood on the outside, as it were, and advanced their philosophy and theories without entering into the inner life. They had nothing to do with the concrete. But this will not do, for we know that unless we join the abstract with the concrete that the work will have no interest for us, or at least this is likely to be the case. We must be reached in some other way than by the intellect alone, our emotional natures must be aroused. Now how can this be done otherwise than by having a picture presented to us in which we can see the human figures and hear their voices and join our sympathies to theirs.

In doing this there must be a genius, and he must be able to enter into the life of his characters just as into his own, and then he is in a position to set forth his philosophy. Then it is that the outside world will have its feelings aroused, and can get hold of the truth which has long been only in waiting for this setting forth.

But in the interpretation of life from the inner side, the outside must not be neglected; in truth, the genius must be careful not to overdo either side, or he will lose some of the color and warmth which he would otherwise have had. Now the first man in whom we have this to be set forth is Hawthorne.

He so managed his characters, plots, and style, and became such a master in his own line that he added to American literature a kind of romance which it did not possess before. His being simple has been of very great help to him, and also his being master of his own kind of expression. I think we can say, with very good grounds for it, that he is our first and most valuable type of American genius, as applied to the field of letters.

I shall say a few words about his early life only, as it may bear upon his genius and field of work. His father was a seaman, and dying away from home made of him and his mother recluses. Now we know that it is a rare nature that can stand retirement; it gives one an unhealthy view of himself and of the world. But we shall see later what will be the result of all this upon the subject about which we are talking. This was all necessary for him to be fitted to do what he has done for us in the field of letters. Its being a period of recluseness does not mean that he did nothing, for it was with him one of meditation of which we have seen the outcome in his after-life.

Some one has called him a pioneer and master of that field which we now call realism, and which in the latter part of the nineteenth century has had so much to do with fiction. Now why is he called the pioneer and master of that literary method? Well, because he came at a time when the writing of stories was more than we usually meant by such. I begin with the stories because his romances are only steps higher up on the ladder. In his field I think we can say that he always touched bottom. Besides, and of more importance than the above, he took his styles, plots and backgrounds from the scenes amid which he had grown up. This alone would have given him the place in literature to which I referred above. A German gentleman has given to him the honor of being the greatest writer of the century. Another also says, as I have above briefly alluded to, that he is the true writer of fiction yet produced on

our American continent. Now this is saying very much but I think there is sufficient ground to warrant one in saying it. In fact fiction is Hawthorne's proper field of work. He sought to bring the spirit of man, and the things with which he was associated, into relations with one another.

As regards his themes they are those of human life, and what strikes us and makes us interested in them is that they are the profoundest. Of course his style also comes in and has its part to perform. This brings up another point of importance, and it is this: that when we learn his secret we go to him to get instructed in the arts of style with which we are unfamiliar. He himself says of his style that it is the result of a great deal of practice. It is a desire to tell the simple truth as honestly and as vividly as one can. We can see through this all right, and may think that it is a very simple or a very easy thing to do, but when it comes to the action there is where we fail. It may be considered an advantage by some to have some one who has already preceded them in their line, or a disadvantage if no one has gone before them. Consider that as we may, Hawthorne had to open his way; he had to be the creator in his special field of work which is so well known to us now. It is possible and very probable that he would have been injured if he had followed in the footsteps of his predecessors.

Wherever he was there he found his background. As some one so well expresses it, "as was the flower to its root, so was he to his background;" he grew from it, and out of it so truly. Another thing, which we may take to bring out more fully his realism and we may also say idealism, was his minuteness in his study as well as delicate portrayal of character and lightness of touch.

Now a little more as regards his themes and field of art, we can sum all this up by saying that it was the human heart. In a more general way his themes are the unfoldings of the inner life, especially of the moral

side of it. He described this in all its purity. In his romances, and stories also for that matter. Hawthorne has some moral to bring out, or, if not this, the theme is found to hinge upon a moral. In fact his whole life was after the straightest sect of living, and in expressing the moral side of a character he may at times become fanciful to some extent. But this may be excusable as we know that the most difficult part of one's nature to express is the moral side, consequently to express the morals fully we have to have recourse to symbols.

Moreover in his descriptions Hawthorne seems to have a love of going into detail. This may at times get a little heavy and tiresome, but not a very usual occurance. His romances are so written that, finding out the background, and there also being a law of development under which his characters work out themselves to the moral situation which we usually find at the bottom, we soon learn that it is a pleasure rather than a duty to read and study out what he has there stored up for us. They are so written that we inter into and become as it were a necessary part to them.

By reading some of his stories in the volume entitled the "Snow Image," we get an insight into his literary life, and also get the general style of the plots and developments of the others. These same powers of his which were made manifest in his stories were also displayed in his romances but more broadly and largely, yet I do not think any more truly.

At the head of the list of his works stands "Fanshawe," published in 1828; then nine years later we have his "Twice Told Tales." In this we have Hawthorne just as he has become one of our men of letters. Following this he has several "Juvenile Stories," "Snow Image." "Mosses from an Old Manse," etc. The above order is not that in which they were written, but rather somewhat that of their importance.

This brings us now to his three American novels, "The Scarlet Letter," "House of Seven Gables," and

"Blithedale Romance." Briefly in regard to the first one, as with most of his works, it has the tone of the circumstances in which it was produced. I think we may well call this his greatest success, and that he was not long in finding himself famous as a man of letters. The personages strike one not exactly as characters, but somewhat as representatives; the fanciful element he has also abused in some instances. However I think this is almost brushed away by that highest degree of merit which is "his indefinable purity and lightness of conception." Just to show how Hawthorne felt about this time, we may mention his writing to Fields, his publisher, and asking him who would be willing to publish anything written by the most unpopular man in America. But for all that we have "Scarlet Letter," and we are glad of it. We may sum up its contents by saying that it is the discussion of a special kind of sin. In absolute merit it is his best work and is his first romance. In the "House of Seven Gables" he doubtless bestowed more pains upon the characters than in the "Scarlet Letter." But as a fair representative of contemporary life it surpasses any of the others. There comes nearer being an actuality in this, and it is also his most elaborated work. There being such a variegation in it, it is not so complete as the work I have just mentioned. All of us who have read the book know that there is a great fascination about it, knowing the background and setting, it is not hard to see why there should be such a charm in it. The general theme has to do with the aristocracy in England and is the result of pure invention on the ground of particular facts in the main. The "Blithedale Romance" may be mentioned as the best experiment of the Brook Farm Community, and that upon which Hawthorne found his available foothold between reality and fiction. He withdrew from the Brook Farm at an early opportunity, and rather observed than promoted the principles which were the outcome of it. In this work he seized upon the outward

appearances of the people with whom he had been associated but little, and then invented their traits to suit his purposes. This takes in about what may be briefly said of the "Blithedale Romance."

The "Marble Faun" is his last completed romance, and thought by himself to be his best. However his incompleted one, the "Dolliver Romance," is generally claimed by the critics to be his best. His "Scarlet Letter" and "Marble Faun" are conceived in a nobler manner than the "Blithedale Romance" and "House of Seven Gables."

Now, in finishing we can say as to his style that he was simple and spontaneous, and could blend happily humor and critical power which no one could use in so masterly a way as he could and did. It is fitting to close just at this point, but it will be better to say something about the new birth of literature which he inaugurated and did so much to advance. Before this we had had theorists, philosophers and imitators, but now we have nothing short of philosophy turned into human beings, and human beings into philosophy. We will ever remember Hawthorne as the inaugurator and founder of the kind of romance which we express when we use the word Hawthornesque.

R. COSBY NEWTON, '97.

Attitude Toward Slavery as Viewed in the Verse of Lowell and Whittier.

To discuss rightly from a critical point of view the attitude toward slavery, as seen in the verse of the poets in question, one must needs necessarily take an impartial stand in order to give an equitable estimate of the merits as well as demerits; the truth as represented and its contrary, in short, nothing less than uninfluenced, unaffected and unprejudiced opinion, should be rendered, in order that the criticism may receive due value. With this critical standard in mind we proceed to Lowell.

By way of prefatory remarks I may say that the vital question of slavery was, in a sense, the precursor of a new form of verse, and laid bare a new vein of literary effort, research and possibility. This vexing slavery question was an all-important and serious one, and invited the close attention of our deep thinkers; most especially, though, the poets. At that time the principles at stake were so unique, so powerful and far-reaching, that the literati of every caste diverted their attention and thought to this complex problem, endeavoring to mould the public sentiment aright. Now in the light of the present, let us consider the attitude of Lowell to slavery as seen in his verse.

From the standpoint of clear recognition, and artistic treatment of this then existing evil, we find Lowell at his best in the Biglow Papers. Here pictures of the life, character and principles under consideration are vividly drawn. His pointed, clear-cut phrases falling from the lips of Biglow are particularly impressive and full of meaning. The dialect form in which the verse is written is indeed fascinating, thereby enhancing its value, and at the same time enlisting the reader's sympathy. The timely truths and deep insight into the living problems of this then active scene of trial, are well defined in point of execution as well as conception. Now and then in the Biglow Papers a piercing truth permeates the very being of the reader's inner soul, and awakens thoughts varied in nature—appealing in greater part to one's better self. The social, political and moral side of this question is clearly represented in his verse. It is ours to say whether rightly or otherwise.

Here are some points worthy of note gleaned from Lowell's verse. By some advocates of the cause slavery is considered a divine institution, while to the contrary their opponents will tell you that this form of serfdom is the express purpose of man, devised and instituted by him for personal gain. Broadly speaking, the rights of slavery are and can only be from a material standpoint valid,

whereas from a moral point of view, our ship of progress has already been subjected to, and impeded by, this veritable evil. The aim, object and purpose of these poems were to produce a healthy, public sentiment as regards this evil. And the underlying thought boldly declares to us that it is right, yea, even our duty, to interfere with this existing evil, and check it if possible. Surely time, if no other intervention occurs, will prove and decide this question.

To make slavery a reform instead of a revolution is one of the salient features to be gathered from reading his verse. In the very metre, as it were, we seem to hear the notes echoing—freedom the means, prosperity and peace to the nation the ultimate end. Shall we still persist in denying freedom of life, thought and speech to our enslaved black? The poet said by no means; others, however, nodded assent,

Being emancipated from the chains of servitude, and looking with new eyes of interest upon new modes of activity and new scenes of life, a broader, brighter and clearer vision of the future would seem to be within their grasp. How far this ideal future has been attained remains yet an undecided question. How in the drama of a biased life can we ever hope to discard the racial element?

The great problem of how and what to do with slavery is originally treated, being put by Lowell in the tangible form of verse. The clear conception and masterly execution of theme in point of style is noticeable. A living, distinct and manly image, true to nature, is given in each case. Were not the sentiments expressed direct from the fiered soul of the writer? The great heart of Lowell beat in sympathy and unison with this just cause, and is there any wonder that poetry was the result. In a word, the true key-stone, broadly stated, appears to have been—liberty the means—an enlightened type of citizenship the ultimate end. What a typical picture of resignation is mirrored here:

"When every hope was new,
How sweet were life; yet by the mouth firm-set,
And look made up for Duty's utmost debt,
I could divine he knew
That death without the sulphurous lines,
Plucks heartsease and not rue."

Now Whittier engages our attention. He was in the strictest and purest sense the poet of freedom. The strong, masterly and persistent thrusts hurled at the truce of oppression can in the main be appreciated in Whittier's verse. Slavery viewed by him not as a divine right, but rather a material institution. Was not this, legally speaking, the grounds upon which the slaveholders fought so manfully? Upon this point most of the public debate rested.

What a high, noble, clear conception of the poet's belief can be pruned from the following high-toned passage:

"Until Immortal Mind
Unshackled walks abroad,
And chains no longer bind
The image of our God.
Until no captive one
Murmurs on land or wave;
And, in his course, the sun
Looks down upon no slave!

What a vivid mental picture is imaged in the lines just cited.

It is of the utmost moment that law, order and peace should be re-instated. The question is: How and in what way can such reform be effected? In answer, only suggestions were made as to the most expedient method to be pursued, but even these were helpful. Are we then prepared to say that slavery poems are devoid of purpose and futile in result? Who among us can doubt that these vivid truths were of vast moment in creating a strong, healthy public feeling against this ill-designed human institution? Clearly stated, the problem becomes this: From a human standpoint it is right, lawful; from a divine point of view not permissible in any sense.

A gentle plea for a firm, steadfast, unshaken opinion upon this history-making subject permeates Whittier's

poetry. Is not then this form of conveying thought the very highest in language? Having agreed upon this, we see then that the poets wrote because they were compelled; the subject chose them and the theme wrote itself. Is it remarkable, then, that Whittier who felt so keenly wrote likewise? His whole heart and mind were filled with the idea of freedom; hence literature in the form of verse was the result. To sum up in a word, what has hitherto been merely indicated, may say that freedom was the soul-inspiring watchword of the poets, Lowell Whittier.

T. McT. RAYSOR, '97.

"As Others See Us."

The recent visit to this country of the author of the "Bonnie Briar Bush" has recalled several other trips of a similar nature by other British literary men. It is to be hoped that Mr. Watson's impressions of our customs and ourselves were favorable, for unfortunately this result has not been the rule. All will remember Mr. Dickens' books published soon after his sojourn among us. It seems to be an unusual instance when an Englishman succeeds in obtaining a thorough understanding of the foundations of our laws. Mr. Bryce's valuable work is all the more valuable because he succeeded where so many others failed.

At the same time it is not well for one to be blind to one's own faults. We believe this is a great nation, incomparably greater than any other on earth. This patriotic sentiment has made us extremely sensitive to every criticism of foreigners. We are too prone to condemn the makers of the animadversions without waiting to see whether they are true or false.

Twenty years ago Mr. Matthew Arnold visited this country and published his lectures a few years later. In these lectures, delivered before American audiences, he mildly expressed some opinions that he had formed con-

cerning us. Let us examine them and see whether this subject of royalty was just or unjust to us, whether he was a true prophet or a false.

Mr. Arnold says that there is some danger in a new country like this with our democratic institutions of placing too much emphasis on the practical education and losing sight of the value of a highly cultured citizenship. Our hot American blood boils at this statement and we are inclined to cite to the English the noble classical work done at Harvard, Yale, Johns-Hopkins and Leland Stanford. But would that be a fair test? Ask the average citizen why he wishes his son to get a college education. He will tell you that he wishes him to succeed in business when he graduates.

How many scholars among us study Latin in order to understand Virgil? Or Greek, that they may get a better understanding of Homer? What student of the French language can go into real ecstacies over Moliere? When the diploma is signed, the study of classics ceases. Even the college man does not strive after culture for its own sake.

This spirit of carelessness is even more manfest outside of our literary institutions. By the census of 1890 forty-five men out of every one hundred in South Carolina are unable to read and write. Yet there seems to be great indifference towards education, and no great demand is heard to make it compulsory. Education to many means book-keeping and penmanship. Every year our literary institutions by great personal efforts muster up one hundred and fifty students, while the colleges, aiming at practical education, enroll nearer four hundred and turn away applicants.

"Education, the Hope of the Future," is an annual subject for declamations in the smaller villages, but who understands what a true, liberal education is? "Let us strive to attain culture," says the backwoods teacher who imagines that he is cultured because he can spout a little Shakespeare and conjugate the Greek verb, "luo."

After consideration does not frankness demand that we acknowledge Mr. Arnold's first criticism to be just?

In estimating the place of Ralph Waldo Emerson among the world's great literary men, Mr. Arnold quotes with apparent acquiescence a paragraph from that gentleman's writings which condemns American political parties. The substance of this criticism is that one party tends to total destruction, and the other's policy is purely passive. Hear the replies, "I am a Jeffersonian Democrat, of the party which has saved the country from destruction more than once. I shall denounce as an unmitigated lie any statement that we are anarchists." "The Republican belongs to the grand old party of great moral ideas. We have always been noted for our progress." Again our pride is wounded at the sudden effront. But is the sentiment wholly false? Notice. "We are unalterably opposed to monometallism; we are opposed to issuing bonds in time of peace; we denounce issuance of notes by national banks; we denounce the profligate waste of money by recent congresses; we denounce arbitrary interference by Federal authorities in local affairs; we are opposed to life tenure in the public service; no man should be eligible for a third term of the presidential office." Would the party that built a platform composed of such planks justly be called revolutionary, destructive? Whether the policies advocated are right is out of the question. We simply wish to know whether a violent change of our entire system would not have been wrought by the success of that party. If this is true, Mr. Matthew Arnold has prophesied aright as to one party.

Concerning the second part of the criticism, we shall again acknowledge our critic's justice if we are convinced that our other great party wishes matters in the same condition as they were when she before was in power. Now, behold!

"Every consideration demands that the government shall be restored to the party which for thirty years ad-

ministered it with unequaled success and prosperity. The country demands a right settlement of the tariff question, and then it wants rest. Both protection and reciprocity must be established. We favor the restoring of the early American policy of discriminating duties on snips. The existing gold standard must be preserved. We denounce the practice by the present administration of reducing pensions. We believe in an immediate return to the free homestead policy." Matthew Arnold called one class of people Philistines, "becau e of their inaccessibility to ideas."

Would a candid observer of our politics reach Arnold's conclusions? "Though the issues formulated in 1896 will never again be similarly formulated; the tendencies appearing in 1896 will certainly reappear in two great national organizations. Conservatism will be represented in the one party, radicalism in the other. A too staid and self-satisfied content will be the fault of the one, and a too restless and eager demand for change the fault of the other. One will have too little, the other too much, faith in popular government. The one will fear the excesses of liberty, the other will be impatient of constitutional restraints; the one will tend toward Toryism, the other toward radicalism, if not socialism." These views were expressed by an eminent American in a leading American review in November.

And now for the doctrine of remnants. Plainly stated Mr. Arnold believed that the majority of a large number was apt to be wrong. and that a small minority would prove the saving remnant to the United States. Is this idea worthy only of an aristocrat? Do we not recognize the principle in sending a small remnant of citizens to our national and state legislatures, and by allowing this remnant to be chosen by a small minority of politicians? Have the majority never been wrong, and the minority right?

In the 'sixties a small remnant of Northerners wished to pay slave owners the value of their slaves. A small

remnant of Southerners wished to use every effort at compromise before seceding. Ask the pension expert, ask the Southern mother, whether the minority in either case was right,

Just after those days South Carolina went through even worse horrors. The majority of citizens ruled. Yes, they did. We can find men who justify the Hampton revolution of '76, on the ground that the majority showed itself incompetent to rule. We have been ruled by the remnant ever since. Is the minority right?

If the majority is always right, the government ought to have changed the tariff policy four times since 1880. But no one wishes such revolutions. We say that the tariff and silver questions ought to be referred to a committee of experts. Is not that following out Mr. Arnold's doctrine?

In one of our leading magazines last month is an article entitled "Will Government by the People Endure?" The very fact that such a question has two sides proves that Americans are losing faith in the majority.

Mr. Arnold was never dogmatic, and hence it is never safe to oppose him. He did not think aristocrats necessary in America. He did not decry all our institutions and ridicule our attempt at government. He was catholic and made his criticisms only after profound study. Let us examine them and we shall declare his decision just.

ROBT. A. LAW, '98.

Matthew Arnold's Criticism of America and Americans.

Mr. Matthew Arnold wears a perennial smile. He never "waxes wroth"; he never scowls; he does not even frown. He knocks you off your feet in the pleasantest manner imaginable, and if you evince a desire to become belligerent he promptly puts on the mask of disinterestedness and plays the Grover Cleveland role of non-recognition. And so to the American reader who

allows his ire to flare up at the criticisms which this Apostle of Culture has from time to time tossed at us, we would say—don't. It is not wise. Pugnaciousness is wasted on Matthew Arnold; he does not bandy words; he is gentleness personified.

America has received a goodly share of his attention, and he has said some things about us which we would feign not believe. He has no great respect for our system of government, and tells us so with truly refreshing candor. He seems to have a mild sort of horror of our American idea of democracy. He regards it a menace to culture and a foe to sweetness and light. He is not unmindful of the fact that the world is becoming more and more imbued with the spirit of popular government, and he is disagreeably aware that England is in the advance guard of this metamorphic evolution. He is too sensible to wage war with the inevitable, so he views the situation with a not unfriendly eye and relapses into a state of sweetest resignation.

But he deplores with remarkable earnestness the slightest tendency toward the American idea of Democracy. He talks much of the "saving remnant;" he dislikes the idea of vesting the right to control a government in the hands of the majority. He declares that the majority "lacks principle, lacks persistence;" he asserts that "the aims and doings of the majority of men are at present very faulty," and he clinches his argument by pointing to the downfall of the independent State of Athens—due to a "bad majority" and an "impotent remnant."

In failing to see the force of Matthew Arnold's position and the lucid unanswerableness of his logic we, no doubt, lay ourself liable to ridicule and derision. But there is such an exquisite sort of pleasure in hunting big game, though we kill nothing save the rustle of an imaginary megalosaurus. But theorize as we will about the saving remnant and its essentialness to sound culture and a healthy growth, such an idea is impractica-

ble and not at all co-existent with Bible teachings and an eternal justice. I take it that this world was created for mankind, not for any "upper tens" or "saving remnants," but for mankind; and the truest expression of mankind is found in the inevitable voice of the majority. We are not sheep; why should we have a bell wether?

We cannot gainsay the evidence of truth; we cannot disregard the voice of history and the dictum of Political Economy. As civilization advances, man's dependence on man becomes more and more apparent. Our interests, our sympathies, converge, and we grow less and less gregarious. Caste has lost caste and the elect and the select cease to dim the perspective. Behind us is the past, patricians and plebians, tiny brooklets prattling with pebbles; before us is the future, but the change is marvelous.. The stream of life no longer lisps in pretty rivulets; civilization and the human instinct of brotherhood have welded together the elements which "hebraism" had disintegrated. The doctrine of the "remnant" is shot to the core with hebraism of the most bigoted type.

Mr. Matthew Arnold needs to divest himself of the ideal. He hasn't enough of that essence which he blames the English people for having too much of—practicality. He swings to the other extreme. The English people are doubtless too prone to industrialism, but Arnold has a childish fondness for blowing bubbles and peopling them with an imaginary type of mankind which is perfectly conversant with "the best that has been thought and said in the world." To borrow Stedman's characterization, his vigorous intellect is etherialized by culture. He thinks that the disregard of the remnant and the exhaltation of the majority will tend to degenerate "high reason and fine culture." He says there will be a leveling down, so to speak, of the standard which should be maintained. It seems to us that just the opposite would re-

sult: there would be a leveling up. It is a case where we will have to stoop to conquer. We cannot hold ourselves aloof from the great majority and bid it to watch us and grow wise. You might argue until doomsday and you would never convince mankind that there was a select few placed here to whom should be given the rudder of its destiny.

Arnold, however, does not wish to cut himself entirely away from the majority. He thinks that the remnant should rule, and by setting an "invaluable example of qualities" the majority would have a standard before them which would compel them to shake off the deadening influence of stoical indifference. This also sounds very plausible, but in this case it will not "work." You have got to go to the people before the people will come to you. Example minus sympathy is the poorest sort of stimulus; it is really the proginitor of discouragement and the father of apathy. A universal brotherhood means the highest type of civilization. Suppose the propagators of the gospel should select a few of the purest exponents of the scriptures and set them up as an example of what a Christian should be, do you think there would be many converts to the great religion of Christ? And so these Apostles of Culture must emulate the example set by our Saviour. They must go among the people and reason with them.

Matthew Arnold in his chosen field of exalting the remnant directs the attention of the world to Athens during the reign of Eubulus. And he proceeds to draw from the downfall of Attic democracy some conclusions which he presents with smiling unction to the advocates of the "majority should rule." Where is the force of such a comparison? (I suppose it may be so termed.) Is there not a world of difference between the democracy of Eubulus and the democracy of Jefferson and Jackson? Genuine democracy is really one of the natural components of advancing civilization, and the fact that the enlightened nations of the world are becoming more

and more democratic attests the truth of such an assertion. And so we see no reason why we should get "hystericky" over the fact that the independent State of Athens went to ruin because "the majority were bad, and the remnant were impotent." "Where there is no parity of principle there is no basis for comparison." DeQuincy never wrote truer words.

Then Matthew Arnold assails our culture. He is almost aroused to indignation when Mr. Bright, the great English statesman, asserts that America is capable of teaching England a few things. And when a wiseacre Frenchman, surnamed Rehan, declares with the oracular air of a prophet that "countries which, like the United States, have created a considerably popular instruction without any serious higher instruction, will long have to expiate their fault by their intellectual mediocrity, their vulgarity of manners, their superficial spirit, their lack of general intelligence," why Mr. Arnold fairly bubbles over with delight and every word is italicized. With this as a text he goes on to prove that Americans are newspaper readers and politicians and Hebraizers. We are not aware that anybody ever asserted at that time, unless the hint of Mr. Bright could be taken as such, that we were more cultured than the mother country. It stands to reason that we were not. Young as a nation and laying the foundation stones of a great future, the time we had to familiarize ourselves with the best that had been thought and said in the world was limited and inadequate. It shows much of the gentle spirit of sweetness and light on the part of Mr. Arnold to remind us of our shortcomings.

Now look at us as we are today. Has the majority proved faulty and unstable? Are there any evidences of a repetition of the Athenian downfall? Has there been a leveling down of standards and ideals? Is the majority bad and the remnant impotent? I do not think so; I do not believe that anybody conscientiously thinks so. The American idea of democracy has ush-

ered us to our rightful place among the foremost powers of the world.

We do not maintain that our system of government is a perfect one, but there is no need to lay at its door crimes which it has not committed. The fact that such infamous methods are resorted to in some States to carry elections is deplorable, but it cannot be termed a natural resultant of an ill-regulated democracy. Tammany Hall is a virulent sore on American civilization, but it is not the outcome of any native miasma; it is corruption naturalized. So long as Europe can dump her filth on American soil, just so long will such political vultures as "Tom" Platt and "Mat" Quay thrive and grow fat. We cannot wonder at the great success of these conscienceless aberants of the Tammany variety when we reflect on the fact that in 1890, 42 per cent. of the population of New York were of foreign birth. Our democratic government is not faulty, but our immigration laws are decidedly so. We might add, too, that Congress has awakened to the danger and a bill of revisement is under consideration.

Some object to the turmoil we have every four years over our presidential election. But we have learned to adapt ourselves to circumstances with marvelous facility. During the heat of a campaign everything is on the qui vive, but after the die is cast we quietly settle back into the old calm and call for the "regular order of business." And it is through our elections and our political parties that we keep the saving remnant in charge of affairs. Each side puts up its best representatives, and so the cream of our intellect does not sour in solitude. Everybody has an interest in the affairs of state and hence we have no riotous mobs tearing up our parks and threatening our lives because of some disreputable piece of legislation. We do as we like, but we do not destroy what we don't like. Coxey and his tatterdemalions went unmolested until they got on the grass. And the whole history of that famous

march of the Commonweal army can be told in five words: On the grass—and off.

Mr. Rehan has not shown any special power as a prophet. He is only a fakir after all; a blundering dabbler in necromancy. We are not a people of vulgar manners, nor have we any Zolas or Verlaines—we prefer sewers.

We suspect Matthew Arnold, if he were alive, would still poke fun at our culture. But we have our own ideas about such matters. Matthew Arnold's definition of culture has too much of the taint of Dun Scotas lingering about it. Of course, though, he means to imply something quite different. But Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, who frequently reminds us of Arnold, has given the American definition well and truly in this wise: "Culture is the natural process by which a man comes into possession of his own nature and into real and fruitful relations with the world about him." And so we have come to regard ourselves as cultured as "the best of them," though we still read the newspapers and talk politics. England still likes to taunt us as being a "noisy, meddlesome set," especially when we interfere with some little plan of her acquisitive nature; but we can afford to smile peacefully, for we much prefer fire and force to kleptomania.

J. A. SULLIVAN.

With the "Klu Klux Klans."

About fifteen miles from the city of Orangeburg the following incident took place.

There was to have been a big political meeting on that day, called by the carpet-baggers to inform their negro dupes for whom they should vote in the coming election. Among those who was to attend was a negro politician of local celebrity. The "Klans" of that section of the county having got "wind" of it, warned him

not to go. But without regard to the warning he determined to go.

When it became known that he had gone, several of the most prominent "Klans" began to get ready for a night's work. Quietly messengers were sent to all the "Klans," and as night began to come on they commenced to collect at their accustomed rendezvous, which was under a cypress tree in Four Hole Swamp.

As it was thought the negro would hardly leave town before dark, and thus would be compelled to camp, men were placed to watch the road.

In the meantime the negro had gone to the meeting and had his ambition and hatred of the whites stirred up to such a pitch by the speeches that he remained some time after the meeting was over cooling off with "Yankee liquor." About dusk he left town and drove so slowly that at eight o'cleck he was only fourteen miles from town. He now began to look for some place to spend the night. One of his constituents who was with him proposed they should camp. To this he readily consented, in no way suspecting his danger. Perhaps he did not see that lone horseman lurking in the edge of those woods! They drove a short distance until they came to a place generally used by the public for camping purposes. But before he arrived there a dark figure crossed the road in front of him. Who was he? Was he a tired plough boy returning from his work or a poor belated stranger lost in these thick woods? No; neither. We shall see later! The tired and liquor-soaked negroes, as soon as they came to the camp ground, ate supper, fed the "mule," and was soon wrapped in such slumbers as are only given to negroes.

When the "Klan," who was watching, heard the peaceful snore of the sleepers he turned his horse and rode slowly to join his companions. These crowded arouud him to hear the news. but at the request of the leader they broke up into small squads and told war tales and stories of nights like this to each other. But who is that

tall man walking in the shadow of the trees? That is the leader. There he is, tall, gaunt and strong; wearing a great felt hat with flowing plume; that long sword at his side has flashed at Weldon Railroad, where so many brave Orangeburgers fell. But the men? Oh! They are men reckless and desperate, the product of four years of fierce war.

The "Klans" remain quiet until about two o'clock, when at a signal from the leader, black masks, pistols and guns were produced from under the pine straw, logs and cypress stumps. Being thus equipped they passed forth like shadows on their mission of death. After an hour's ride they arrived at the camp ground.

On the right was a swamp, while on the left was a large mill pond. The first part of the night was dark, but now the moonlight fell dimly through the mist to lend ghastliness to the death scene. The night was perfectly quiet, except now and then for a sleepy howl from a dog across the swamp.

The "Klans" were soon placed in position; then there was a rush, a fusilade of shots, a groan, and all was quiet save for the dropping of the blood on the leaves and the distant and lessening thunder of horses.

Next morning's sun arose on an awful scene—two dead negroes with Spanish moss and an old live-oak for their shroud. The oak is standing yet, a silent witness of what took place on that night in June, eighteen hundred and seventy.

They must have been terrible necessities that forced men who had stood on the field of honor and not flinched, and who had fought through four years of war to become assassins. They thought it was for their loved ones and the "Old Palmetto State."

LEWIS DANTZLER, '99.

Wofford College Journal

A Literary Magazine, published Monthly by the Calhoun and Preston Literary Societies of Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C.
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EDITORIAL

R. S. TRUESDALE, - - Editor

Henry Drummond.

The English-speaking people realize a great loss in the death of Prof. Henry Drummond. He died on the eleventh of March, at the early age of forty-six. He was born of Scotch parents. In the midst of the study of natural science at the University of Edinburgh, he went on an evangelistic tour through England, Scotland and Ireland with the famous preacher Mr. Moody. They were always good friends. His travels were very extensive, being over Australia, Africa, South Sea Islands, Java, Malay Peninsula and Japan. He also came over to Northfield to lecture to the students gathered at Mr. Moody's Bible institute, and at Boston he made for himself many friends by his attractive speaking. After 1876 he was professor of Natural Science in Glasgow Free Church College. He labored incessantly, and for about eighteen months before his death he was completely broken down. "He was modest to a fault, and refused to preach save to students or in a university

town, where he preserved the position of teacher rather than that of preacher." He believed in the voice of the spirit, and was criticised by scientists, and because he adhered to science was condemned by religious circles. "He was as gentle as a lamb and as courageous as a lion, and neither fought nor feared. Young men thronged to hear him, because his manly nature appealed to their manliness." He is the great compromise between such men as Martineau and Maurice, who were spiritual, but knew nothing of physical science, and Darwin, Huxley and Tyndall, who knew physical science, but had no spiritual vision. His books and booklets are well known and have been translated into almost every language of Europe.

Said of his "Natural Law in the Spiritual World:" "It proves too much, for the author attempts to find the whole Christian scheme, in its evangelical interpretation, in what science has to offer us. Along certain broad lines, there is no doubt that science does give religion full countenance and approval; but no scientist could follow Mr. Drummond to even the simplest of his conclusions. Science does not teach theology. . . . . Yet in saying this, we cannot refrain from adding that he has made a valuable book—one to stimulate thought, to deepen moral purposes, and to awaken spiritual convictions."

"Ian Maclaren's" visit to America seems to have made quite a favorable impression on his mind, though he intimates that a three months' stay will not teach a man all that is to be learned. He sees marked differences between the large cities, every one seeming to have the stamp of character strictly its own. Puritan influence may still be traced in New England, the Dutch character on the Hudson, and others that are very distinct in their influence. American patriotism is genuine, though brought out only on special occasions, and not enough attention paid to small every-day

affairs. He likes the idea of floating the stars and stripes, and believes it has the effect of unifying the American people, who are a composite people. Says he: "Be it remembered, however, that it is a gigantic and critical effort to receive so many foreigners with old traditions into a nation's midst, and that it is of vital importance to create and even inflame the spirit of patriotism, that * * * * the various elements may be welded into a national unity." His verdict on the last election is that it was based on patriotism. The political "boss" is now the worst feature of American politics, "and of whom no one says any good thing."

Every reader of the "Lake Circle" of English men of letters is familiar with the misfortune of the Lamb family—of being subject to sudden and violent fits of insanity, and how Mary Lamb stabbed her mother to death in one of these fits. The father was injured by trying to wrest the knife from the enraged daughter. Charles Lamb came just in time to see the worst. The sister was overpowered and carried to the mad house. Think of the "awful details of this tragedy, and then imagine, if you can, the disgust with which an editor of the "new journalism" would read the following:

"After the awful event the papers of the day were most considerate and reticent, not making capital out of each harassing detail. Names were suppressed, and there was no gloating over the scenes. The young clerk's grief was too sacred to be paraded before the public as an entertaining bit of news. The London Times only spoke of the sad death of an elderly woman by the frenzied hand of an insane daughter in the neighborhood of Holborn. The coroner's jury, after sifting the evidence, found the verdict—lunacy."

Now consider how the new journalism would treat such an affair.

Now, that examinations are over, every man feels

himself somewhat relieved. The danger now may be for a few days to react from the tension of the examination room into effortless ease, forgetting the crisis about the first of June. Always after these tests there are glad hearts and sad hearts, some wanting to go home to see mama, others talking of leaving the United States and not writing back home any more.

While all struggle along with daily tasks that seem so spiritless at times, let it be remembered that every effort has its reward. The happiest man at the end of the session is the one who boards the train for home with no ghost of midnight deeds to haunt him when he meets dear old father and mother.

In about two months there will be no Freshmen. They will have crept out of the cocoon and assumed various hues. This transition is the happiest day of college life.

EXCHANGE

G. T. PUGH, EDITOR

The March number of *The Carolinian* is an especially good issue. "Some Incentives to the Study of Modern Languages" is a carefully written article, and shows maturity of thought beyond what is generally seen in our college magazines. "An Income Tax for South Carlina" is also worthy of commendation.

The Emory Phœnix for March is devoted almost entirely to articles by and concerning the Senior Class: class history, class prophecy, class poem, and the "Dux Address." It is with pleasure that I quote the closing sentence of the address: "As an expression of our interest in the welfare of the old college I am glad to place in the hands of the treasurer this roll, containing thirty-four notes amounting to two thousand dollars, to be known as the 'Loan Fund of the Class of '97.' "

There is a well prepared paper upon "Power of Recognizing Cuban Independence" in the *Peabody Record*, in which the writer, despite Mr. Olney's opinion, has clearly shown that the power of recognition belongs to Congress, and to the President in so far as the veto will effect it, and that the "resolution to recognize the independence of Cuba, if passed over the President's veto by two-thirds of both houses, must become a law, and *Congress will be exercising the power of recognition.*" There are some other good pieces in this magazine. "An April Fool" has been read with interest and pleasure.

The Mercerian is, as usual, filled with short, spicy articles. In "The Reply" to Richard Henry Wilde's "My Life is Like the Summer Rose," the writer has caught the spirit of the poet; and in consequence has given us a good piece of poetry.

It gives us pleasure to receive three new magazines this month: *The Criterion, The William and Mary College Monthly* and *Simmons College Monthly.* They are all very good magazines.

"English Lakes," in *Converse Concept*, is an entertaining and at the same time an instructive essay upon that interesting portion of England. The writer certainly has tact in presenting valuable information in such a way that the reader does not become weary.

There are two or three short but creditable stories in *King College Magazine.*

"The Father of the Family," in *William and Mary College Monthly*, is an interesting and touching story, and too often finds a counterpart in life. "George Croghan" is an interesting sketch of the life of an old soldier. There are other readable contributions, some of which show excellency in composition.

The Criterion comes to us from Columbia Female College. The first issue gives promise of a good college magazine. And it is certain that if the editors carry out their intentions as set forth in "Our Name," it will be among the foremost of our exchanges. We wish *The Criterion* much success in its laudable purposes.

All the articles in *The Central Collegian* are ably written upon subjects worthy the attention of thinking men.

Vanderbilt Observer contains a good piece of fiction under the title "A True Story." "Lycidas" is a carefully written criticism and gives us some new ideas concerning that celebrated poem. Some of the contributions to this magazine are not what we might expect, to say the least.

The Southern Collegian is without exception the neatest magazine that comes our way. It is a pleasure to ook over the contents of the January number. "High

Citizenship" is a thought-provoking article, because the writer has put some clear thinking into it.

CLIPPINGS.

The day is waking—see, she stirs!
And at the mystic, potent sign
Each bird, his throat joy-quivering,
Pours out his greeting clear and fine;
And as the diamonds of dew
Glistens on grass and buttercup,
Aurora rises, flings aside
Night's robe, and laughs—the sun is up.

BEFORE THE DAWN.

Before the dawn, when all the world 's asleep,
And even little brooks forget to sing,
The mother-moon her faithful watch must keep
O'er all the stars. Her task it is to bring
Her pretty children to their slumbering.

She lays aside her own bright golden veil,
Then draws upon each shining baby head
A little night-cap, soft and pale;
Soon all the sky is dark, untenanted,
Before the dawn the star-babes go to sleep.

I've stood beside the cataract
Of the great Niagara flood;
I stood with Lee at Malvern Hill
And saw the earth drink blood:
I've seen the vatican at Rome
And St. Paul's—but alas!
These are but molecules beside
Our present Senior Class.

———

They tell how forth the arrow sped
  When William shot the apple,
But who can calculate the speed
  Of him who's late for chapel?

— —

A KISS.

I touched the ruddy lips to mine,
  And in ecstatic bliss
My soul drank the enchanted wine
  That flows from nature's kiss.

And then in transports lost I dreamed
  Of visions fair and bright,
While all of earthly beauty seemed
  To wax in lovelier light.

And dreaming on of gardens where
  Diviner fragrance blows,
I softly breathed a silent prayer
  And kissed again the rose.

— —

A TRIVOLET OF MARCH WINDS.

We scamper with bluster and blow
  Through the nooks and crannies of earth;
Bringing sunshine, or rainstorm or snow,
We scamper with bluster and blow.
Here, the thunderclouds frown as we go;
  There is blue sky and springtime of mirth,
We scamper with bluster and blow
Thro' the nooks and the crannies of earth.

ALUMNI

NATHANIEL M. SALLEY, - Editor

Mr. G. Emory Edwards, who went through the Sophomore classs, is principal of the High School at Acacia, S. C. We all remember Mr. Edwards as a very genial young man, and hope that he will return to his finish course. A year or two ago Mr. Edwards was in charge of the school at Oakhurst, where Mr. G. W. Fooshe, '95. We feel sure that Mr. Fooshe will do well, no matter whatever profession he adopts.

Mr. S. M. Rice, Jr., '83, was on the Campus a few days ago. For several years ago Mr. Rice has had charge of the Cokesberry Conference School. He is now Superintendent of the Blacksburg Graded School. The school for the present year has enrolled over two hundred students.

Mr. J. W. Hamer, who went through the Soph. class, was recently married to Miss Breeden, of Bennettsville, S. C. Mr. Hamer is living at Little Rock, and is a well-to-do farmer. We wish Mr. Hamer all success in his wedded life.

Mr. Jack Strother, who lately married Miss Vernon, of Walhalla, S. C., is one of the officers in the Seneca Oil Mill.

Mr. B. B. Sellers, '95, has a splendid school in Marion county. Mr. Sellers was a good student, and as a member of the Calhoun Society he was a good debater and essayist.

Mr. P. Horry Edwards, '94, is Superintendent of the Graded School at Dillon, S. C. Mr. Edwards was one of the most reliable men of his class, and was at one time president of the Preston Society.

Mr. K. D. Senn, '91, is principal of the Marlboro High School, at Tatum, S. C.

Mr. Ned Lanham, '94, was in the city for a few days a short time past. Mr. Lanham has been admitted to the bar. He is now private secretary to his father, who represents in Congress the largest district in the United States. Mr. Lanham was a very bright student, and was the youngest graduate that has ever left the campus.

Dr. Howard M. Lanham, '93, recently graduated in medicine at the North and has now settled down to practice.

Mr. J. F. Lyon, '95, is merchandising at Abbeville, S. C.

Mr. J. H. DuPre, brother of Prof. Mason DuPre, is cashier of the Merchants & Farmers Bank of Abbeville, S. C.

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LOCAL

T O. EPPS, - - EDITOR.

The examination period has passed, and the college machinery moves off smoothly on the last quarter of this collegiate year. There is much hard, earnest work being done now by the students, and this promises to be, in many respects, a very profitable year.

The student body and a large number of visitors from the city were delighted with the recitals given by Miss Willsea, of New York, in our chapel on the evening of 25th of March. The selections were well chosen and impressive, especially were we delighted with "Maud Muller."

Our College Young Men's Christian Association has a larger membership and better attendance now than it has had for several years. President J. R. Walker is an enthusiastic worker and applies himself with interest and zeal to the cause. There is now existing in college a strong current of religious influence. We hope for an outward manifestation of the combined efforts of this element, and expect a result of much good.

Thanks to Mrs. Alice D. Rembert for a crayon drawing of Bishop Duncan. It is a beautiful piece of work done by Mrs. Rembert herself, and is highly appreciated by the college.

Rev. W. A. Rogers, of Greenville, former pastor of Central Methodist Church, conducted our chapel exercises a few days ago. He says that his interest in, and love for, Wofford and her students is as green as ever. He is always a welcome visitor among us.

Prof. Duncan Wallace ('95), of the Carlisle Fitting School, spent a few days on the campus sometime ago. We wish that more of our former fellow students and friends would be induced by the love of their *Alma Mater* to visit us.

Mr. J. W. Fairy was called to his home in Orangeburg county on account of the illness of his mother. We hope he will soon be able to return to college.

A College Gymnasium Association has been organized with W. Boyd Evans, President; H. A. C. Walker, Vice-President; J. C. Allen, Secretary and Treasurer, and an executive committee with Mr. M. M. Wertenbaker, chairman; Messrs. T. L. Manning, W. A. Medlock, W. M. Richardson and E. Miller. The members of this association are undergoing a course of training under the guidance of Mr. Wertenbaker. Many of them are making rapid progress. They will give an exhibition on the 30th of April.

The following men were elected officers of the Calhoun Society: W. Boyd Evans, President; W. M. Connor, Vice President; J. P. McCreary, Secretary; T. M. Raysor, 1st Corrector; H. A. C. Walker, 2nd Corrector; M. V. Bennett, 3d Corrector; Gabe Cannon, Treasurer; Geo. Brunson, Corresponding Secretary, and Henry Brabham, Censor Morum.

Our first game of base ball was played with Clinton College, April 9th, on our grounds. The result was 27 to 1 in our favor. On the following day we played the same team another game which resulted in a second victory of 10 to 2. This game was called at the end of the fifth inning in order that the visiting team might catch the morning train. With much practice and a better knowledge of the game the Clinton boys might play very effective ball. They have several very good play-

ers, but these were poorly supported by the other members of the team. We were well pleased with the gentlemanly manners of the visitors. They are indeed a clever set of boys, and we are glad to have come in contact with them.

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Wofford College Journal

Established 1888 | May, 1897 | Vol. VII. No. 8

LITERARY

J. PERCY INABNITT, - EDITOR.

Honeymooning With a Vengeance.

The sea was vocal with the lulling music of dimpling waves. The moon shone dimly through a mist of rifted cloud vapor. A lovely night it was and honeymooning on the beach was entirely in order; needless to say, Mr. and Mrs. Cobalt were in order.

Cobalt and Miss Sothern, you remember, evinced a very decided desire to become as one; and so by the usual process they were metamorphosed, so to speak, into that beatific state where, according to the poet, it takes two souls to do justice to a single thought, and a couple of cardiacal arrangements to run the business harmoniously.

Cobalt was not blessed with filthy lucre, but the amount of "cheek" he had was simply amazing. You can't down a man with cheek, and Cobalt was always to be found floating serenely on top. Cobalt said a man who married and settled down without "razooing" out in the world a little wasn't worth a shuck. What does Cobalt do? Jauntily borrowing five hundred dollars from an old gentleman who allowed his philanthropy to get away with his common sense, he departed in great style for Bar Harbor. Here we find him.

"My dear," said Cobalt, calmly, "I call this living; hot stuff, in short. Every levee in my corporeality is

swept away and I am completely flooded with connubial bliss. How dost thou fare, sweet thing?"

"Now, Sidney"—and Mrs. Cobalt looked decided—"do try and be sensible. Can't you talk about something else? You can be awfully entertaining at times."

"Thanks, my dear, but you are unreasonable. When a man's whole system is seething with love you can't expect him to discuss art and the latest humbuggery of science: If you have ever read any of Keat's love letters you will remember the one in which he speaks of himself as being so head-over-heels in love as to be oppressed with a sensation as if he were dissolving. That's my condition, exactly. I'm just weltering in an ecstacy of adoration, and really I am afraid I shall dissolve right here before your eyes."

"Will you please move farther away if you think there is any danger of a catastrophe like that. I don't care to have you dissolve any where near my dress; it might get stained."

"Let's have a little arm pressure on the subject, dear," returned Mr. Cobalt soothingly.

"No, no, my dear Sydney, I cannot allow you to *waist* your time in that sort of manner."

Mr. Cobalt groaned. "You are deucedly aggravating tonight. Ah!" he suddenly ejaculated, with interest, as a youthful couple sauntered slowly by, "a lovely girl that, and such a stunning figure. Look at her, dear."

"I see her."

"But don't you think her beautiful?"

"No; certainly not."

Mr. Cobalt smiled. "See here, now; you are not jealous, are you?" he said, in tones of satisfaction. "That would be foolish of you—exceedingly foolish. Of course I am not blind to your physical perfections, but dearest, to paraphrase a popular air, 'you are not the only pebble on the beach.' "

"Pardon me," she returned, sweetly, "please say that again, my attention was occupied elsewhere."

"Will you kindly tell me what has so interested you?" he returned, shortly.

"I was just wondering who that gentleman is sitting on that settee near the water."

"I cannot see anything so interesting about him as to arouse all that curiosity." And Mr. Cobalt looked huffy.

"He came in on the evening train," she replied, placidly, "and he impressed me in some way, I hardly know how. I observed, too, that the waiter treated him with a great deal of deference, hence I conclude he is a gentleman of some prominence."

"Mighty poor conclusion to come to when a little judicious tipping renders a waiter a slave to your slightest want."

"Now, Sidney," she returned, sweetly, "you are not jealous, I trust. I am fully sensible of your personal attraction. You have a presentable face and, I hope, a modicum of brains, but, to drop into popular slang, 'there are others.' "

"My dear," said Mr. Cobalt, smilingly, "you are a peach. Give us your lip and let's make up."

They lipped.

Mr. Cobalt relapsed into a musing mood, full of pensive poetry. "What are the wild waves saying, dear?" he quoted, dreamily.

"Nothing at all, Sidney," she returned, quickly, "they are just talking through their caps."

"Do not be flippant," he replied, reproachfully. "Genius is working in me; I feel its dizzy buzz. Deal sympathizingly with me and Milton's mantle will find a worthy wearer. I'm built for epic greatness, I am."

"It is Sarsaparilla, Sidney, rather than sympathy, that you need. The symptoms you enumerate denote a sagging system. Sarsaparilla is the stuff to brace you up. And as for Milton's mantle—why that's all bosh, Sidney. Go crown your poetical sinciput with a green chapeau."

"Green!" ejaculated Mr. Cobalt, in amazement. "Did

you say green! Why on earth should I wear green?"

"My dear, when 'Spring with dewy fingers cold' returns to *Wake Forest*, hill and dale from winter's lethargy, what color does she decorate them with?"

"Green," he assented in puzzled tones.

"Exactly," she assented. "Dame Nature has a shrewd eye for the fitness of things. And so we have come to regard green as a very appropriate color for anything that is fresh and still in the bud of youth and inexperience."

"Am I that way?" he queried, sadly.

"I am afraid you are," she returned firmly; "you are awfully freakish at times."

"I'll try and do better, dear," he said, penitently. "Now listen, and I'll give you the last effort at verse I shall attempt within the span of this mortal life of mine."

"The Irish wear Green,
And "others" wear Green,
But there are colors that do wo se confound;
For when 'rooters' shout *Green*,
There's a change of the scene,
And all quail before the terrors of *Brown*."

"It is doubtless very good rhyme," she observed, "but I don't quite catch the idea embodied."

"Well, don't worry over it, my dear; it will be a Chinese puzzle to most people, I suspect. But, so help me Coogler, it is purely original."

She signified her entire willingness to not worry over it, and Cobalt changed the subject. "I believe I have sworn to turn over a new leaf," he began. "You wish me to become more practical. So mote it be. It grieves my heart, but one should not keep a secret from one's better half, hence I am forced to do my duty and to state to you that, financially speaking, I shall soon be insane."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Very simple, I am sure," he replied; "I'm just run-

ning short of cents."

"You are not getting scarce of money," she queried seriously.

"Money!" he ejaculated piteously; "say coppers, my dear. Don't make little fishes talk like whales."

"Then we will have to go home," she sighed.

"You surmise correctly," he replied sadly.

"I suppose we will have to endure love in a cottage until your income warrants something more pretentious."

"Not on your life," he said firmly. "Cottages are very nice things in their way, but I know a better way."

"What do you mean?"

"We will arise and go unto your pa."

"But papa might object."

"Not he, my dear. In thy papa's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would not—ahem—have married you."

"I suspect there is more truth than raillery in that," she observed with a pensive smile.

This sent Cobalt headlong into sentimental extravaganza. "My dear, do not intimate such a sordid motive. One look from thy sweet face and heartless avarice flees to 'brutish beasts.' The love, the ineffable tenderness that beams through those large, dark eyes, half suffused with tears; the eloquent drooping of those sweet, tremulous lips that tell—that te—or throw English to the dogs, pantomime is the only way to emphasize this sort of thing and make it effective. Words are too tame—too commonplace; let me prove it to you in pantomime."

Here I must stop. To go farther would necessitate an elaboration of detail and a power of portrayal quite beyond the halting pen of inexperience. It is sufficient to say that the man in the moon almost fell out of his luminous abode while trying to make out which was which.

J. A. SULLLIVAN.

The Relation of Athletics to Student Development at Wofford.

It seems to be the opinion of a goodly number of men of large intelligence that athletics with its present tendencies plays no part in that which is desirable in Wofford's education. We use the word *education*, in speaking of athletics, in its present phases of development in contradistinction from its less forceful and less comprehensive synonyms, and have no apology whatever to make for it· The word most emphatically and seriously covers the field of athletics in most of its present relations to college life. There are some who seriously work for a very abnormal development on the side of intellectual culture in Wofford's education with a suppression of the athletic development far below the normal. Indeed, there are some who even treat the latter not only as a nonentity but as an actual injury and obstruction to the former. No state of affairs can be more undesirable and destructive in a college. Intellectual culture is, primarily, the purpose of our attendance upon a college's physical culture for the sake of endurance and safety is a most important secondary purpose, and must go with it. Intellectual culture cannot be called education; the best name you can give to it is, instruction. Physical culture, likewise, could not be called education; but it is a part of it none the less important. Wofford, like many other colleges, must deal with the much-vexed question. It is a growth affecting many colleges alike, but Wofford yet peculiarly. It is a theme that is almost as sacred as intellectual culture itself; and college faculties acknowledge, either willingly or unwillingly, that it must be allowed and even encouraged. The sentiment has so grown that exercise is necessary to the most efficient use of the mind, and in our own faculty college sports have strong advocates.

At the close of the college year it may be interesting to take a perspective view of the condition of athletics

here. During the year the students have met a great disappointment in the denunciation of the game of football by the conference. This will greatly affect athletics here. In the abolition of the game they have removed from Wofford one of her strongest incentives to active physical exercise. And by removing a strong incentive the whole subject of physical education is discouraged. By removing the incentive to vigorous athletic exercise, the cause of abstinence from certain evil habits, which habits would interfere with their proficiency on the teams, are removed. And what is this if it is not really an encouragement to immorality?

There are deep currents of college life which can be seen only by a student, upon the whole. The whole subject requires more than hard thought and opinion; it requires long and enrnest observation. As a student I have watched college sports for several years; I have tri d to look at it from various standpoints, and in my conclusions I have tried to purge myself of all impulsive and prejudicial views. I admit that the subject is a great one, and have fallen far short of settling it in my mind, but I have gone far enough to come to the conclusion that many people oppose it without good and sufficient reasons. Men have lent their prejudices against it because they thought there was one evil in it, they have never thought of lending there approval to the good that is in it. They have reasoned about like this: "I hear that the game up yonder at Wofford is brutal, and I hear also that there is evil in it, then let us destroy it." There is evil evil in the church. Why not destroy it? There comes up at once the question as to whether the good that is in it will suffer its destruction. Are there evils in the game of sufficient moment to justify its discontinuance? I answer with no hasty student impulse, but with emphasis, I am sure there are not. Moreover, in my opinion the abolition of the game will give full swing to suppressed evil habits and start up other forms of mischief that have been discontinued

or have never been started before. Above all things, students must have some channel through which to give vent to their student-enthusiasm. Wofford has more student-enthusiasm than any other college in the State. It is obliged to come out through some channel. Cut off foot ball and it may come out through other channels that the college authorities will adjudge to contain far more evil than foot ball—channels which the students may think of little in their relations to a college atmosphere. It is certainly unwise to rashly interfere with the game without considering the motives which lead to such diversions.

The game of foot ball is scientific, calliug forth the best training of both quick thinking and quick action in their proper relation. In this age of intellectuality the development of the brain keeps ahead of the muscular forces of a student. And in the ordinary routine of college life there is not given—there can hardly be given—the training that is required by the development of his muscular frame. Sport, then, is at once the natural outcome in order to create a stimulus for growth or development, and above all creatures, the education of muscular man requires a most active culture of sport.

I have asked whether the good does not overbalance the evil. There have been recited two principles; first, it trenches upon the interests of higher culture; second, it is brutal. The second does not apply in the ordinary sense of that word. If this game is brutal, life is brutal. The game is simply the stimulus of contention; the world's progress is made up of the stimulus of contention. The battle of life is not very unlike a game of foot ball. It is said that a student may study history, military science and tactics without learning more than a small part of the "masterful skill" which may be obtained in a game of foot ball. Why can we not appreciate the value of the development of the motive of battling for success against worthy opponents as the most powerful stimulus that are invaluable in calmer but more serious

battles? Both foot ball and base ball is emphatically a culture of that higher ideal. There is a wonderful beauty in playing ball and winning. It is a fascination which rests the student such as no other diversion can by removing for a while the student strain. The first objection that is raised, certainly with reference specially to Wofford, cannot apply. The fair and ordinary student will do his class room work as well as take his ball training without permitting an interference. The students here at Wofford make unusual efforts in their studies that the faculty might not find objection to their playing on the team. Thus a standard of scholarship is required of those on the team as well as an athletic standard. Many boys every year are desirous of getting on the team. Do you not call this a stimulus to scholarship? As a rule, the men who have played on Wofford's teams this year are men who stand well in their classes.

But here comes the strongest argument in favor of field athletics at Wofford, the very thing that the educational committee of the conference claimed to be its greatest evil. Field athletics at Wofford is in many respects a veritable stimulus to morality. First, it diminishes drink. Athletics and dissipation cannot go well together. The gain in moral stamina by a large number of students who submit themselves to such abstinence for the sake of athletics is incalculable. This can be brought about only by the competitive element in inter-collegate games, most especially foot ball. Again, the athletic spirit discourages the use of tobacco in all forms. By a hand primary in the chapel some time ago it was seen that the use of tobacco has never been as little adhered to as now. The argument may be presented that the erection and equipment of the gymnasium renders field athletics no longer necessary. To this I reply that in the larger sense there is no interference whatever between the two. The usefulness of our gymnasium has been rightly characterized as a neces

sary equipment to the college apparatus, but its greater usefulness in the athletic life of Wofford's future should be the laboratory in which to develop and test the men who are to play on her future foot-ball and base-ball teams and possibly on her rowing crew.

The championship of the state appeals to Wofford's students in every field game. In this there is a deep moral significance. It is in some cases the very nemesis of morality, because nature makes athletic excellence co-existent with purity. The spirit holds them for a long period to the most vigorous, healthy exercise, which higher objects, such as good looks, beauty, symmetry of form and that higher significance fail utterly to call forth.

What shall be the future of athletics at Wofford? With all that I can see, it seems to be a safe prediction that field sports have come to Wofford to stay. It can hardly be stopped. If it is forced to the issue in every form, it will certainly injure the college. In the future parents will look into the college exercises, and will be sure to send their sons to such places that will offer opportunity and incentives to athletic sports that they might maintain their muscular vigor. I do not think it is too much to say that the colleges of the future will have great diversion in inter-collegiate field sports. There will be not only rowing, but inter-collegiate bicycle races and other contesting sports not now in vogue among the smaller colleges.

The instruction offered by the gymnasium and the field sports, existing side by side, consistently and conservatively managed, will contribute untold benefit to the future of Wofford's moral and athletic life.

JOHN B. WIGGINS.

A Comparison of Macaulay's and Carlyle's Method of Writing History.

Macaulay and Carlyle possessed very similar theories

of the truest and most sincere history, but they differed very widely in the methods they employed for applying these theories. Carlyle's theory may be summed up in his own words: "Universal history, the history of what man has accomplished in this world, is at bottom the history of the great men who have worked here." Macaulay says that "history is philosophy teaching by experience."

When we have carefully analyzed these two statements and reduced them to their primary significance, we shall see that they are essentially alike; but the practical uses to which these two historians have applied their theories differ as widely as the individualities of the men themselves.

They are both peculiar, and we can best show wherein they differ and can mark their peculiarities best by drawing a contrast of their methods.

To begin with, Macanlay writes of a nations dearer to the English speaking people than does Carlyle. Macaulay's history is *English;* Carlyle's is *French.* This makes all the difference in the world to an English reading people. Carlyle writes for the privileged or intellectual *few*, while Macauley writes for *all.* Carlyle traces the signs that foreshadow or portend the events of history instead of simply chronicling the events themselves. He draws sharp contrasts between the light, flippant court society of Louise and the masses weltering and groaning beneath the tyrannical oppression of masters not in sympathy with them. He is very apt in some of his descriptions of the misery existing among the *canaille* of France prior to the French Revolution. Some of his expressive sentences are: "Their hearth cheerless, their diet thin." He pictures them in "widespread wretchedness, in sallow faces, squalor, and winged raggedness."

Carlyle takes heroic (?) men and the most important events of his history and builds an elaborate account of the nation and people; whereas Macaulay comprehends

events of every kind, and men of all classes, and traces their relation to the state of society of the times to which they belong. He does all of this simultaneously. He omits nothing and passes nothing by. He mingles graphic description and significant portraiture with his narrative. These methods, while they are not altogether authentic, give a charm to his style that "covers a multitude of sins."

"Short, curious anecdotes, domestic details, the descriptioon of furniture intersect the records of war."

In Carlyle, all of these minor details, that are the very spice of style, are entirely wanting. He treats of prominent men and events that are necessary to the narrative in a philosophical and oftentimes in a psychological manner. Macaulay treats of history and events in their tangible and material form, while Carlyle goes at once into the soul and spirit of things and pictures the underlying and out-working principles and forces that sway and actuate men to make history.

Macaulay never leaves one in doubt as to his meaning. He had acquired such an abundance of anecdotes and facts and illustrations of every kind that he had no trouble in illustrating and clarrifying his statements and propositions from every point of view. One of the most marked features of his history is its clearness. One is never at a loss to know what he is aiming at. Carlyle, on the other hand, is often very obscure to the general reader at least. He often presupposes a certain amount of knowledge of the subject in hand to be possessed by the reader; and he never stops to enter into what seems to him needless explanations. Illustration by analogy, which Macaulay finds of so much importance in his method of writing history, is wanting in a marked degree in Carlyle. He was not gifted with a phenomenal memory like Macaulay, and consequently he did not have such a store of knowledge, in the form of facts, at his command as Macaulay. His illustrations were drawn from life and nature around him—things

that spoke to him very pointedly and taught him many useful lessons.

Macaulay first makes a general explanation and then a particular; he gives first his theory, then the application. After his theoretical demonstration comes the practical. He never leaves us in a maze of theory, but on the other hand he makes everything extremely practical by showing its practicability, by many instances of an analogous nature that have been put into practice.

Carlyle is not noted for any special felicity in making practical suggestions, or in advancing practical theories.

The greatest contrast that can be drawn between the two histories in question is in the degree in which they hold the reader's attention—the degree in which they interest the reader. Macaulay's is one of the *very* few English histories that can justly lay any claim to qualities of this kind. It is said that on its first appearance young ladies of fashionable London society laid aside the novel and read Macaulay instead. Carlyle can lay claim to no such distinction. The mere idea of London belles laying aside their fashionable novel for Carlyle's French philosophy is ridicnlously absurd.

To the general reader Carlyle is anything but interesting. In fact no one appreciates Carlyle except the philosopher, the *deep* scholar and the would-be cultured man. If he had dealt more with the concrete and less with abstract principles, he would be enjoyed more than he is at present. I suppose an admirer of Carlyle would say that the fault of not appreciating the *French Revolution* is in the reader and not in the book. Well, I agree with such a critic.

The *History of England* presents a unity of style that is found in very few books. Every part bears some true relation to the history as a whole. Every sentence or paragraph has its part to fulfill in the "Whig Epic." Macaulay writes nothing for the mere sake of writing; every anecdote, every picture, and every quotation of historical facts is for the purpose of elucidating some

proposition, explaining some point, or illustrating some phase of English life.

Carlyle rarely ever uses the anecdote for the purpose of illustration, but he is very apt in drawing pictures for this purpose from nature, from man, and from the works of man. Carlyle depends more upon his great power of reasoning for the data of all of his arguments.

Macaulay not only pictures the *real* incidents of his history in living colors, but he frequently leaves the actual result of the event and speculates upon what might have been had the attendant circumstances been different. By this device of composition he holds the reader's attention and fixes the important events of history indellibly upon the reader's mind. "Upon the execution of Charles I, the fall of Richard Cromwell, the Restoration, and the Revolution, he pauses to imagine what might have been the course of events had they been directed by men of different character." In his history he is noted for keeping prominent the principal acts of the drama and also the chief actors.

Nownere in literature can we find this proposition more clearly illustrated than in the manner in which Macaulay keeps Jeffreys before the public, as he proceeds on his "bloody circuit." Another good example of the same feature in his style is the vividness with which he keeps the varying vicissitudes and fortunes of young Monmouth in the reader's mind.

One method in the mechanical arrangement of their matter both Macaulay and Carlyle use with a marked degree of success. They are noted for their use of summaries, "prospective and retrospective." On this point Carlyle is superior to Macaulay. They make such distinct use of introductory sketches and headlines that one can nearly always tell what is to follow.

Much is added to the interest of the *History of England* by the controversial tone of its author, and by the support of the popular ideas and theories of government. Carlyle never enters into a controversy. He remains

seated upon the pedestal of his self-conscious ability and delivers his opinions and theories in the manner of one above criticism—as the supreme judge in such matters. Macaulay never makes a statement without trying to prove; Carlyle's statements never need proving (?).

Carlyle thinks more of presenting his events and actors in a pleasing manner and with pictorial effect than of impressing some important truth indestructably upon the mind of the reader. "This is one of the most striking features of the *French Revolution;* it may be called a historic word tapestery, a series of significant word-pittures; it rather describes events in order, than relates the order of events." A fine instance of this feature in his style is the description of the storming of the Bastile. His descriptions of such events leave no well defined ideas of the numbers engaged, the character of the participants and the methods of procedure employed by the *canaille;* but on the other hand he leaves an indistinct impression of the whole scene, a faint glow or an indefinite image formed by the multiplicity of rays projected upon the screen of his description.

In his description of human beings Carlyle is much more concrete than Macaulay, although he is very abstract in regard to his general theories. Carlyle cares more for mastering the inward character of his chief personages than for giving an account of outward particulars, sayings and doings gathered from all sources.

Taking everything into consideration, these two historians stand head and shoulder above any other two of any century. While each had his faults and shortcomings, the preponderance of their works along this line deserve the highest praise and consideration. While the narrow and shallow mind cannot appreciate Carlyle as he should be, yet we should take it for granted that he is great and knew what he was doing, for this is the corroborated testimony of all true scholars of the last half century.

If we cannot appreciate Carlyle we should lay the

fault at our own door, and remember that he, unlike Macaulay (who wrote for everybody), only wrote for the cultured few. We should not grumble because we cannot appreciate him as we do Macaulay, but bless him for the good he has done. He has left something upon which the cultured few can continue to burnish their alrerdy brilliantly polished intellects; and to the uncultured he has left a sleep-producing potion. He is a blessing to both classes.

J. R. T. MAJOR.

A Common Story.

It was evening on a summer day. The sun shone brightly on a cosy little farm house set back in a grove of beautiful oaks. The air was full of the sights and sounds of summer. The orchard back of the house was bursting into bloom, and the hum of bees gathering honey from the blossoms and the lowing of the cows waiting to be driven up from the pasture to be milked, made pleasant music. The air was heavy with the scent of the blossoms and flowers of May. Everything was quiet and restful. The mistress of the farm house, a healthy looking matron, sat in the piazza fanning with her apron her cheeks which were flushed with the heat of the stove over which she had been cooking, and watched her three boys playing in the yard, and her daughter, the eldest of the flock, sewing on a low chair near her. Soon she called to the oldest boy—a tanned, healthy looking lad of fifteen: "Willie, you children must quit playing now and go drive up the cows and feed the hogs and carry in stove-wood for mamma so that everything will be ready for supper when papa gets home from town."

"Yes'm, in a minute; soon as we get through this."

"Come right now, for it will soon be sun-down, and papa will be back and you know he will bring you something if he gets a good price for his cotton."

"Yes'm, but can't we get Bill to help us."

"No, Bill has to feed and water the horses. Your papa told me to tell him to leave feed in the trough for Bess. Bill hasn't done anything at all today and we can't hire him just to play with you children. Lucy, go tell Bill Mr. Hamilton said for him to have feed in the trough for Bess. Your father and Mr. Varney will soon be back from town. Is Will Varney coming here to-night?"

"Yes'm, I think so."

"Well, you had better go tell Bill and then hurry up and get fixed up and not stand there blushing. And Lucy, if your father is not in a good humor when he gets back don't get in his way, for you know how he is sometimes when he gets back from town. He has promised me to quit, but I am afraid every time he goes to town where the State has fixed places where he can buy it."

"Maybe if he gets a good price for his cotton and I don't vex him, he will send me off to school. You know Will Varney is going and we could go to the same place."

"You are always thinking of Will; but that's the way with girls, wanting a beau before they are well out of short dresses. You are nothing but a child yet, though girls now at seventeen think they are ladies and want to act like older people. You and Will Varney have a long time to wait yet."

"O, ma, wait? I don't know what you are talking about."

"There, there, child, go on and get ready to meet your beau. You know very well what I mean. I expect you thought about it before I did, girls generally do, but they are always very much surprised when the boy asks them. Here comes the children. O, dear, I wonder what makes little Jimmie so muddy! He is covered with mud and they are all laughing. Willie, what made Jimmie so muddy?"

"He—he—went——"

"Stop your laughing and tell me what is the matter !"

"Yes'm; Jimmie wss runnin' after the little calf and he tried to grab it by the tail dis as he crossed the branch and the calf kicked up and hit Jimmie right square in the stomach, and knocked him right over in the branch, and he got all muddy. Jus' look at the mud on his nose ; and he got his mouth full, too, and he didn't cry a bit."

"That's mamma's little man. Come here and let mammma wipe his face before papa and Mr. Varney comes, because Mr. Varney might stop and you don't want him to see you with such a dirty face as that, do you ?"

"And Will Varney might come, too, mamma, to see Lucy. I seen Will and Lucy in the parlor the other night, but I ain't goin' to tell what they was doin', 'cause Lucy said she'd make me some ginger-bread if I wouldn't tell."

"Hush, child, don't tease your sister; you'll be at it yourself soon enough. Children think they are grown up so soon. Go and watch for your papa now, he'll be here directly, and he might bring you something from town. I'll get supper ready and put on the table, and Lucy you go and straighten up the parlor, if Will is coming."

Mrs. Hamilton then went into the kitchen and busied herself arranging for supper while the children rode on the big yard gate and threw acorns at each other and "sicked" their dog at the cat as they watched for "papa." Soon they saw the black mare and the famil iar buggy coming up the road."

"Here's papa, mamma; papa's coming," shouted all three in chorus, and the cry brought "mamma" to the door with flushed and smiling face to welcome her husband. But when the buggy drove up in it was—not her husband and his friend, but a neighbor, a good friend of the family.

"Where is Mr. Hamilton?" "Where's papa?" were the first words he heard, and then they saw in his face the gloom of evil news.

"Where's my husband, my John?" "Where's my papa," and the chorus of grief brought the daughter with blanched face to the door. The kind-hearted neighbor was at first unable to speak. He had volunteered to bring the news when no one else would, but now the terrible tragedy of the thing overwhelmed him.

"Mrs. Hamilton," he began, "be calm, don't take on so. Your husband is alive and unhurt."

"But where is he? where is he?"

He hesitated, but there was no other way. "He is in jail for the murder of Mr. Varney and his son Will."

A shriek from Lucy interrupted him as she fell in a swoon at his feet. He carried her into the house and strove to revive the weeping mother with words of hope.

"He was not himself, neither was Mr. Varney. After they had sold their cotton they went to the dispensary. Then they went to a restaurant to get their dinner and found Will there. Mr. Varney began abusing Will for coming to town without his knowledge and Mr. Hamilton took up for him. From this they started a quarrel which ended in a fight. Will was trying to part them and Mr. Hamilton, heated with liquor, thought that Will was helping his father, and so he drew his pistol and shot them both, killing them instantly. The jury will never convict him of murder."

This is all the consolation he could offer the stricken mother and daughter. A once happy home ruined, a daughter's life wrecked, children's prospects gone, a husband and father in prison for murder. The sun which had shone so brightly on a happy home an hour before went down on two stricken women, a desperate man in prison for the murder of his best friend and of his daughter's lover, and on two cold upturned faces which would never more gladden by their presence the

hearts of their loved ones. This is the tragedy of life.

QUI EST.

A Flying Trip to Skyuka.

On Thursday afternoon of April 28 the Sophomore class boarded the train bound for the mountains. After an hour's ride we reached Tryon station. Then we started on foot for Skyuka Hotel, which is situated on the side of Tryon mountain, six miles from the station and one mile from the top. We climbed the mountain for one hour and a half and then we came to the hotel, all lighted up, and the proprietor waiting for us. That night we saw the electric lights in Spartanburg. Next morning we awoke to find it raining, so we were compelled to stay in the hotel nearly all day, but nevertheless we enjoyed it. The finely arranged hotel with all modern improvements on furniture and the bracing air and the beautiful scenery will keep any one in a jocular mood for several months at a time. Friday afternoon we went up to the pond, which is about three hundred yards from the building, and which furnishes a fine supply of water all through the hotel. We spent the evening in listening to two of our classmates play on their guitar and mandolin. Saturday morning we went to the top of the mountain and saw, away below, some clouds scatter, then come together in beautiful shapes; before us the beautiful forests and fields, and it seemed as though we were in the land of the poet's dream. We also saw Hendersonville, Saluda, Columbus. and also Tryon station. While descending the wonderful height we heard a strange rumbling and tumbling, and on looking apparently above our heads we saw one of the fellows coming with his umbrella flying in three directions and making his way head foremost to the foot of the mountain. We gave him his course, but he was fortunate enough to be stopped by a saw mill.

All reached Spartanburg safely the same afternoon

about six o'clock, and certainly intend to visit Skyuka the first opportunity we have. They will soon have electric lights in the hotel and also a road to Saluda, which will be about nine miles long. Each member of the class would be glad to spend his vacation, or part of it, there roaming over the mountains and among the beautiful valleys.

William D. Holland.

Wofford College Journal

A Literary Magazine, published Monthly by the Calhoun and Preston Literary Societies of Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C.

Contributions are solicited from the Alumni and students of the institution.

THE JOURNAL goes into every county in South Carolina and many beyond the State, and is manifestly an excellent advertising medium. Our rates are, one page one year, $20; one-half page one year $10.00.

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No article will be published unless the author's name and address have been deposited with the Editor.

Subscription price, $1.00.

R. S. TRUESDALE, Editor-in-Chief.

GABE CANNON, Business Mgr.

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J. P. Inabnit, Literary.
N. M. Sailey, Alumni.

PRESTON SOCIETY
G. T. Pugh, Exchange
T. O. Epps, Local.

EDITORIAL

R. S. TRUESDALE, - - Editor

The following letter is published by request in THE JOURNAL:

WOFFORD TEACHER'S UNION.

Perhaps never in the history of Wofford College has there been an organization which so completely meets the demands of its graduates as the Wofford Teachers' Union.

The Union was organized in Greenwood August 24, 1896, with five charter members, and has shown of late by its rapid growth that it more than fills the object for which it was formed. The object of the Union is:

First—To meet the necessity of a more united effort on the part of Wofford College men who became teachers in aiding one another to secure positions.

Second—To draw closer together the many Wofford teachers scattered over this and other States; to fraternize, so to speak, the men who became teachers after leaving the campus.

Third—To secure information concerning the various

vacancies which may from time to time occur throughout the State or elsewhere.

A copy of the by-laws below will give a clearer object of the Union. They are as follows:

BY-LAWS.

1. Officers of this Union shall consist of a President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer, who shall be elected bi-annually.

2. It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all meetings of this Union, and he shall be jointly responsible with the Secretary and Treasurer for all funds collected and disposed of.

3. It shall be the duty of the Vice-President, in case of absence or resignation of the President, to assume all the duties and responsibilities of the President.

4. It shall be the duty of the Secretary and Treasurer to callect promptly all dues from the members ; to issue yearly a financial report of the Union and forward a copy of the same to each of the members.

5. It shall be the duty of each member, if elected to any office of this Union, to perform to the best of his ability the various duties of that office.

6. It shall be the duty of each member, if, after having been elected to a position through information given by the above Union, he shall accept another position, to inform the Secretary of the same.

7. It shall be the duty of each member to acknowledge immediately receipt of all information.

8. It shall be the duty of each member to hold confidential all information of vacancies reported to him by the Secretary, and to use the information for himself, or if he shall give the information to any one else it shall be a member of the Union, and shall immediately inform the Secretary.

9. It shall be the duty of each member to notify the Secretary of all vacancies or probable vacancies that may come under his knowledge, and to inform the Sec-

retary of his acceptance of any position or change of address.

10. The initiation fee of this Union shall be 50 cents, with 50 cents as an annual fee, due at the end of each fiscal year. If fee is not paid thirty days after it is due, the delinquent shall be dropped.

11. All net proceeds of this Union shall be forwarded by the Treasurer to the Treasurer of Wofford College at the end of each year, to be added to the Wofford College Gymnasium Fund.

12. A plurality vote of all the members of the Union shall be required to elect all officers and to make any alteration, addition or amendment to the by-laws.

13. All elections shall take place at the bi-annual meeting of Union, which place of meeting shall be determined by a majority vote of the members enrolled. All members who are so situated that they cannot attend said meetings shall send in their votes to the Secretary on a blank which shall be prepared for the purpose.

From the above, you can clearly see that the object of this Association is not to secure positions for any of its members, but to furnish them information concerning the various vacancies that may occur. The member thus informed may or may not secure the position, which will be dependent upon his individual efforts.

We hope that all Alumni of Wofford College, whether teachers or not, will give us their names for membership and their hearty co-operation in advancing the interest of that institution.

The next meeting will be held at the College Monday during commencement, when we hope to add many to our membership.

You may not be dependent upon the Union in any way, but for the sake of unity among Wofford teachers. and for the sake of the firm support it will give your "fostering mother," we beg that you join us.

GEORGE MARSHALL MOORE, Secretary.

Now is the busy time of the College year, not only with text-books, but in getting ready for commencement exercises. It is the baseball season, too, and taking everything as it comes, a student may find himself greatly enlarged. It is to be hoped that this fast feature of college life awakens every man to more strenuous efforts in every department.

The Young Men's Christian Association has no regular department in THE JOURNAL, but it may not be amiss to say something about it here. The progress during the year has been encouraging. The membership has reached a high mark, and it is safe to assume that not one man in college but he has had the question put before him. During the year many members have fallen out from college duties, but at the last business meeting it was reported that there are eighty men in college now who are members, forty active and forty associate. Committee work, which is the feature of the association, has been well done. Two Bible classes have been carried on with very satisfactory results. The initiation fee has been raised from fifty cents to one dollar, and more have joined than ever. The constitution has been transferred to a neat, well-bound book, where it may be seen by all the members. It is hardly expected that this association be recognized so as to agitate the friends of Wofford, but it is expected that they think of it and remember how grateful the organization would be to have well-fitted rooms—not a whole building—that it might call its own.

The approaching Summer School at Knoxville for Southern students will be a rare occasion. Wofford will be represented there by no less than five men. The buildings of the University of Tennessee, situated on an eminence overlooking the Tennessee river, and the magnificent city of Knoxville, are thrown open for the use of the students who gather there. The days are

spent most profitably—the mornings in Bible and methods of college Young Men's Christian Association work, the afternoons in recreation. This gathering for the last four years has brought about a wonderful change in the college department of the movement for young men.

In "Ian Maclaren's" American Impressions he says: "After a journey in the New World one returns home convinced that we do not know how hospitality spells in Europe, and smitten to the heart with repentance. When a stranger comes to us with a letter, we receive him with calm civility, hope that he has had a good passage, inquire what he wishes to see in our country, map out his route for him, ask him to a meal, and let him go with a modest disclaimer that he has given us any trouble." He encourages all who know but few in America by saying that when one goes there "not knowing half a dozen people in the whole continent, letters of hospitality arrive before you start; they are brought on board your steamer with the pilot, they are delivered on the landing stage, they are lying on the table at your rooms, and they all come to the same thing—that you will stay in a hotel at your peril, and that you and your belongings . . . . must at once come to the writer's house."

EXCHANGE

G. T. PUGH, EDITOR

It seems to me to be a mistake that some of our exchanges have fallen into of devoting too much time and space to story writing. A story now and then comes in well enough, for the mind naturally requires change. But a mind altogether accustomed to reading stories, whether of love or of adventure, rarely ever finds pleasure in change to a more weighty or thought-stirring literature; it is almost an impossibility. Therefore the change must be in the opposite direction, and this can be accomplished only by putting earnest, thoughtful pieces in our magazines, gieces that can obtain and retain our own respect and that of others. However let there be pieces of a lighter view occasionally. I woald not have this kind of literature annihilated. But are we not in danger of carrying it too far?

We are glad to notice improvement in *The Furman Echo*, especially in the literary department. The locals, too, are not so extensive as they were before.

The February number of *The Southern Collegian*, devoted to the memory of John Randolph Tucker, is well gotten up in every respect, and gives an account of the principal events in the life of that noble Virginia citizen. "In Memoriam" is certainly full of poetic sentiment, thereby reflecting the life of the great man.

The Erskinian for March is not up to its usual standard; however its articles are worthy of much commendation. "Our Country's Destiny" has the ring of patriotism in it, shows an optimistic view as well as trust in the outcome of the sturdy Anglo-Saxon roll, and what is more than all else, makes one feel proud to be an American citizen.

"An April Romance" in *Tennessee University Magazine* is well plotted, successfully developed and beautifully terminated. "Why Monkeys Don't Talk" in the same magazine is one among the best pieces of dialect that we have seen in any of our exchanges during the entire year. There is also a good translation of one of Horace's odes, the 38th—so good that we give it here:

"I hate thy Persian finery, O boy;
Not I thy linden-woven wreaths enjoy;
Cease thou to seek where frosts not yet destroy
The ling'ring rose.
Naught for my brow but simple myrtle twine;
A garland none the less befitting thine,
Though thou must serve, while I may drink my wine
In calm repose."

The Baylor Literary contains beneath that rusty, unattractive covering a most excellent article entitled "An Era of Gloom—(1789-1799." The dates give an idea of what will follow, and there does follow an ably written and instructive paper upon that very fruitful subject that has called forth the efforts of so many lovers of the common man. "Cuba Libre" is full of fire and vehemence and contains much to stir one's feelings in favor of this struggling people.

"Hail! Greece!" in *The College Forum* is another poem that embodies, to a certain extent, the liberty-loving spirit of the age, ending thus:

"Glorious heralder of light!
Bold defender of the right!
Who defies all Europe's might!
Hail to thee!"

La Reveille still merits the notices of praise that the first issue elicited, as it is in every respect favorably comparable with that issue.

The Wake Forest Student, though not as large as usual, contains several good articles. "Cuba and Her Cause" is an ably composed oration and manifests, on the part of the writer, a familiarity with his subject.

"Gettysburg" is a story of the war as told by a veteran, and of course is interesting to all readers. There are other articles worthy of praise.

CLIPPINGS.

She had lived such a miserable life
As undesired daughter, unloved wife,
That when Death claimed her as his love and bride,
She hesitated, fearing lest he lied.

She knows no German, she knows no Greek,
But the purest American she can speak;
She knows the uses of her and she
And the proper places of I and me.
She doesn't use big words to tell
A story, although she can use them well;
In short, she's a girl without pretense,
With an ample supply of common sense.
And I'd rather have her any day
Than the girl who can parley voo fransay.

Through the sweetest song runs a minor strain,
  Which fills our eyes with unbidden tears;
In the noblest life mingle joy and pain,
  That move the world through the passing years

ALUMNI

NATHANIEL M. SALLEY, - Editor

Mr. W. A. Nickels, '95, is teaching school at Latta, in Marion county. Mr. Nickels has proven himself a splenself a splendid teacher and his neighborhood is highly pleased with his work. We all remember Mr. Nickels as a gentleman and a student. He distinguished himself on the gridiron in '94.

Mr. Jno. B. Humbert, '95, is teaching near Clio, in Marlboro county. While in college Mr. Humbert was a good student and a great athlete. Mr. Humbert will not be forgetless as a man—always full of fun and with a kind word for everybody.

Mr. S. H. McGhee, '95, is in charge of the school at Dothan. Mr. McGhee was among the leading men of his class in scholarship and in faculty work. As manager of THE JOURNAL he made a splendid success of it financially. As local editor of THE JOURNAL he gave us a department always readable and attractive. He was at one time President of the Calhoun Society. He was a very graceful and efficient officer. Success to Mr. McGhee in anything he takes up!

Mr. J. J. Rogers is teaching school at Oates, S. C. He is doing well. We Seniors all remember Jake, and trust he will hold up the record made by '95 in scholarship.

Mr. J. D. Moore, who went through the Sophomore Class, is farming in Marlboro county.

H. D. Dantzler, who went through the Sophomore Class, is taking a business course at Poughkeepsie. He was a member of the class of '97, and was a "jolly, clever, pleasant" fellow, who had the good will of the professors and studentt.

At the State convention of the Epworth League held in this city were present Mr. Chesley Herbert from Florence, Mr. S. H. McGhee from Marion, Mr. Peter Stokes from Sumter, and Mr. D. Crout from Gaffney. Mr. Stokes was made secretary of the convention and discharged the duties of his office efficiently and satisfactorily. It is unnecessary to say that these gentlemen represented their communities well. Not only was the entire convention an enjoyment and an educating influence to the community, but especially were we glad to meet with the friends and alumni of the college from all parts of the State.

Our business agent, Prof. Smith, has been about over the State very considerably for the last month or two, and he reports prospects for a fine crowd of Freshmen the class of 1901 as very encouraging. Nearly everywhere he goes he finds several who are coming to Wofford next year. It is a good plan for alumni to use every available man to come to Spartanburg to school, not merely as a matter of college patriotism, but in the interest of humanity in general it is their duty to show ignorance the way to knowledge.

Wofford Directory

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SOCIETY OF ALUMNI

FRATERNITIES

Chi Psi.; Kappa Alpha; Kappa Sigma;
Pi Kappa Alpha; Sigma Alpha Epsilon, Chi Phi.

Robert S. Truesdale, Manager of Wightman Hall.

LOCAL

T. O. EPPS, - - EDITOR.

The first meeting of the State Epworth League Conference was held in our chapel on the evening of the 15th of April. Friends, delegates, visitors and students filled the house and enjoyed a very interesting lecture delivered by Dr. Carlisle. At the close of this lecture the library and the society halls were thrown open for a general reception. The college boys joined heartily in this feature, and with one accord pronounced it a success. It was indeed a delightful entertainment. But apart from the social intercourse, the entire conference was very interesting and instructive from the beginning to the end. It was a great pleasure to attend such a convention.

On Friday evening, April 30th, the first exhibition of the college gymnasium association was given. It consisted of performances on parallel bars, horizontal bars, flying wings, and vaulting horse. Also somersaults, tumbling, wrestling, leaping and racing. Each participant showed feats of beautiful activity, and careful training. It was a brilliant success, and a source of much pleasure to the large crowd that attended. But the crowning event of the occasion was the reception at the close of the performances.

A few weeks ago the college community was saddened by the death of one of Prof. and Mrs. Blake's children. Our sympathies are with them.

Several days ago the Sophomore class took their usual trip to survey Tryon mountain. Rain set in soon after they reached the mountain and as far as the mathematical part of the trip was concerned it was almost a failure. But each, in spite of the weather, reports a very pleasant time.

The Sophomore exhibition occurred on the 4th inst., Geo. W. Owings presided, and the following were the speakers. E. D. Atkins, M. B. Jennings, J. P. Gray and Earnest Wiggins. They acquitted themselves creditably and the occasion was up to the usual standard. A large crowd, including a good many Converse girls, remained for the reception which passed off very pleasantly.

Mr. Chas. Studd, of Cambridge, Eng., spent two days with us about the middle of May. He is on a tour through the United States visiting the colleges in the interest of the Students' Volunteer Movement. We were very much impressed with him, and enjoyed all of his lectures. Mr. Studd has spent ten years in China as a Missionary and proposes to return after his trip through America. He goes from here to the South Carolina College, then to Athens, Ga., and from there to the Pacific coast.

Carolina Game in Columbia.

Our team was met at the depot by a number of the Carolina boys and went directly to the fair ground, where the game was called at 4:30 p. m. After a short preliminary in which it was clearly shown that the game was to be a hard fought battle on both sides the umpire, Mr. Ike Brice, called the "play ball." Carolina was at the bat first but retired in 1, 2 3 order by Smith to Burnett. Wofford received a dose of the same medicine. Both teams were playing beautiful ball and not until the third inning did either team score. Wofford, in this inning succeeded in crossing the home plate. 1, 2 3 was then the order until the fifth inning when Carolina by good base running and bunching their hits earned 2 runs. Again in the eighth the Carolinians pulled together and added 2 more scores. In the same inning Smith hits safe and scores by Burnett's three bagger who scores on a scratch to first by Owens. Ver-

ner, Brooks, H., and Edmunds promptly strike out for Carolina in the ninth and Wofford fails to hit safe. The game thus closed 4 to 3 and Carolina won her first game from Wofford in five years. Our boys have certainly never played better field ball, and Walker never pitched a more magnificent game. Our team could not land safely on Brooks when the hit to even was needed.

The club was entertained royally by the Carolinas and we shall strive to return their treament, both on the field and off, ten fold on May 9th.

The C. F. C. with black and old gold were there in great number and as in many recent victories cheered our boys even in defeat. A compliment of this kind is indeed appreciated.

The recital given that evening by Miss Nepp's elocution class was the most attractive and enjoyable entertainment it has ever been our privilege to attend and the large audience showed their appreciation by applause and flowers. At the close of the program the Wofford boys were invited to the dining hall. There, prepared by those who had cheered us even in defeat and other supporters of old gold and black, was a delicious repast of cream and cake. After this treat was much enjoyed Dr. Rice announced that toasts were in order, and called on Rev. A. J. Cauthen, Jr., of the class of '91 to tell us "What Wofford used to be." This he did in a very entertaining manner. He then called on Mr. E. S. Culler of the Senior class to tell us "What Wofford is," but as Mr. Culler was so impressed by the treatment the Wofford boys were receiving at the hands of the C. F. C. girls he most appropriately spent the time that was allotted him in thanking Dr. and Mrs. Rice and the young ladies. Dr. Rice next called on Miss Lavinia Harmon, of the Junior class, to tell us "What Wofford is in the C. F. C." and this she did in her charming way. There were only two things the Wofford boys can look back to with regret; the first is, that we did not win the game, and the second, that they had a bell at Columbia Female

College. The following young men had the pleasure of being in Columbia: Messrs. Allen, Bennett, Bennett, Culler, Farry, Hall, Moore, Owens, Reed, Smith, Sullivan and Walker.

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A class for boys not younger than 11 years will be organized provided ten apply for this class.

For catalogue address

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SPARTANBURG, S. C.

Vol. VIII No. 9

JUNE, 1897

WOFFORD College Journal

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Established 1888 | June, 1897 | Vol. VII. No. 9

LITERARY

J. PERCY INABNITT, - EDITOR.

Odd Lines.

I lay upon my fevered bed in pain
  And far and wide my foolish fancy strayed
In search of somewhat that it called again
  By that old name I used when once I prayed.

My silly fancy trampled on my heart,
  With doubts all laden and with heavy load
Of arguments, to prove there is no part
  Of Nature where they could be any God.

And I was all but fainting when I found
  The truth, for it was doubtless true, and thus
Had I been smitten by the sound
  Of Death, who whispered that my soul was dust.

But sudden from a lately blossomed peach
  Came stealing with the scented April air,
Like gurgling wavelets on a sunset beach,
  The mocking-bird's first notes, low as in fear.

Then out the music rushed and I was full
  Of glorious beauty as it rolled abroad;
I heard: "Oh, God, I praise thee;" then a lull,
  And I was dreaming that I talked with God.

OLIN D. WANNAMAKER.

St. Matthews, S. C., April, 1897.

Is Science an Incentive to Poetry?

In order to discuss rightly from a critical point of view, the relative bearing of science, in its broadest and most liberal sense, upon the spirit of poetry, one's attention must, at the very outset, be directed to several clearly defined points of treatment. The purport of this paper is to consider the subject from a threefold aspect as follows: in the first place, the relation of science to poetry in the primitive, mediæval and modern eras must be noted; secondly, truth as the dominating influence of science and poetry is to be reflected upon; and lastly, the parallelism evinced in the evolution of science and evolution of thought.

Your thoughtful attention is now directed to a consideration of the first phase of the subject. In the primitive ages there was, comparatively speaking, no science, no history, no tenet of religion, hence every human being was simply a bundle of sensations and susceptibilities, though in such a chaotic state the mind of the gifted poet, being as sensitive to impressions as a photographic plate, caught the inspirations of the time, and as a necessary consequence literature in the form of verse was the result. Thus situated, the poetic temperament expressed in the tangible form of verse the inexplicable wonders of that time, together with the beauties of nature without realizing or attaching any real importance thereto. Even at this early time, latent science unconscicusly pervaded all. The germinal power of science and theology were then existing but in a rather crude form, diffused as it were in the very atmosphere, prevalent everywhere though obscure. In passing we note, too, that the truths which fell pur-blind from the poet's lips were, in a great measure, intuitive. No logical reasoning existed to guide the thinking faculties—all was darkness; occasionally, though, a dim ray of light would penetrate the

poet's inner soul, and a tone of reflected truth, tending to uplift and inspire mankind to nobler living and higher thinking, would flash across the intellectual horizon, leaving an unmistakable impress thereon. But how rare and few were such influences! Comparable to oases in the desert. And, too, these few faint insights were almost lost in the mazes of superstitious thought and peculiar religious beliefs.

The effect of early science in moulding poetic thought and temperament is particularly striking, in fact, very noticeable allusions can be gleaned by careful perusal of ancient Latin writers, especially the poet Virgil seems as if he was imbued with the scientific spirit of his time, and his verse is thereby doubly enriched by its usage. Though science at the Alexandrian era was just then beginning to dawn, yet the tone and flavor of poetic feeling was already indissolubly knit to that pervading influence. The web of speculative thought, it seems, was woven imperceptibly into the spirit of poetry, thereby enriching the tone and color. The images of visible and actual phenomena, gleaned from the close observance of natural law, reflected upon the versatile mind of the poet, and, in turn, our language is enriched by the precious nuggets of thought, and, too, by the new figures of speech created. Thus the poet, the creator, works! How pure his atmosphere, how regal his reign!

Did not the early poet, too, by his inventive faculty, divine and apprehend unrevealed truths, before the subtle hand of the dissector laid bare the proposed fact as a verity? Surely the imaginative poet is endowed with prophetic and intuitive insight, as instanced in many cases. Indeed, in such an exalted sphere he has his being. But has not science, in a sense, affected poetry from the most primitive times? In answer to this I may say that from earliest times an earnest attempt was made to reveal the latent laws of Nature in its varied forms and phases. This penetrating into the inmost receses of Nature's heart seems to have been the

poet's exclusive privilege, and none other dared enter that sacred precinct. What an undiscovered vein of research and posibility is now within the poet's grasp!

Figuratively speaking, poetry is the vehicle of science, conveying the thoughts of one's imagination, depending upon experience, to an appreciative audience. The entire gamut of influences and associations, permeating the firm texture of ancient poetry, is derived mainly from early science and its accepted theory. At that time the general recognition of natural law in different phenomena evinced a knowledge of nature and her workings. Passages of scientific character are especially noted also in the classical poet.

The chief and distinct characteristic quality of ancient poetry was idealism, in contradistinction to the prominent features of the modern, which is distinctly materialism. These lines will denote the transition period:

> "Science! true daughter of old Time thou art,
> Who alterest all things with thy piercing eyes,
> Why preyest thou thus upon the poet's heart,
> Vulture! whose wings are dull realities!
> How should he love thee?"

But is such the true case now? Is it applicable to the new times and new changes of the present? All in all, the prevalent tendency seems to be, at present, to discard so much of imagery, and mere graphic descriptions meaning nothing, and to insert, instead, living truth. This new method, instead of retarding as some think, really facilitates and renders poetry more useful—in other words, gives it a higher function to perform, and in addition broadens its sphere. In short, this new outgrowth is a healthy departure of the old custom, and will doubtless create an inherent quality in itself. Truly, the magical wand has served well its day, while now we desire, yea, even long for definite, specific, truth. The grand rally and revival notes have been sounded, calling us to the union of poetry and science, the two all-powerful forces of the universe.

We must further note, in passing, the parallelism of

science and poetry in the middle ages, and finally observe their convergence in modern times. The tendency heretofore seems to have been not so much to suppress but rather to purify, elevate and heighten the effect of poetry. If the apparently miraculous wonders of scientific discovery were fit themes for the poets of the middle ages, how much more ought it to be so now. Science is, indeed, the true keynote to which all pure poetry, henceforth, must be attuned. The day for mere beauty, imagery and high-sounding phrases is past; for now the poet and philosopher breathe the self-same atmosphere—truth.

The ever-changing as well as fascinating problems of science are closely veiled from the surface observer and curiosity of mankind in general, but are, indeed, revealed to the diligent thinkers and ardent workers in nature's laboratory. These timely truths are not solved in a day or a month, but are the ultimate result of close and continued application; "sweat of brain as well as sweat of brow" is highly essential. Are not the creations of poetic art now tending to the truth as evinced, and not merely to the phantasies of imagination, unrealities—simply precious gems of thought in poetic setting? Affirmation is universally expressed in reply to this. New times, new modes, new means of expressing one's thought have arisen, and a broader, brighter, clearer horizon will the poet now enjoy. The fields of research, as it seems, are illimitable.

A new era has dawned in science—hence the temper of poetry likewise has been altered. Just here a word as to the bearing of science upon modern thought and life. Indeed, are not our modern poets read by the focused light of logical canons, all being reduced to truth? The fulness of scientific research seems to pervade all, exerting especially a marked influence upon poetry. The true relation between science and poetry at the present point of time is comparable to a land elevation, in which the climate, contour and other alterations

have been sustained. Even so is this true as regards science; new conditions, new theories, new discoveries have so rapidly appeared that a clarified vision is, indeed, almost impossible, hence in a measure accounting for the uneven step of the modern poet, and, the showing a hesitancy upon his part in accepting unconditionally this manifest influence, though willing to a certain extent to be led by its tenets.

Does not, then, an air of scientific spirit surround the poetic productions of modern writers? Most assuredly; what then has been the leaven? What has so radically changed the poet's manner of treatment? To what extent is poetry indebted to science for its formation? In answer to this series of questions, we may say that science is the one guiding star tending to uplift and place poetry upon a higher plane of research and possibility.

Does science increase or retard the spirit of poetry? The evidence cited alreaady seems to point in favor of increase, while in Tennyson's Locksley Hall we note again a direct outgrowth of scientific influence. The dim traces of science can be observed in very many of Tennyson's best productions—in fact, inspired the penning of them. Can we, then, look with cold and unconscious eyes upon science and say, "thou hast replaced poetry; thou hast sipped its very essence, its life-blood!" Surely not. A moment's reflection of a thinking mind would discern how foolish, how absurd such a statement would be, and yet how many maintain such an opinion! Has not the identifying influences of current thought been clearly shown and expressed in "In Memoriam?" To read this poem is to affirm the above assertion.

The transition from imagery veiling unrealities, to imagery in accordance with truth still continues, exerting, however, a more decided influence now than heretofore. To this end the poet's efforts have been directed, and the result has been in treating prosaic facts practically. Broadly stated, modern poetry reflects the

essence of science. I dare say the poet of the future if he ever attain to greatness and renown must place in verbal setting the scientific theorems of his age. All in all, the resultant effects of scientific discoveries are to be, henceforth, themes that will arrest and engage the true poet's attention. To make facts poetic instead of prosaic is, indeed, the sphere of a great creator.

The second phase of the subject now lies open for discussion. What, then, are the fusing points between the two forces, poetry and science? The question formulated thus is what is the prime motive of research and ultimate end towards which both are tending? Truth, pure and simple, is the chiefest object to be attained. How similar, then, are their relations! Thus the demonstrable scientific truths will, in due time, hasten, ennoble and refine poetic diction. Who can doubt but that the poetic productions of the future will, in a measure, be tempered by this creative school of scientific thinkers. The pulsating, living heart of the sensitive poet will cause the scientific truths to partake of his own life-blood and become a part of self, thereby becoming poetry.

Note this as coming from a worthy poet: "If the time, says he, should ever come when what is now called science. thus familiarized to men, shall be ready to put on, as it were, a form of flesh and blood, the poet will lend his divine spirit to aid the transfiguration, and will welcome the being thus produced as a dear and genuine inmate of the household of man." This is Wordsworth's conception of science versus poetry, and how true, too, it is. The poets will go to chemistry, mineralogy and botany henceforth to draw their illustrations. Has not each age, so to speak, left embedded in its literary strata the crystalized thoughts of its master minds in the form of a poem, novel or scientific work? Surely the poetry of the present is, without doubt, imbued with the scientific spirit, and as the generic conditions of the time moulded the poet, hence the two are blended.

Science, with her vast storehouse of facts, truths, theories, has builded well; but when the search-light of the poet is mirrored upon this mound of knowledge all seem to gradually disappear, but only to be placed in a new lingual setting, life having been imparted to this otherwise stable mass, and the whole having undergone a complete transformation, is, in due time, returned to the public in the crystallized form of verse. The poet takes the fact as presented by the scientist, and brings to bear upon it the mental batteries of his brain, which acts, in a sense, as the power house of the body, and crystallized truth is the inevitable result. The truths of chemistry and geology, digested by a sensitive mind, spring forth again in a stream of poetic feeling with new life, clothed in more durable forms. In fact this is a transitional epoch of the poetic schools; from simple beauty to verity of truth in all its phases.

The deep, underlying thought of poetry is truth. This, indeed, is the highest ideal of excellence to be attained. If the spirit of truth pervades, no matter what the scenic background is, the poetry, however, will be vital. The instinctive desire for truth will inevitably unite the two apparent extreme currents of thought, research of science and evolution in poetry.

In this wise we note the effort of the scientist and the poet to be the same, both seeking truth. Rain, as it emanates from God its pure source, will be representative of truth, and the water-shed upon which it chances to fall, the dividing line between science and poetry, and as part wends its way to the ocean, so another portion in a different direction also reaches the selfsame source, the ultimate end in both being similar. Now, by way of comparison; we let these two portions represent respectfully, the pole of science and, and the poet's range, both reaching the ocean of known truth, although by very different routes, viewed in this light, are not the two reconcilable, in fact, indispensable! The new views laid bare in the scientific sphere are excellent fields of

workable material for the master hand of a poetic genius, thereby giving us new colors, remoulding and placing in more modern setting the indisputable facts of revealed nature. To whom, then, is left the task of exploring these fruitful fields? To the poet, none other.

The humanizing of the scientific will be the sphere of the future poet, if I may so prophesy, but admit that the highest, most enduring and lasting mode of conveying ideas is by means of verse—hence the poet must fan into living flames by his apt treatment and artistic touch these otherwise dead and inanimate truths.

This brings us to the consideration of another very important phase of our subject. Attention now is directed to the evolution of thought and revolution in science. The laws of nature are revealed by a close observance of ever-recurring incidents placed together, finally establishing a fact. The poet, too, as he perceives the truth, weaves it upon the loom of nature, and there produces vari-colored effects and beautifully blended colors, while to the cold scientist's eye, the dissecting process goes on revealing facts and theories. How, in the light of reason, can one say that science has tended to suppress the spirit of poetry! How inconsistent a statement, to the contrary, would seem! Certainly all evidence points to a healthy rivalry, no disruption whatever.

The inevitable law of progress is stamped upon poetry alike with science; evolution is noted in both. Sometimes poetry hastens by prophecy the order of events, science in turn retracing her foot prints; but the reverse, however, is equally true. It is especially noteworthy that a revival in scientific circles occasions a like awakening in poetic life.

The scientific spirit so encircling all life, social and religious, will, in due time, lead us to a perfect realization of the Muse. Iconoclism in poetry as well as science should not be wholly discarded because it shows a healthy sentiment if not pressed to an extreme.

The imaginative faculty is as essential to the scientist's outfit as it is indispensable to the poet, both must feel, see and know, in a word, be sensitive to an impression. What a striking similarity in this respect!

The work of the scientist and poet is upon the same plane, each striving to attain the self-same end, Truth. As the circle of scientific knowledge expands and grows larger, having truth as its centre, even so will this magnetic influence attract, and eventually blend in one these two apparently opposite and antagonistic forces. And why? Because eternal truth is the one thing desired by both. To sum up, then, in a phrase, what has hitherto been merely suggested we may say that science, all in all, tends to incite rather than suppress the spirit of poetry.

T. McT. RAYSOR, '97.

Where?

It is a fact derived from experiments that the balance has been so nicely adjusted that the particles of a lead pencil adhering to the paper in writing the initials of one's name are sufficient to make it turn upon its pivot. This fact brings to mind the idea that there are pivots or turning points in the life of every man and of every nation where things, insignificant in themselves, have weight and power enough in their influence to change the whole course of life, and in some instances the whole course of civilization.

As every particle of matter in the universe has an attraction for every other particle, so, in like manner, men are connected in their associations and relations of life in such a way that every little thought and act must have influence, and no man can live to himself alone. If it be true—and there are reasons for believing it true—that by some medium, we scarcely know what, we have "the transference of thought from mind to mind without the agency of the recognized organs of sense"

so that in this way there can be no communication between men thousands of miles apart, see how much greater the circle of influence becomes!

But taking the facts we have, it is surprising how great a change a little thing can bring about. Why, it is probable, as Dr. Stalker suggests, that a dream or a vision changed the course of Christian civilization. For, as the Apostle Paul after his extensive work in Asia Minor was lying asleep near the shore of the Aegean Sea, he had a dream in which he saw a man upon the opposite shore, the European, beckoning to him and saying, "Come over into Macedonia and help us." He recognized this as a divine summons and obeyed it, and thereby introduced into Europe the Christian religion and laid the foundation for Christian civilization. Now it is probable that if Paul had not had this vision he would not have crossed over into Europe, but remaining in Asia he would have pushed his way back through Arabia and Persia and into those regions where Mohamedanism now has complete dominion and, perhaps, into the great empires farther east. And Christianity would today have its great strongholds in these eastern nations, and China and India and Japan would be sending their missionaries to England to proclaim Christianity instead of England's sending her missionaries to them. And you are familiar with the important parts played in civilization and progress by the falling apple of Newton, by Franklin's kite, and by Fulton and his kettle. In fact, many of the most important inventions and discoveries come from just such unimportant things and from the hands of those whom the world contemtuously calls *dreamers*.

But we must pass on. I have given these examples only in proof of the assertion that great and momentous events often hinge upon very trivial things.

Taking the life of our own nation as placed upon a pivot let us see which way it is swinging. The mere mentioning of the name of that man whose birthday we

celebrated on the 22nd of February brings to mind the idea of liberty and independence. In fact, it has become, by the continued association of brave and heroic deeds with the progress of our nation's life, that *America* and *independence* are almost synonymous terms. Yet, in this land so noted for its independence and liberty, I feel that circumstances warrant me in saying that one of the greatest needs of our country today is *independence*. I say this, not because the United States is behind in any of those things which are generally considered as making up the glory of a nation, but because beneath all this splendor of national greatness there are tendencies in motion that point toward the destruction of that independence of manhood which has made us the people we are and has given us the prominent position we hold among the nations of the earth.

In politics we see this spirit demonstrated to an alarming extent. When men cease to love their country and make it only a means for gathering to themselves riches and popularity by deceitful practices and fraudulent manipulations and skillful wire-pullings; when men in the common occupations of life "wink at" these doings of the leaders; when common laborers and men in the humble pursuits, as well as some who hold high positions, so far lose sight of or deaden the spirit of honesty that is placed in every man's bosom as to accept bribes; when men of all classes sacrifice their honest convictions for party allegiance, then we may well be alarmed at the course our politics seems to be taking, and cry out that unless there be some change we are rapidly approaching the limit where independence in politics will cease to be.

In church matters we hear complaint that preachers are not assigned charges in accordance with merit, and that in many instances the preacher speaks to please his people and not God; this certainly shows lack of freedom in thought and action even here. In educational affairs the spirit of the age seems to be that an education be

acquired no matter what qualities of self-reliant character are lost And as for independence in scholarship, the thing is almost unheard of in America.

Indeed, the idea of amassing wealth seems to have taken firm hold upon the minds of most of our people at the expense of having high and ennobling thoughts of liberty and true greatness and dignity put to flight. Dr. McConnell, in speaking of the arbitration question, says that at this time of our national life "not the sword but the yard-stick is the weapon to be feared;" that during the first years of our republic's life the great questions were of national independence and dignity and of the liberty of the individual, questions involving ethical distinctions; but now questions of revenue and tariff and concerning the regulations of trade and commerce (all very good in themselves, we may add) hold the minds of our people to the sordid notion that power and worth are measured by wealth alone and that to be rich is the chief end of man. He further says that this dread of war which is sweeping over our country arises in many minds, not because of the thought of the suffering and bloodshed of wives and mothers and children, but because commercial regulations would be interfered with and men could not gather in their full share of riches. This clearly shows where we are drifting along this line, that independence of manhood, the thing that has made us the nation we are, is no longer uppermost in the minds of our people, but is in many cases entirely forgotten or else displaced by this idea that wealth is the principal thing.

But there is something back of these things mentioned that gives them their cast and determines their direction; this is what goes under the general name of society. If a nation's well-being depends upon the discussions taking place in society circles, what a woeful prospect we have before us! Where the requirements are, as some one has expressed it, that every man wear the same coat, eat the same dinner and give utterance to the

same senseless remarks upon all occasions, how can we here expect any independence of character to be developed? The whole idea seems to be to develop a man so that all the sharp corners that distinguish him from his fellow man be rounded off, and his whole nature be smoothed and polished to the highest extent; yes, so rounded off and polished must he become that he will never have power of adherence enough to make an impression in any calling outside of the society line. He must be so smoothed and polished that he will never cause a jar or jostle in the workings of society, though he has to smooth over some things with deceptive remarks and even falsehood at times, for you know "the conventionalities of society must not be broken." The man must at least go through the process that has for its object the making alike of a dozen men—a state of affairs fit to be compared with the doings of the old giant, Procustes, who made every man that came along fit his iron bedstead, stretching him out when too short and lopping him off when too long.

But we can take hope in the fact that we still have among us some of those great, rugged, independent men who must do the world's great work and whom no amount of polishing can make anything less than *men* of. Society might as well undertake to polish the rocks and domes of the mountain as to round off and make smooth these rugged, gentle men. Some things, you know, were not made to be smooth, their very ruggedness gives them their value. We must admire these men; we cannot help it. And just here lies a great source or consolation; for it is a law "that we become like those whom we habitually admire." This has been so often illustrated that we need not linger over it here. I mention it because it is possible that from the observation of things and persons around us may come the influence that will re-establish that independence of manhood of which I have been speaking, and therefore strengthen the claims of the United States as the most

independent of nations and cause our nation's life to swing away from the dangers that threaten it along this line.

For it is a well recognized fact that a man's surroundings have such a powerful influence in casting his nature and forming his character that the life of no man is written without special notice being taken of his surroundings and how they have entered into making him what he is. Why is it that liberty is always associated with mountains and mountain scenery in our great pieces of literature? It must surely be that the grandeur and the loftiness and the ruggedness of the rocks and precipices, by association, have entered into the very soul of the man and have been woven into his being, making him too lofty in spirit, too grand in heart to submit to anything that points toward oppression and tyranny. William Tell, from his daily life in the wild, rugged Alps, had implanted in him that quality of patriotism and love of liberty that could endure anything. Victor Hugo says that the ancients imagined the woods and forests inhabited by satyrs, while upon the mountains dwelt the gods. And Milton, who would not suffer it that mirth, "heart-easing Mirth," should be said to come from Love and Wine, but rather as a product of nature from Aurora and the West-wind, speaks of "The Mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty." The opposite phase of nature, the sea, has also received recognition and praise in literature and in the human heart as an example of power, strength and mystery. William Wirt once spoke to his hearers after this manner: "I would have you like the ocean, that noblest emblem of majestic decision, which in the calmest hour still heaves its resistless might of waves to the shore, filling the heavens day and night with the echoes of its sublime declaration of independence and tossing and sporting on its bed with an imperial consciousness of strength that laughs at opposition. It is this depth and weight and power

and purity of character that I would have you resemble."

But whether a man ever sees the mountains or the sea, or not, he can see enough just around him to know that it is the great plan of the Creator of all things that every man should be his true self without any pretensions or deceptive practices of any kind. And if this be followed out, it is evident that there would result the highest forms of power, strength and independence; for then man would have no role to play in life, no deceptions to make agree, no fears of being inconsistent; but could turn all his powers to the grand accomplishment of high and noble things. But above all things let us be delivered from the man who, upon all occasions, in season and out of season, but especially out of season, is continually speaking of his independent spirit and pronouncing himself a "plain, blunt man," and saying that he cannot do this thing or that because it would interfere with his independence of character. As a general thing he has no independence of character; for this kind of independence, like meekness and humility, rarely ever stays with the man who boasts of it continually. and the man becomes a mere piece of deception, pretending to possess qualities which he has not. The true safeguard, then, is, "Be your real self." And I believe that when a man puts aside all deceptions it will not be long before he will be in what is generally called the path of right-doing; for you know when the prodigal *came to himself* he immediately started on the return to his father.

"Resolve to be thyself; and know that he who finds himself loses his misery."

Now, I have given some reasons why it is that we have swung so far away from that line of independence in manhood and also what I believe to be a means towards restoring this independence. This idea or some other that has for its object the independence of the individual, I believe, is springing up in all parts of our

country. Let these forces come together from all sides and be wedded into one grand purpose, then we shall have a union of independent citizens and therefore in truth an independent country. And may this be the *where* we shall arrive.

G. T. PUGH.

The Machine in Politics.

In the life of any government "of the people, for the people, and by the people," history both ancient and modern teaches us to expect all sorts of startling political innovations. The machine of latter-day invention is in one distinct respect only a political innovation of the unwholesome type, and that is in the appalling perfection which it has of late years reached. Otherwise it is no new thing, for it is not without a history, and an interesting one, too. "Bossism" is but one of the many ramifications of the famous spoils system; it is only a possibility, as the latter is successfully operated, and so in order to gain something of a fair idea as regards the present functional influence, together with a more perfect vision of the future autlook, it will be necessary to consider for a moment the factor significant in the history of the famous spoils system.

When our republic was in its incipient stage, the Chief Executive, desiring to place only the most competent in the different governmental appointive offices, naturally sought the Senator or Congressman in whose State or district the vacancy lay. For a time merit alone was rewarded, and the wisest choice was made in all the appointments of the President and the several executive heads of the various departments. But this did not last long, for such an excellent system as that described above rapidly degenerated into a means of recognizing and rewarding party loyalty, irrespective of the appointee's fitness or ability. This first abuse of conferring power, marking the inchoation of the spoils system,

continued without diminution until President Jackson's time, when the doctrine of "rotation in office" was boldly promulgated by himself and his political allies as essential to the perpetuity of the party organization. From the foundation of our government until Jackson's election, there had only been seventy-five removals from public office. In the first year of his administration there were over two thousand. These figures evince the fact that the President's notions on this matter did not end in mere idle expostulation. For over fifty years following his first inauguration this pernicious system, on account of its feasibility in insuring party unity, continued to be ruthlessly practiced by the chief officials of both parties on their ascension to power. The political decease of "rotation" spread like a contagion soon infecting every department of municipal, state and federal government. Rings innumerable arose and flourished. The evils of such a system at last were obvious even to the most intolerant of party fanatics, and the result was the passage of an act in 1883 providing for the appointment by the President of a Board of Commissioners to institute a system of competitive examinations which would include in its awards about fourteen thousand positions. This was a decided step forward, and Justice since then has been rapidly increasing her pace, for now the Civil Service Reform regulations cover forty-three thousand out of one hundred and fifty thousand positions and one-half of the total amount of salaries paid by the government to incumbents in office. Thus we see that no small part of the extensive working of the system has been permanently abolished; also that we may indulge a reasonable hope that before long its total extirpation will be accomplished. When this is brought to pass the last vestige of "Bossism" will have disappeared, for jobbery and log-rolling and all the other numerous devices which the machine employs to achieve political ascendency, will be no longer possible.

But it will take something more than a patriotic hope

to evolve from existing conditions such a happy issue. Total reform can only be gained through patriotic and assiduous labor on the part of the best element of our citizenship. Those who compose it must arouse a righteous sense of public indignation in deference to which our law-makers will be compelled to enact stringent and effective legislation that will clog the wheels of the mighty machine and impair the working of its complicated machinery. In many cases the boss gains his supremacy through unfair and illegal practices at the primaries. In order to abolish such, many of the States —notably Ohio and Minnesota—have passed laws making it as much a criminal offence to engage in fraudulent practices at party primaries as at the regular public elections. Legislation on this point cannot be too explicit or prohibitory.

Furthermore, when the necessity of actively participating in politics confronts this best element of our citizenship, the political arena, no matter into what a miasma of filth or degradation degeneracy may have transformed it, should at once be entered, cleansed and purified of the gore of rapacious beasts spilt in their gluttonous contentions over spoils, that were the victors. And when once the arena is cleared of their presence in order to preserve the blessings of victory an active interest should be continually and sedulously maintained. Indeed, politics could hardly have degenerated into a mere means of livelihood except through the culpable apathetic attitude which is here persistently assumed, engrossed as we are in our own private pursuits. President Gilman, of Johns Hopkins University, in an address delivered a short while ago to young men soon to graduate, enjoined upon them as the only safeguard to sectional disintegration, the necessity of paying due importance to all political questions and of exerting themselves to see that right principles triumphed. Such an excellent and opportune injunction applies as well to

every good citizen who deserves good and honest government.

About the latest and certainly the most notorious instance of the dire success which the machine, with all its intricate parts working as a harmonious whole, can achieve, are to be seen in the gang which lately has captured and do still control politics in the State of New York. Thomas C. Platt, that pregmitical prince of bosses, caused himself to be unanimously elected by the legislature over the celebrated Choate—undeniably the leader of the American bar and a man whose talent would command recognition anywhere; his political lackey, Black, was also chosen governor, and with the leading appointive offices filled by his henchman—about the honesty of some of whom grave doubts are entertained—the whole state lies at his feet. In order to placate a worthy mob of followers Gov. Black thinks it expedient to take the "starch" out of the Civil Service. Platt took the starch of his independence from the fabric of his personality before he gave him the governorship, leaving him to mercilessly maltreat the Civil Service in the same way. His recent signing of a bill, having for its ultimate object the crippling of the effectiveness of the Civil Service reform laws, attests his perfect obedience to the evil of this political demi-god.

By a grand and united effort the people of New York can, at the next election, rid themselves of this machine just as they did of Tammany tyranny at the time of the famous Tweed scandal in the days of the 70's. Dr. Parkhurst thinks he can already detect the waning of the boss's power. We can only hope that this renowned divine is correct. The trouble lies in tne fact that there, as elsewhere, the pursuit of politics offers so little remuneration to the independent class that no amount of misgovernment excites its members' condemnation sufficiently to induce them to take an active part, until the further enhancing of *their* livelihood depends upon

its rectification. And if the situation in the Empire State has reached that stage, then the early overthrow of the machine will be the inevitable outcome.

W. M. CONNOR, JR.

The Three Sixes.

The Class of eighteen! The class of '97! The class of 1897!

During our four years' history we have had many misfortunes and discouragements. Beginning four years ago with a class of 63 men we passed through that period when the great financial and business strain was on the country; and so our ranks have gradually been thinned by this and other unfavorable circumstances, till, after a course difficult but not without pleasure, here are all that remain of them—the noble 60 and 3. But it is pleasanter this morning to leave the past marked as it is by faithful endeavor—perhaps marred by some mistakes—and tinged with regret, and look toward the future with its bright promises, its golden possibilities and its untried problems. The future! The future! The future! In it we trust there's a chance for us all! And what part shall the class of '97 be in this future?

Willie M. Connor, Jr., who heads the roll, is the youngest man in the class, having entered college a very small and tender lad, while his voice yet sounded like a rusty door nail and his accent more distinctly Charlestonian even than now. Willie has given these vocal organs good training, however, in the Society Hall, on the Athletic Field, and on Serenades, so that at last he has a man's voice. Bill has t(w)o feet since he has been here and still the growth continues. He will probably try banking first and if that doesn't suit him he will call on all true Carolinians to follow him in helping to bring about justice and equity at the bar of his country.

Edgar *Leonidas* Culler! What a historic name! How boldly he went with the small band of Spartan school-

boys to battle with the Athenians! And this time history is reversed. Leonidas and his handful do not conquer, but he marches home in a limp, throws aside his shin guards and nose protector, washes the sand out of his hair, and instead of yielding to defeat like a brave Grecian he plans eagerly for an early encounter with the S. C. C. in which he is to be victor! But this has to cease now—he must serve the world in another way. Culler will study medicine and will be a strong *piller* in the medical profession of S. C. He will work his way faithfully, and some day at last he will dash across the goal line with his pill box and find complete success waiting for him.

Thomas Olin Epps, commonly known as the "Yellow Kid," will follow the plow and hunt coons away down in Williamsburg. Epps has been using the blowpipe hard this year, and although he will find few rocks to test down in the swamp, he will need all the wind he can get in exhorting the nag of the bovine species at the front of his plow. He will add one to the noble company of educated famers.

Wm. Boyd Evans, the Colonel of the class, will be a politician. He has had a great deal of experience in the House of Representatives and other employments connected with the state, and from this and his other able qualities his classmates will not be surprised to hear in a few years that he is Coroner of Marion county!

Wm. Augustus Hudgens is a good sized baby, but he is the baby of the class. He will dignify the loafing profession, and if he fails to find rest and sleep enough in this calling he will join the police force of Honea Path. Gus intends later to study law, and anyone who has ever heard him make a speech can predict that he will be a power in the Court House.

Doctor John Percy Inabnit—I-n In a-b ab n-i-t nit, *Inabnit!*—is a philosopher, an astronomer and a fiddler. He is very fond of Doctor Munsey's Sermons, Coogler's poetry, and Young's Astronomy. Recently the Doctor

made himself famous on the campus by discovering that a certain very pretty star had suddenly disappeared from the galaxy. He is watching for its return with the eagerness of a man whose head is among the stars. Dock will practice dentistry, and, as an advertisement, wishes to announce that he will use only the latest and most approved methods. When he grows tired of this he will take his fiddle under his arm and continue his search for the vanished star.

Manning—or, as we prefer to call him, Jay Gould—will engage in farming. His voice will be missed on the campus, but it will do good service in his pasture—he calls hogs by note! Jay is a great lover of machinery, and he expects to run, in connection with his farm, a small pindar parcher.

Medlock—more familiarly known as Padlock—is the gymnast of the class. He will engage in the teaching profession and will have the strength to wield the rod powerfully over the small boys and agility enough to get out the way of the girls. It will be fearful if sometime he lets loose and gives the giant swing around some kid's head or affects a maiden with the sole (soul) grind. Paddy is an earnest student of statistics, especially of bicycle records. He will keep well up in the world's great race.

Richard Crosby Newton, properly speaking Sir Isaac Newton, has been a faithful student, especially in the science department. He knows much and will spend his life teaching. This summer Sir Isaac will sit in the orchard and calculate the attraction between himself and the apples.

This rather small class of 18 has the largest Pugh of any of the college classes. Griffith Thompson Pugh! The very name sounds like that of a Judge! Pugh has done good work in college and in the society hall. He will make a useful citizen wherever he goes. "Grif." is not yet decided whether he will teach school or get married.

Thomas M. Raysor is a good student, never having cut a recitation in his life. Tom expects to enter the medical profession, and already there are about forty candidates preparing to run for Coroner where he lives. He will indeed look wise with glasses on and his little case of shin plasters and turpentine in his hand.

Now comes the only co-ed. in the class—Miss Salley. She is rather timid and prefers the society of the girls. She is a great student of literature and has composed a very thrilling little novel called "The Murder that Never Did Out." The plot of this is rather dark and gloomy, but she often strikes a light vein which balances and renders it very readable. This tender young maiden will teach, and she will infuse spirit into whatever work she takes up.

Strange to say the only Smiths in college are in our class and they make a handsome pair, too! Joel Casper Smith plays baseball, but he lives at Waterloo! We didn't win! Casper will play ball for awhile for recreation, then he will sell books. He will succeed without a doubt. Our best wishes go with him.

M. L. is a fiddler. He will first charm someone and then the two will go to teaching. He loves above all poetry that of Browning, and intends writing a book of notes for this work.

Philip Henry Ludebrick Bitter Clinton Crasp Stoll—a big name but a man that will carry it. Philip will go into law and will make a name for himself.

Robert S. Truesdale is the preacher of the class. Bob has walked nobly on the Wofford campus and will always be remembered by us. He will perhaps enter some mission field when Mrs. Bob gets ready to accompany him

Willie Gray Ward has a poetical name, but is mathematically inclined. He sits on the piazza and gets the angles between himself and the rustics entering town, and calculates what each will buy for the small chaps at home. Willie says he *reckons* he will teach when he

quits college, but if he ever gets about a couple of angles to start on he can easily work himself into Congress.

Now, friends, we are about to leave the old college. Before we go we want to express our sincere appreciation of the kindness and favors received from the citizens and from the faculty. Our best wishes are with you all! And now to our fellow students with whom we have so often trod the campus, to the faculty of old Wofford, to the citizens of Spartanburg—to you all, we say

FAREWELL!

H. A. C. WALKER.

Wofford College Journal

A Literary Magazine, published Monthly by the Calhoun and Preston Literary Societies of Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C.

Contributions are sol cited from the Alumni and students of the institution.

THE JOURNAL goes into every county in South Carolina and many beyond the State, and is manifestly an excellent advertising medium. Our ra es are, one page one year, $20; one-half page one year $10.00.

Address all geteral matter to the Editor-in Chief: all matter of advertising, subscription and finance to the Business Manager.

No article will be published unless the author's name and address have been deposited with the Editor.

Subscription price, $1.00.

R. S. TRUESDALE, Editor-in-Chief.

GABE CANNON, Business Mgr.

CALHOUN SOCIETY
J. P. Inabnit, Literary.
N. M. Salley, Alumni.

PRESTON SOCIETY
G T. Pugh, Exchange
T. O. Epps, Local.

EDITORIAL

R. S. TRUESDALE, - - Editor

With this issue of the JOURNAL the old staff hands down its responsibility to that recently elected. Those interested in the JOURNAL have great faith in the men who are to conduct its affairs next year, and with some changes that have been made a decided advantage follows. Those who have had anything to do with the publication of a college magazine fully appreciate the difficulties that confront the literary editor and the business manager. All the rest can get along without special trouble. The literary editor finds it hard to get articles for publication, not because they are not written and besides not worthy to come before the public eye, but that most men like for their productions to be read and approved by the professors for whose department it was written and be immediately returned to him. Whatever of truth it may contain is ever afterwards a a profound secret down in the bottom of his trunk. Hereafter there will be an assistant editor of the literary department to help that the best productions of each class be in the JOURNAL. Heretofore the business

manager was from the Junior class, with no one to aid him in soliciting advertisements and subscriptions, and finally in doing that for which comes the least recompense, viz.: the writing and sending out of bills. But now that important department can be kept lively, as a Senior will have it in charge with a Junior as assistant. It is hoped that these changes are for the better and that much serious effort may be put forth in making the JOURNAL what it ought to be.

Looking back over a college course presents quite a different picture from that of looking forward to it. The freshman looks forward, makes no allowances for mistakes, and maybe at the end of two or three years goes home with his ideas of men and things greatly changed. The retrospect is good or bad according to the man. Some are careful as to the influence they leave in the community, others resemble men with fire brands in a powder house. Some consider every step taken, others do not seem to think at all of the younger student and these yet to come who will follow their tracks to ruin.

"Shall English Become a Dead Language?" is the subject of an article in the London Spectator. It pictures one language in London, another in Chicago, and still another in Melbourne, and in this confusion suggests a remedy in the form of an academy to say what words shall be used and what shall not be used. Two or three thoughts quoted irom the article will suffice to give the attitude of all hopeful English-speaking people. We would rather see the English language grow so disunited that it would case to be a single language than to see it perish by being confined in an academic strait-waistcoat. The beauty of the English language . . . . . is its power to reflect the life, the spirit, and the everchanging emotions of those who use it. When it does this, it is a living thing. When it ceases to do

this, and when it has become fixed and rigid, it is dead. . . . . There can be no censorship in literature. The only possible plan is to give every word its chance, and allow the fittest to survive. . . . . Hence there ought to be no formal strangling of words by an academy on general principles, for such strangling is very likely to end in the destruction of good words."

In The Outlook for May 29 there is an abridgment of a report on "Education of the Colored Race in Industry." Many facts here lead one to believe that a training in the industrial pursuits is essential to present success, for, "in the first stages of the experiment *student labor* was simply a means to an end—a remuneration for tuition, etc.; but now it has become an end in itself—an education which perhaps is the best that can be given." In seventeen states, principally Southern, there are 160 institutions which are in a large measure private corporations in which "there are 1,350 teachers, 18,494 elementary and 13,175 secondary students, and only 1,161 college students. There are 5,940 studying to be teachers, 95 to be nurses, 1,067 in the learned professions, 12,050 are preparing for industrial pursuits." Here is an encouraging fact that the negro will soon be able to employ a teacher of his own color, and fill his own pulpit with a pastor whom he may better understand than a white man. The problem will be far on the way to being solved when "we train negro teachers and preachers to educate and evangelize their own people. . . . . The second emancipation of the negro race must come from the school and the church, and will result in the intellectual, moral and spiritual freedom of eight millions of our fellow citizens."

For centuries past Oxford and Cambridge Universities have been the intellectual centres of English life, and still maintain that position; but the demands for instruction in special departments are now so so great that

they cannot be supplied by these old historic institutions. The study of Natural Science is being extended so as to become very expensive. The separate colleges are able to do the work in the classics and higher mathematics, but the study of special subjects cannot be extended for lack of room for larger laboratories, and money for fitting up these laboratories. It appears strange to say but the two institutions do not meet the demands made on them for the simple reason they are not sufficiently equipped.

It is generally interesting to look back and see the history behind these venerable places. The first authentic annals of Cambridge University belong to the twelfth century. Men of learning came here to teach and students to learn. At first the students lived among the people of the town, and after this professors and students lodged together. "It is probable that the great Benedictine Monasteries of the Fens may have had a great part in the origin of the University." Some years later the town was entrenched with two gates which were broken down by the barons. Still later the colleges were ransacked by Wat Tyler's insurrection, aided by the Cambridge people. The first two Stuart and Hanoverian kings cultivated friendly relations with the university. After these stormy days passed, Cambridge has had nothing more than commonplace history.

Oxford was begun about 1133, opening up "within the precincts of the dissolved nunnery of St. Frideswyde and Oseney abbey." It is described at the close of the twelfth century as a place "where the clergy in England chiefly flourished and excelled in clerkly lore." In the thirteenth century funds for poor students were provided, and halls for students were provided, and halls for students to live in were fitted up. The attendance then was about 3,000. At times plagues and tumults would break out, dispersing the student body, but soon the colleges began to be founded which helped to make the university population stable. Three of the first were University College, 1249; Balliol, 1263; and Merton in 1264.

EXCHANGE

G. T. PUGH, EDITOR

The May issue of the *Southwestern University Monthly* is an unusually large issue and among other contributions contains sketches of the three higher classes. This kind of writing is always interesting, especially to the old students of an institution and to all those who have at heart the welfare of the institution. There are scattered throughout the magazine several pictures of the different classes and other college organizations which add much to its attractiveness.

"An Address" in *Emory Phœnix* is well worth being carefully and thoughtfully read. It seems advisable that more efforts should be made on the part of the literary editors of our magazines to get occasional articles from college presidents and professors upon questions of importance to educational advancement and upon anything else that may be beneficial to their own students as well as to students of other institutions.

We notice with pleasure a paper in *Trinity Archive* entitled "Landholding in Colonial North Carolina." One praiseworthy feature about this paper is the abundance of foot notes containing references to the works from which the writer has gained his information upon the subject. I say we notice this paper with pleasure, for there is now a demand for just this kind of literature. Our young people need to be more actively studious concerning the historical questions of their own state and portion of the country as well as of the United States. And where a man has made any special research along a line which has interested him and called forth his efforts, it is nothing but right and proper for him to give the result of his labor to his fellow students; indeed, it seems his duty to do this. In our college magazines

is a good place to make public such results, and we should like to see more of our exchanges following the example of the *Archive* in this matter of historical investigation.

"The great epochs of life are not measured by great deeds, but by the silent thoughts of the wayside. These are a constant force that sways and directs the life, and as menials we wait upon them." This is a quotation from "The Riddle of the Sphinx" in *Davidson Monthly*. The piece is full of food for thought, and makes it plain that there was a clear, active mind behind the hand that wrote it. There are two or three pieces of fiction in this number. "The Lawyer's Ghost" is a poorly constructed story, but "A Strange Guest" holds the attention of the reader and furnishes him some excellent entertainment, and furthermore evinces some originality in plot. It can be seen from the editorial and local columns that some of the students of Davidson have organized a historical society for the purpose of studying the history of their own state and of the adjoining states. They have made arrangements for the publication of the result of their studies in a quarterly magazine. This is a step in the right direction, and we wish these students of Davidson suceess in their undertaking.

The Southern University Monthly for April is sadly lacking in the literary department—only three short articles. But, judging from its usual high standard, it is almost certain that there will be a fuller literary department in the next number. The exchange department gives evidence of much careful work on the part of the editor.

The commencement number of *The Mercerian* is attractive in every sense, and furnishes some good, solid reading matter upon such subjects as "The Making of a Man," and "The Scholar's Relation to Government," questions that are and always will be of lively interest to college men.

It seems that "Hamlet" is a good target for amateur critics to try their lances upon. We have lately noticed in three or four magazines discussions upon this ever and always suggestive subject. Now, it is all well enough to put study upon this play, and deep study, too, for it requires such to bring out anything new or different from what critics have already brought out. But it would also be well for us to have a relief from reviews of criticisms upon "Hamlet."

The first number of *The Criterion* was indeed creditable. This was good, but what is much better, it has not only not fallen below the standard set them, but has become better with each succeeding issue, and the last number merits unusual praise. The young ladies deserve credit for the way they have worked up their magazine, and I have reason to hope that they may yet place it in that high position described in the first issue in phrases which then seemed so wildly extravagant.

The Peabody Record, though somewhat larger than usual, does not contain as many ably written contribu. tions as have been found in former numbers. Perhaps the most commendable piece is "Mignon." In this we see evidence of keen, discriminative criticism which practice and perseverance may develop beyond the ordinary.

In *The Erskinian* there is a piece that would stir responsive chords in every Southern heart—"The Laureate of the South." The writer begins with the old complaint concerning the disadvantages of a literary man in the South, where all things naturally point to the development of a great literature. But he soon leaves this old, well-worn rut and leads us through interesting fields by attractive ways in tracing the eventful life of Paul Hamilton Hayne.

CLIPPINGS.

President Eliot, of Harvard, recommends that students

study ten hours, sleep eight, exercise two, and devote four hours to meals and social life.

Senior—"Can you tell me why our college is such a learned place?" Freshman—"Certainly. The freshman always brings a little learning here and the senior never takes any away; hence it accumulates."

The true value of knowledge is, that it enlarges the dominion of truth and happiness; beings without knowledge of some kind are as men walking in the dark. How many of the follies of mankind appear to us as ludicrous and grotesque only because knowledge has shed around us a light altogether unknown to the actors in the farce.

Catibus squalibus
In the rodum;
Boyibus runibus
But not to-ordum.

A college training is only a means to an end. It gives a man fitness for work of any kind. The departments of work demanding college-trained men are multiplying and expanding with each succeeding year. There is a jostling and crowding in the rear ranks of every profession. Education will lead a man of even average ability to the front rank where there is abundance of room.

SUNRISE.

Through the orient gates of the morning
By Aurora's hand thrown wide,
While night her sable curtain
Has slowly drawn aside;
There, through its rainbow portals,
Aloft on his golden car,
Whose refulgent, dazzling brilliance
Dims the light of every star,
Whose wide reflected glory
Paints the heavens a roseate glow,
Comes Apollo, the king of the morning,
Lord of the silver bow.

There is a tendency among social circles to turn everything to laughter; oftentimes the young man has to become a boy again and the young lady exchange places with a doll baby in order to be called popular.

The Infinite always is silent;
It is only the Finite speaks;
Our words are the idle wave-caps
On a deep that never breaks.
We question with wand of science—
Explain, decide and discuss;
But only in meditation
The mystery speaks to us.

Stand thou for Truth, with love beside;
Then in thy radiant soul,
Naught of thee can ill betide
Or turn thee from thy goal.

I put my arm around her waist,
Her head upon my shoulder,
I see a love-look in her eyes;
I kiss her, growing bolder;
I smooth her hair with tenderness,
I swear her true to be,
And then I softly whisper
"Dear ma, lend me a V."

ALUMNI

NATHANIEL M. SALLEY, - Editor

In the *Southern Christian Advocate* for June 3, 1897, Prof. Helms, of the Columbia Female College, discusses what he thinks is Wofford's greatest need, viz·: a chair of history. This is a very good suggestion, but as the editor of the *Advocate* added in a note, this would leave the impression that history is not taught in Wofford College at all. Truth is that in our English course the whole background of our study of English literature is English History. English literature would not only be foolishness, but indeed a stumbling block to him who is not well acquainted with all the great movements in English History. Every year's study of England and America's great literateurs is braced by a thorough and accurate knowledge of the history of the times in which those men moved. Thus our chair of English serves a double purpose, and really it is better for a small college like our own that the history course is not a separate department, for men do not wish to study the philosophy of history until they get ready to take a degree at the university.

Besides, in Greek the students are certainly made to have a thorough understanding of Grecian History, and in connection with Latin courses there is also a study of Roman life.

Then, too, we must not forget the course in Political Economy—the course that marks the turning point in a young man's college life; the course that broadens his views of life and really gives him the power of some day, at least, appreciating the basic principals of human affairs. Finally, a part of our Senior year is devoted to the study of American History; so we see that Wofford does not stand in want of a chair of history, but if the alumni ever have anything else to give our college it

certainly would be to the College's best interests to raise the pay of our professors. Our professors are certainly philanthropists to work so hard, earnestly and well for the meagre pay they receive. It will certainly be an era in the history of Wofford College when she can pay each professor three or four thousand dollars, and this should be the aim and end of all the friends and alumni of Wofford College.

MEMORIAL TABLET TO BENJAMIN WOFFORD.

It has been suggested by a writer to the *Advocate* that there should be a tablet placed in the chapel at Wofford College "in memoriam" of the founder. This is an excellent idea, and we think that the alumni association would do a very thoughtful and appreciative deed if they would erect such a tablet in our chapel. Indeed, it would be in good taste, were it possible, to put up such memorial tablets to all those who have left Wofford College valuable donations.

Some day when Wofford's alumni association becomes a very wealthy organization we hope to see our chapel lighted with stained glass memorial windows, showing that at least we remember those who have done so much for us.

On Benjamin Wofford's tomb is this inscription:

Entombed beneath are the mortal remains of the
REV. BENJAMIN WOFFORD.
Son of
JOSEPH AND MARTHA WOFFORD,
Who was born 19th day Oct., A. D. 1780,
And departed this life in the full triumphs of the
Christian faith, the 2nd day of Dec.,
A. D., 1850,
Aged 70 years, 1 month, 13 days.
For 48 years he was a member of the Methodist
Episcopal Church. For 16 years a minister
of the gospel.
He gave to the country and to the Church an
institution for the benefit of which
countless thousands of unborn
may have reasons to be
thankful and reverence
the donor's name.
"Peace to his ashes."

In Memoriam.

Ellis B. Cannon was born on Pacolet near Fingerville, July 26, 1843, and passed away Sunday morning, a little after midnight, May 23, 1887. He was the second son of Hon. Gabriel Cannon. He was in the Citadel Academy when the Confederate war was begun. He, with his brother Albert, who was in the Arsenal Academy at Columbia, entered the Rutledge Mounted Rifles in 1863. That was attached to the 7th S. C. Cavalry under A. C. Haskell as Colonel. With that command he remained until the close of the war. He entered Wofford College and graduated in the class of 1868. He spent a year in special work in Cornell University. After that he taught several years, but confinement in the school room told against his health and he was compelled to give up that work. For the last two years he was unable to do any active constant work. As a son he was most dutiful and affectionate, as a student, soldier and teacher, he was faithful and conscientious. In no relation of life was he found wanting. A little over twenty years ago he married Miss Jennie West of Chester who survives him.

He was a true, good, earnest man, always striving to do his full duty and meet every responsibility. His religious character was fixed and stable, but was more pronounced in works than words. There was never a shadow of show or pretense about him. With the greatest patience and Christian resignation he bore the greatest of afflictions when his only son, Percy, bright, promising, attractive, manly, was in a moment taken away from him. Neither he nor the mother ever murmured or complained.

His family have all the assurances necessary as to his preparation for the change. His was not the preparation of the stoic or philosopher, but of a well-rounded Christian whose whole life has illustrated his faith in the merits of the Savior. His three brothers were with him in his last hours and they as well as his sorely bereaved wife have the assurance that it is well with him as his body quietly rests in Oakwood cemetery.

Wofford Directory

CALHOUN LITERARY SOCIETY

W. Boyd Evans, Pres't; W. M. Connor, V. P.; T. M. Rayson, 1st Critic; J. P. McCreary, Rec. Sec'y; Gabe Cannon, Treasurer.

PRESTON LITERARY SOCIETY

T. O. Epps, Pres't; G. T. Pugh, V. P.; W. A. Medlock, 1st Corrector; J. C. Allen, Rec. Sec.; R. A. Law, Treas.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

J. R. Walker, Pres't; J. R. T. Major, V. P.; W. M. Owings, Sec'y.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Prof. A. B. Cooke, Pres't; Edgar L. Culler, Manager; T. O. Epps, Assistant Manager.

SOCIETY OF ALUMNI

FRATERNITIES

Chi Psi.; Kappa Alpha; Kappa Sigma;
Pi Kappa Alpha; Sigma Alpha Epsilon, Chi Phi.

Robert S. Truesdale, Manager of Wightman Hall.

LOCAL

T. O. EPPS, - - EDITOR.

With this number of THE JOURNAL the career of the present editorial corps closes. Those in whose hands we shall leave it are well qualified to promote its success, and all interested may expect an improvement next year. Changes have been made in the management which will be for the good of THE JOURNAL. For instance; the business manager will be a Senior with a Junior as an assistant. This will divide the work and aid in placing it on a bettter financial basis. The following are our next staff: L. L. Dantzler, Editor-in-Chief; J. C. Owens, Business Manager; J. R. T. Major, Literary Editor; C. E. Dobson, Local; J. P. McCreary, Exchange; Geo. W. Brunson, Alumni; Ernest Wiggins, Assistant Business Manager; and C. M. McTeer, Assistant Literary Editor.

At the last meeting of the Gymnasium Association the following officers were elected for next year: Jno. C. Allen, President; Chas. H, Leitner, Vice-President; Jim C. Moore, Secretary and Treasurer; and W. M. Richardson, Captain

Mr. Gus M. Chreitzburg, of the class of '95, will have charge of the gymnasium next year. He is fond of athletics, and throughout his entire college course took special interest in it. Mr. Chreitzberg took a course this year in the gymnasium, and will continue his work in some good institute through this summer.

The officers of the Calhoun Society for the first term of next year are: Geo. W. Brunson, president; Gabe Cannon, vice-president; J. C. Moore, 1st critic; M. V. Bennett, 2nd critic; J. Ed Edwards, 3rd critic; Henry J. Brabham, secretary; Ernest Wiggins, treasurer; Ernest Lander, censor morum; J. W. Reed, recorder, and W. D. Holland, corresponding secretary.

The next societies' anniversarians are J. K. Owens and T. C. Lucas, with C. E. Dobson and Jno. B. Wiggins as alternates.

Mr. Harris William Phillips, of Orangeburg, was elected orator for the month of October by the Calhoun Society. Mr. E. H. Hall occupies a similar position in the Preston Society.

The following are the officers of the Preston Society: J. R. Walker, president; R. R. Godwin, vice-president; J. R. T. Major, 1st critic; C. H. Leitner, 2nd critic; J. P. Gray, secretary; R. L. Wolfe, treasurer; C. B. Burnett, corresponding secretary; G. Y. Coleman, 1st censor morum, and J. Ouzts, 2nd censor morum.

The Preston Society has recently had a portrait of Dr. Carlisle painted. It is a large, beautiful piece of art, six by eight feet. It represents him sitting in a marble portice with an open window on his right. Through this window the college building can be seen in the distance. The painting is indeed a master-piece of art, and the pride of the Preston Society. It is largely a gift of our Preston alumni.

TUDENT'S RESORT AT

Allen's

Where they are nicely treated.

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